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POEMS

SEVERAL OCCASIONS:

By
MATTHEW PRIOR Esq.

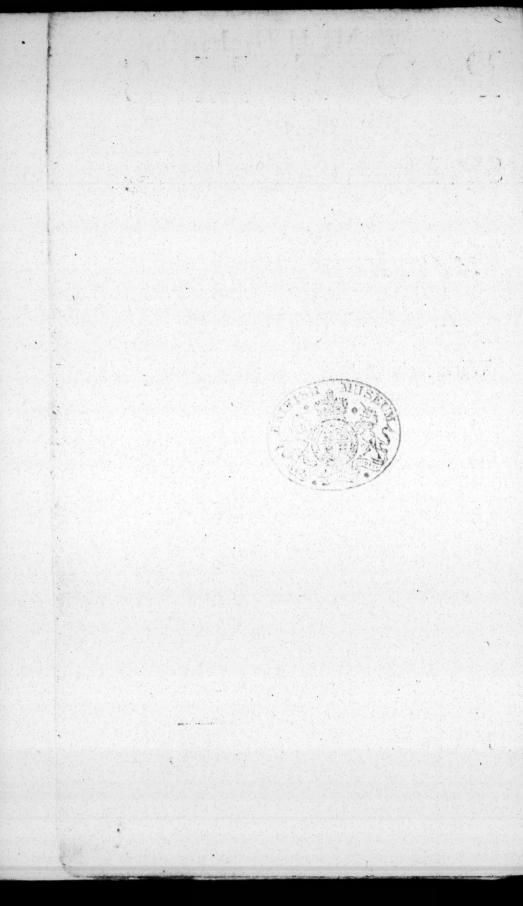
A NEW EDITION;

With some Additions which are not in the folio Edition.



LONDON,

Printed for T. JOHNSON,
M DCC XX.





To the Right Honourable

L I O N E L,

EARL of

Dorset and Middlesex.

to your Lordship, that I prefix your Name to this Epistle, when in the Preface I declare the Book is publish'd almost against my inclination. But in all cases, my Lord, you have an hereditary right to whatever may be call'd mine. Many of the following pieces were written by the command of your excellent Father; and most of the rest, under his protection and patronage.

The particular felicity of your birth, my Lord, the natural endowments of your mind, (which, without suspicion of flattery, I may tell you are very great) the good education with which these parts have been improved, and your coming into the World and seeing Men very early, make us expect from your

Lordship all the good, which our hopes can form in favour of a young Nobleman. Tu Marcellus eris, --- our eyes and our hearts are turned on you: You must be a Judge and Master of polite Learning; a Friend and Patron to Men of Letters and merit; a faithful and able Counsellor to your Prince; a true Patriot to your Country; an ornament and honour to the Titles you posses, and in one word, a worthy Son to the great Earl of Dorset.

It is as impossible to mention that name without desiring to commend the person, as it is to give him the commendations which his Virtues described. But I assure my self, the most agreeable compliment I can bring your Lordship, is to pay a grateful respect to your Father's memory. And my own obligations to him were such, that the world must pardon my endeavouring at his Character, however I

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may miscarry in the attempt.

A thousand Ornaments and Graces met in the composition of this great Man, and contributed to make him universally belov'd and esteem'd. The figure of his body was strong, proportionable, beautiful: and were his Picture well drawn, it must deserve the praise given to the Portraits of Raphael, and at once create love and respect. While the greatness of his mein inform'd men they were approaching the Nobleman, the sweetness of it invited them to come nearer to the Patron. There was in his look and gesture something, that is easier conceived than described; that gain'd

gain'd upon you in his favour, before he spoke one word. His behaviour was easie and courteous to all; but distinguished and adapted to each Man in particular, according to his station and quality. His civility was free from the formality of rule, and slowed immediately

from his good fense.

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Such were the natural faculties and strength of his mind, that he had occasion to borrow very little from education; and he owed those advantages to his own good parts, which others acquire by fludy and imitation. Wit was abundant, noble, bold. Wit in most Writers is like a Fountain in a garden, supply'd by several streams brought thro' artful pipes, and playing sometimes agreeably: But the Earl of Dorset's was a source rising from the top of a mountain, which forced its own way, and with inexhaustible supplies delighted and inriched the country thro' which it pass'd. This extraordinary Genius was accompany'd with fo true a judgment in all parts of fine learning, that whatever subject was before him, he discours'd as properly of it, as if the peculiar bent of his study had been apply'd that way; and he perfected his judgment by reading and digefting the best Authors, tho'he quoted them very feldom:

Contemnebat potius literas, quam nesciebat:

and rather seem'd to draw his knowledge from his own stores, than to owe it to any foreign affistance.

The brightness of his parts, the solidity of his

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his judgment, and the candour and generofity of his temper distinguish'd him in an Age of great politeness, and at a Court abounding with Men of the finest sense and learning. The most eminent Masters in their several ways appeal'd to his determination. Waller thought it an honour to confult him in the foftness and harmony of his Verse: and Dr. Sprat, in the delicacy and turn of his Prose. Dryden determines by him, under the Character of Eugenius, as to the Laws of Dramatick Poetry. Butler ow'd it to him, that the Court tasted his Hudibras: Wicherly: that the Town liked his Plain-Dealer; and the late Duke of Bucking bam deferr'd to publish his Rehearsal, 'till he was fure, (as he expressed it) that my Lord Dorset would not rehearse upon him again. If we wanted foreign testimony, La Fontaine and St. Evremont have acknowledg'd, that he was a perfect Master in the beauty and fineness of their Language, and of all that they call les Belles Lettres. Nor was this nicety of his judgment confined only to Books and Literature; but was the fame in Statuary, Painting, and all other parts of art. Bernini would have taken his opinion upon the beauty and attitude of a Figure; and King Charles did not agree with Lilly, that my Lady Cleveland's Picture was finished, 'till it had the approbation of my Lord Buckhurst.

As the judgment which he made of others writings could not be refuted; the manner in which he wrote, will hardly ever be equalled: Every one of his pieces is an ingot of Gold, intrinsically and solidly valuable; such as, wrought

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wrought or beatten thinner, would shine thro a whole Book of any other Author. thought was always new, and the expression of it so particularly happy, that every body knew immediately it could only be my Lord Dorset's; and yet it was so easy too, that every body was ready to imagine himself capable of writing it. There is a lustre in his verses, like that of the Sun in Claude Loraine's Landskips, it looks natural, and is inimitable. His love Verses have a mixture of delicacy and strength; they convey the wit of Petronius in the softness of Tibullus. His Stayr indeed is to feverely pointed, that in it he appears what his great Friend, the Earl of Rochester, (that other Prodigy of the Age) fays he was;

The best good Man, with the worse-natur'd Muse.

Yet even here that Character may justly be applied to him, which Persius gives of the best Writer in this kind, that ever lived:

Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico Tangit, & admissus circum pracordia ludit.

And the Gentleman had always so much the better of the Satyrist, that the persons touched did not know where to fix their resentmens; and were forced to appear rather ashamed than angry. Yet so far was this great Author from valuing himself upon his works, that he cared not what became of them, though every body else did. There are many things of his not extant in writing, which however are always.

repeated, like the Verses and Sayings of the antient Druids; they retain an universal veneration, tho' they are preserved only by Memory.

As it is often feen, that those Men who are least qualified for business, love it most; my Lord Dorfet's Character was, that he certainly understood it, but did not care for it.

Coming very young to the possession of two plentiful Estates, and in an Age when Pleasure was more in fashion than Business; he turned his parts rather to Books and Conversation, than to Politicks, and what more immediately related to the Public. But whenever the fafety of his Country demanded his affistance, he readily entred into the most active parts of life; and underwent the greatest dangers, with a constancy of mind, which shewed, that he had not only read the rules of Philosophy, but

understood the practice of them.

In the first Dutch War he went a Voluntier under the Duke of York. His behaviour, during that Campaigne, was such as distinguish'd the Sacville, descended from that Hildebrand of the Name, who was one of the greatest Captains that came into England with the Conqueror. But his making a Song the night before the Engagement (and it was one of the prettiest that ever was made) carries with it fo fedate a presence of mind, and such an unusual Gallantry, that it deserves as much to be recorded, as Alexander's jefting with his Soldiers, before he passed the Granicus; or William the First of Orange, giving Order over night for a Battel, and defiring to be called 1

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From hence during the remaining part of King Charles's Reign, he continued to live in Honourable Leisure. He was of the Bedchamber to the King, and possessed, not only his Master's Favour, but in a great degree his Familiarity; never leaving the Court, but when he was sent to that of France, on some short Commissions and Embassies of Compliment: as if the King designed to show the French, who would be thought the politest Nation, that one of the finest Gentlemen in Europe was his Subject; and that we had a Prince who understood his worth so well, as not to suffer him to be long out of his presence.

The succeeding Reign neither relish'd my Lord's Wit, nor approved his Maxims; fo he retired altogether from Court. But as the irretrievable mittakes of that unhappy Government went on to threaten the Nation with fomething more terrible than a Dutch War, he thought it became him to refume the courage of his Youth, and once more to engage himself in defending the Liberty of his Country. He entred into the Prince of Orange's Interest, and carried on his part of that great Enterprize here in London, and under the Eye of the Court, with the same resolution, as his Friend and fellow Patriot the late Duke of Devonshire did in open Arms at Nottingham; 'till the dangers of those times increased to extremity; and just apprehensions arose for the lafety of the Princess, our present Glorious Queen; Queen: then the Earl of Dorset was thought the properest Guide of her necessary Flight, and the Person under whose Courage and Direction the Nation might most safely trust a

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Charge fo precious and important.

After the Establishment of their late Majesties upon the Throne, there was room again at Court for Men of my Lord's Character. He had a part in the Councils of those Princes, a great share in their Friendship, and all the marks of Distinction, with which a good Government could reward a Patriot. He was made Chamberlain of their Majesties Household; a place which he so eminently adorn'd, by the grace of his Person, the sineness of his Breeding, and the knowledge and practice of what was decent and Magnissicent, that he could only be rivalled in these qualifications by one great Man, who has since held the same Staff.

The last Honours he received from his Soveraign, and indeed they were the greatest a Subject could receive, were, that he was made Knight of the Garter, and constituted one of the Regents of the Kingdom during his Majesty's absence. But his health about that time sensibly declining, and the public Affairs not threatned by any imminent danger, he left the business to those who delighted more in the State of it; and appeared only fometimes at Council, to show his respect to the Commission: giving as much leisure as he could to the relief of those pains, with which it pleased God to afflict him; and indulging the Reflexions of a Mind, that had looked thro' the World with

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orld vith with too piercing an eye, and was grown weary of the prospect. Upon the whole, it may very justly be said of this Great Man, with regard to the Public, that thro'the course of his life, he acted like an able Pilot in a long Voyage; contented to sit quiet in the Cabin, when the Winds were allayed, and the Waters smooth; but vigilant and ready to resume the Helm, when the Storm arose, and the Sea grew tumultuous.

I ask your pardon, my Lord, it I look yet a little more nearly into the late Lord Dorset's Character; if I examine it, not without some intention of finding fault; and (which is an odd way of making a Panegyric) set his ble-

mishes and imperfections in open view.

The fire of his Youth carried him to some excesses; but they were accompanied with a most lively Invention, and true Humour. The little violences, and easie mistakes of a night too gayly spent (and that too in the beginning of life) were always fet right the next day, with great humanity, and ample retribution. His faults brought their excuse with them; and his very failings had their beauties. So much Sweetness accompanied what he said, and so great Generosity what he did, People were always prepoffess'd in his favour: and it was in fact true, what the late Earl of Rochester said in jest to King Charles; that he did not know how it was, but my Lord Dor-Jet might do any thing, yet was never to blame.

He was naturally very subject to Passion; but the short gust was soon over, and served only only to set off the charms of his temper, when more compos'd. That very Passion broke out with a force of Wit, which made even Anger agreeable. While it lasted, he said and forgot a thousand things, which other Men would have been glad to have studied & wrote: but the Impetuosity was corrected upon a moment's reslection; and the measure altered with such grace and delicacy, that you could scarce perceive where the key was changed.

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He was very sharp in his Reslections; but never in the wrong place. His Darts were sure to wound; but they were sure too to hit none but those, whose Follies gave them very fair aim. And when he allowed no quarter, he had certainly been provoked by more than common Error: by Mens tedious and circumstantial recitals of their own Affairs, or by their multiply'd questions about his: By extreme Ignorance and Impertinence; or the mixture of these, an ill-judg'd and neverceasing Civility: or lastly, by the two things which were his utter aversion, the infinuation of a Flatterer, and the whisper of a Talebearer.

If therefore we set the Piece in its worst position; if its Faults be most exposed, the Shades will still appear very finely join'd with their Lights; and every Imperfection will be diminished by the lustre of some neighboring Virtue: But if we turn the great Drawings and wonderful Colourings to their true light, the whole must appear Beautiful, Noble, Admirable.

He possessed all those Virtues in the highest degree,

degree, upon which the pleasure of Society, and the happiness of Life depend; and he exercised them with the greatest Decency and best Manners. As good Nature is said, by a great * Author, to belong more particularly to the English than any other Nation; it may again be said, that it belonged more particularly to the late Earl of Dorset, than to any

other English Man.

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A kind Husband he was without Fondness; and an indulgent Father without Partiality. So extraordinary good a Master, that this quality ought indeed to have been number'd among his Detects: For he was often worse served than became his Station, from his unwillingness to assume an Authority too severe. And during those little transports of Passion, to which I just now said he was subject, I have known his Servants get into his way, that they might make a merit of it immediately after; for he that had the good fortune to be chid, was sure of being rewarded for it.

His Table was one of the last that gave us an Example of the old Housekeeping of an English Nobleman. A Freedom reigned at it, which made every one of his Guests think himself at-home; and an Abundance, which shewed that the Master's Hospitality extended to many more, than those who had the Honour

to fit at table with him.

In his dealings with other Men, his care and exactness that every Man should have his due, was such, that one would think he had never seen the Court: the politeness and

^{*} Sprat Hift. of the Royal Society.

civility with which this Justice was administred, would convince you, he never had lived

out of one.

He was so strict an Observer of his Word, that no confideration whatever could make him break it: yet so cautious, left the merit of his act should arise from that Obligation only, that he usually did the greatest Favours without making any previous promife. So inviolable was he in his Friendship, and so kind to the character of those, whom he had once honoured with a more intimate Acquaintance, that nothing less than a demonstration of some essential Fault, could make him break with them: and then too, his good-nature did not consent to it, without the greatest reluctance and difficulty. Let me give one instance of this amongst many. When, as Lord Chamberlain, he was obliged to take the King's Pension from Mr. Dryden, who had long before put himself out of a possibility of receiving any favour from the Court, my Lord allowed him an equivalent out of his own Estate. However displeased with the conduct of his old Acquaintance, he relieved his Neceffities; and while he gave him his affistance in private, in publick he extenuated & pitied his Error.

The Foundation indeed of these Excellent qualities, and the perfection of my Lord Dorset's Character, was that unbounded Charity which ran through the whole tenour of his life; and sat as visibly predominant over the other Faculties of his Soul, as she is said to do in Heaven above her Sister Virtues.

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Crouds of Poor daily thronged his Gates, expecting thence their Bread; and were still lessened by his sending the most proper Objects of his bounty to Apprenticeships or Hospitals. The Lazar and the Sick, as he accidentally faw them, were removed from the Street to the Physician; and many of them not only restored to health, but supplied with what might enable them to resume their former Callings, and make their future life happy. The Prisoner has often been released by my Lord's paying the Debt; and the Condemned has been faved by his intercession with the Sovereign, where he thought the Letter of the Law too rigid. To those whose circumstances were fuch, as made them ashamed of their Poverty, he knew how to bestow his Munificence, without offending their Modesty; and under the Notion of frequent Presents, gave them what amounted to a Subfistence. Many yet alive know this to be true, tho' he told it to none; nor ever was more uneafy, than when any one mentioned it to him.

We may find among the Greeks and Latins, Tibullus and Gallus, the Noblemen that writ Poetry; Augustus and Macenas, the Protectors of Learning; Aristides, the good Citizen; and Atricus, the well-bred Friend; and bring them in as Examples of my Lord Dorset's Wit, his Judgment, his Justice, and his Civility: But for his Charity, my Lord, we can scarce find a

parallel in History it self.

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Titus was not more the deliciæ humani generis on this account, than my Lord Dorset was: And without any exaggeration, that Prince

did

did not do more good in proportion out of the Revenue of the Roman Empire, than your Father out of the Income of a private Estate. Let this, my Lord, remain to you and your Posterity a Possession for ever; to be imitated, and if possible to be excelled.

As to my own particular, I scarce knew what life was, sooner than I found my self obliged to his favour; nor have had reason to feel any Sorrow, so sensibly as that of his

death.

Ille dies ---- quem semper acerbum Semper honoratum (sic Dî voluistis) habebo.

Aneas could not reflect upon the loss of his own Father with greater piety, my Lord, than I must recall the memory of yours: And when I think whose Son I am writing to, the least I promise my self fr m your Goodness, is an uninterrupted continuance of Fayour, and a Friendship for Life: to which, that I may with some justice intitle my felf, I send your Lordship a Dedication, not filled with a long detail of your Praises, but with my fincerest wishes that you may deserve them. That you may imploy those extraordinary parts and abilities with which Heaven has bleffed you, to the Honour of your Family, the benefit of your Friends, and the good of your Country: that all your Actions may be great, open and noble, fuch as may tell the World whose Son, and whose Successor you are.

What I now offer to your Lordship is a Collection of Poetry, a kind of Garland of

good-

good-will: If any Verses of my writing should appear in print, under another Name and Patronage, than that of an Earl of Dorfet, People might suspect them not to be genuine. have attained my present end, if these Poems prove the diversion of some of your youthful hours, as they have been occasionally the Amusement of some of mine. And I humbly hope, that as I may hereafter bind up my fuller sheaf, and lay some Pieces of a very different nature (the product of my severer Studies) at your Lordship's feet, I shall engage your more serious Reflection. Happy, if in all my endeavours I may contribute to your delight, or to your Instruction. I am, with all duty and respect.

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Most Obedient and

Most Humble Servant,

MAT. PRIOR.

PREFACE.

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THE greatest part of what I have written having already been published, either singly or else in some of the Miscellanies, it would be too late for me to make any excuse for appearing in print. But a Collection of Poems has lately appeared under my Name, tho without my knowledge, in which the Publisher has giv'n me the Honour of some things that did not belong to me; and has transcribed others so imperfectly, that I hardly knew them to be mine. This has obliged me, in my own defence, to look back upon some of those lighter Studies, wich I ought long since to have quitted; and to publish an indifferent Collection of Poems, for fear of being thought the Author of a worse.

Thus I beg pardon of the Publick for reprinting some Pieces, wich as they came singly from their first Impression, have, I fancy, lain long and quietly in Mr. Tonson's Shop; and adding others to them, which were never before printed, and might have lain as quietly, and perhaps more

safely, in a corner of my own Study.

The Reader will I hope, make allowance for their having been written at very distant times, and on very different occasions; and take them as they happen to come, publick Panegyrics, Amorous Odes, serious Reflections, or Idle Tales; the product of his leisure hours, who had business enough upon his hands, and was only a Poet by accident.

I take this occasion to thank my good Friend and School-fellow, Mr. Dibben, for his excellent version of the Carmen Seculare: tho' my gratitude may justly carry a little envy with it: for I believe the most accurate Judges will find the Translation exceed the Original.

PREFACE. XIX likewise own my self obliged to Mrs.

I must likewise own my self obliged to Mrs. Singer, who has given me leave to print a Pastoral of her writing; that Poem having produced the Verses immediately following it. I wish she might be prevailed with to publish some other pieces of that kind, in which the softness of her Sex, & the fineness of her Genius, conspire to give her a very distinguishing Character.

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POSTSCRIPT.

I must help my Preface by a Postscript, to tell the Reader, that there is ten years distance between my writing the one and the other; and that (whatever I thought then, and have somewhere said, that I would publish no more Poetry) he will find several Copies of Verses scattered through this Edition, which were not printed in the first. Those relating to the Publick, stand in the order. they did before, and according to the several years in which they were written; however the disposition of our National Affairs, the Actions or the Fortunes of some Men, and the Opinions of others may have changed. Prose, and other human things may take what turn they can; but Poetry, which pretends to have something of Divinity in it, is to be more permanent. Odes once printed cannot well be be altered, when the Author has already faid, that he expects his Works should live for ever. And it had been very foolish in my Friend Horace, if some years after his Exegi Monumentum, he should have desired to see his Building taken down again.

The Dedication likewise is reprinted to the Earl of Dorset, in the foregoing leaves, without any alteration; though I had the fairest opportunity, and the strongest inclination to have added

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a great deal to it, The blooming hopes, which I faid the World expected from my then very young Patron, have been confirmed by most noble and distinguished First-fruits; and his Life is going on towards a plentiful Harvest of all accumulated Virtues. He has, in fact, exceeded whatever the fondness of my wishes could invent in his favor. His equally good and beautiful Lady enjoys in him an indulgent and obliging Husband; His Children, akind and careful Father; and his Acquaintance, a faithful, generous, and polite Friend. His Fellow-Peers have atended to the perswassion of his Eloquence; and have been convinced by the solidity of his reasoning. He has, long since, deserved and attain'd the Honor of the Garter. He has managed some of the greatest Charges of the Kingdom with known ability; and laid them down with entire desinteressment. And as he continues the exercises of these eminent Virtues (which that he may do to a very old age, shall be my perpetual wish) he may be one of the greatest Men that our Age, or possibly our Nation has bred; and leave materials for a Panegyric, not unworthy the pen of some future Pliny.

From so noble a subject as the Earl of Dorset, to so mean a one as my self, is (Iconfess) a very Pindaric transition. I shall only say one word, and trouble the Reader no further. I published my Poems formerly, as Monsieur Jourdain sold his silk: He would not be thought a Tradesman, but ordered some Pieces to be measured out to his particular Friends. Now I give up my shop, and dispose of all my Poetical goods at once: I must therefore desire, that the Public would please to take them in the gross; and that every body would

turn over what he does not like.

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Several Occasions.

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An O D E.

Written in 1688. as an Exercise at St. John's College, Cambridge.

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MScarce know'st thou how thy self
Scarce hast thou thought enough to
prove thou art;

To fend thy doubting Reason's dazled Eye Through the mysterious gulph of vast Immensity. Juch thou canst there discern, much thence impart. Vain Wretch! suppress thy knowing pride;

A Mor-

Mortifie thy learned Lust:
Vain are thy thoughts, while thou thy felf art dust
II.

Let Wit her fails, her oars let Wisdom lend; The helm let politick Experience guide; Yet cease to hope thy short-liv'd Bark shall ride Down spreading Fate's unnavigable tide.

What tho' still it farther tend?
Still 'tis farther from its end;
And in the bosom of that boundless Sea
Still finds its error lengthen with its way.

III.

With daring pride and infolent delight,
Your doubtsrefolv'd you boast, your labours crown'd;
And, "Evenna! your God, for sooth, is found
Incomprehensible and Infinite.
But is he therefore found? Vain Searcher! no:
Let your imperfect definition show,
That nothing you, the weak definer, know.

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IV.

Say, why shou'd the collected Main
It self within it self contain?
Why to its caverns shou'd it sometimes creep,
And with delighted silence sleep
On the lov'd bosom of its parent deep?
Why shou'd its num'rous waters stay
In comely discipline, and fair array,
Till Winds and Tides exert their high commands?
Then prompt and ready to obey,
Why do the rising surges spread
Their op'ning ranks o'er Earth's submissive head,
Marching thro' different paths to different lands?

V.

Why does the constant Sun
With measur'd steps his radiant journeys run?
Why does he order the diurnal hours
To leave Earth's other part, and rise in ours?
Why does he wake the correspondent Moon,
And fill her willing lamp with liquid light,
Commanding her with delegated pow'rs
To beautiste the World, and bless the night?
Why does each animated Star
Love the just limits of its proper sphere?
Why does each consenting Sign
With prudent harmony combine
In turns to move, and subsequent appear,
To gird the Globle, and regulate the Year?

VI.

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Man does with dangerous curiofity
These unsathom'd wonders try:
With fancy'd rules and arbitrary laws
Matter and motion he restrains;
And study'd lines and sictious circles draws:
Then with imagin'd Soveraignty
Lord of his new Hypothesis he reigns.
He reigns: How long? 'till some Usurper rise;
And he too, mighty thoughtful, mighty wise,

Studies new lines, and other circles feigns.

From this last toil again what knowledge flows?

Just as much, perhaps, as shows,

That all his Predecessor's rules

Were empty cant, all Jargon of the Schools:

That he on t'other's ruin rears his Throne;

And shows his Friend's mistake, and thence confirms his own.

A 2

On Earth, in Air, amidst the Seas and Skies,
Mountainous heaps of wonders rise;
Whose tow'ring strength will ne'er submit
To Reason's batteries, or the mines of Wit:
Yet still enquiring, still mistaking Man,
Each hour repuls'd, each hour dare onward press;

And leveling at God his wandring guess, (That seeble engine of his reasoning war,

Which guides his doubts, and combats his despair)

Laws to his Maker the learn'd wretch can give:

Can bound that nature, and prescribe that will, Whose pregnant Word did either Ocean fill;

Can tell us whence all Beings are, & how they move Thro' either Ocean, foolish Man! [& live.

That pregnant Word sent forth again, Might to a World extend each Atom there;

For every drop call forth a Sea, a Heav'n for every VIII. Star.

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Let cunning Earth her fruitful wonders hide;
And only lift thy staggering Reason up
To trembling Calvary's astonish'd top;
Then mock thy knowledge, & confound thypride,
Explaining how Perfection suffer'd pain,
Almighty languish'd, and Eternal dy'd:
How by her patient Victor Death was slain;
And Earth prophan'd, yet bless'd with Deicide.
Then down with all thy boasted volumes, down;
Only reserve the Sacred one:

Only referve the Sacred one; Low, reverently low,

Make thy stubborn knowledge bow; Weep out thy Reason's, and thy Body's eyes; Deject Deject thy felf, that thou may'ft rise; To look to Heav'n, be blind to all below. IX.

Then Faith, for Reason's glimmering light, shall
Her immortal Perspective; [give
And Grace's presence Nature's loss retrieve:
Then thy enliven'd Soul shall see,
That all the volumes of Philosophy,
With all their comments, never cou'd invent
So politick an instrument,
To reach the Heav'n of Heav'ns, the high abode,
Where Moses places his mysterious God,
As was that Ladder which old Jacob rear'd,
When light divine had human darkness clear'd;

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Which Faith had dictated, and Angels trod.

And his enlarg'd ideas found the road.

TOTHE

Countess of EXETER

Playing on the Lute.

[you fprung, What Charms you have, from what high Race Have been the pleasing subjects of my Song: Unskill'd and young, yet something still I writ, Of Ca'ndish Beauty join'd to Cecil's Wit? But when you please to show the lab'ring Muse, What greater Theam your Musick can produce, My babling praises I repeat no more; But hear, rejoice, stand silent, and adore.

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The Persians thus, first gazing on the Sun, Amir'd how high 'twas plac'd, how bright it shone; But as his pow'r wasknown their thoughtswere rais'd And soon they worship'd, what at first they prais'd.

Eliza's Glory lives in Spencer's Song;
And Cowley's Verse keeps fair Orinda young:
That as in birth, in beauty you excell,
The Muse might dictate, and the Poet tell:
Your art no other art can speak; and you,
To shew how well you play, must play anew:
Your Musick's pow'r your Musick must disclose;
For what light is, 'tis only light that shows.

Strange force of Harmony, that thus controuls
Our thoughts, and turns and fanctifies our Souls:
While with its utmost art your Sex cou'd move
Our wonder only, or at best our love:
You far above both these your God did place,
That your high pow'r might wordly thoughts
destroy;

[raise,
That with your Numbers you our real might

That with your Numbers you our zeal might And, like himself, communicate your joy.

When to your native Heav'n you shall repair, And with your presence crown the blessings there; Your Lute may wind its strings but little higher, To tune their notes to that immortal Quire. Your art is perfect here; your Numbers do, More than our books, make the rude Atheistknow, That there's a Heav'n, by what he hears below.

As in some Piece, while Luke his skill exprest, A cunning Angel came, and drew the rest: So, when you play, some Godhead does impart Harmonious aid, Divinity helps Art;

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Some Cherub finishes what you begun, And to a miracle improves a Tune.

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To burning Rome when frantick Nero play'd; Viewing that face, no more he had furvey'd The raging flames; but struck with strange surprise, Confest them less than those of Anna's Eyes: But had he heard thy Lute, he soon had sound His Rage eluded, and his Crime atton'd: Thine, like Amphion's hand, had wak'd the stone, And from destruction call'd the rising Town; Malice to Musick had been forc'd to yield; Nor could he burn so fast, as thou could'st build.



Picture of Seneca dying in a Bath:

By JORDAIN.

At the Earl of Exeren's, at Burleigh House.

The moral Spaniard's ebbing veins,
By study worn and slack with age,
How dull, how thoughtless is his rage!
Heighten'd revenge he should have took;
He should have burnt his Tutor's Book;
And long have reign'd supream in vice.
One nobler Wretch can only rise;
'Tis he whose fury shall deface
The Stoic's Image in this piece.

For

For while unhurt, divine JORDAIN,
Thy Work, and SENECA's remain,
He still has body, still has soul,
And lives and speaks, restor'd and whole.



An O D E.

I.

While blooming Youth, and gay Delight,
Sit on thy rofy cheeks confest,
Thou hast, my Dear, undoubted right
To triumph o'er this destin'd breast.
My Reason bends to what thy Eyes ordain;
For I was born to love, and thou to reign.

II.

But wou'd you meanly thus rely On power, you know I must obey? Exert a legal Tyranny;

And do an ill, because you may? Still must I thee, as Atheists Heav'n, adore; Not see thy mercy, and yet dread thy power? III.

Take heed, my Dear, Youth flies apace;
As well as Gupid, Time is blind:
Soon must those glories of thy Face
The fate of vulgar Beauty find:
The thousand Loves, that arm thy potent Eye,
Must drop their Quivers, flag their wings, and die.

Then

Then wilt thou figh, when in each frown A hateful wrinkle more appears; And putting peev ish humours on, Seems but the fad effect of years: Kindness it self too weak a charm will prove, To raise the feeble fires of aged Love.

Forc'd Compliments, and formal bows Will show thee just above neglect: The heat, with which thy Lover glows, Will fettle into cold respect: A talking dull Platonick I shall turn?

Learn to be civil when I cease to burn.

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die.

Then

Then shun the ill, and know, my Dear, Kindness and constancy, will prove The only pillars fit to bear So vast a weight, as that of love. If thou canst wish to make my flames endure. Thine must be very fierce, and very pure.

Haste, Celia, haste, while Youth invites, Obey kind Cupid's present voice; Fill ev'ry fense with fost delights, And give thy Soul a loofe to joys: Let millions of repeated Blisses prove, That thou all kindness art, and I all love.

VIII.

Be mine, and only mine; take care, Thy looks, thy thoughts, thy dreams to guide To me alone; nor come fo far, As liking any Youth beside:

What

What Men e'er court thee, fly 'em, and believe, They're Serpents all, and thou the tempted Eve.

I X.

So shall I court thy dearest truth,
When Beauty ceases to engage;
So thinking on thy charming Youth,
I'll love it o'er again in Age.
So time it self our raptures shall improve,
While still we wake to Joy, and live to Love.



E P I S T L E

T O

Fleetwood Shephard, Esq;
Burleigh, Mai 14, 1689.

SIR,

A S once a Twelvemonth to the Priest,
Holy at Rome, here Antichrist,
The Spanish King presents a Jennet,
To show his love; ---That's all that's in it:
For if his Holiness wou'd thump
His reverend Bum 'gainst Horse's rump,
He might b' equipt from his own Stable
With one more white, and eke more able.
Or as with Gondolas and Men, His

Or as with Gondolas and Men, His Good Excellence, the Duke of Venice

(I wish

I wish for rhime 't had been the King)
ails out, and gives the Gulph a Ring;
Which trick of State, he wisely maintains,
Keeps kindness up 'twixt old acquaintance;
For else, in honest truth, the Sea
Has much less need of Gold, than he.

Or, not to rove, and pump one's fancy For popish Similies beyond Sea; As folks from mud-wall'd Tenement, Bring Landlords pepper-corn for rent; Present a Turky, or a Hen, To those might better spare them ten: Ev'n so, with all submission, I (For sirst men instance, then apply) Send you each Year a homely Letter, Who may return me much a better.

Then take it, Sir, as it was writ, To pay respect, and not show wit: Nor look askew at what it saith; There's no Petition in it, ---- 'Faith.

Here some wou'd scratch their heads, and try What they shou'd write, and how, and why; But I conceive, such folks are quite in Mistakes, in theory of writing. If once for Principle 'tis laid, That thought is trouble to the head; I argue thus: The World agrees, That he writes well, who writes with ease: Then he, by sequel logical, Writes best, who never thinks at all.

Verse comes from Heav'n, like inward light; Meer human pains can ne'er come by't:

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The God, not we, the Poem makes;
We only tell folks what he speaks.
Hence, when Anatomists discourse,
How like Brutes organs are to ours;
They grant, if higher Powers think sit,
A Bear might soon be made a Wit;
And that, for any thing in nature,
Pigs might squeak Love-Odes, Dogs bark Satyr.

Memnon, tho' stone, was counted vocal;
But'twas the God, mean while, that spoke all.
Rome oft has heard a Cross haranguing,
With prompting Priest behind the hanging:
The wooden head resolv'd the Question;
While you and Pettis help'd the jest on.

Your crabbed Rogues, that read Lucretius, Are against Gods, you know, and teach us, The God makes not the Poet; but The Thesis vice-versa put, Shou'd Hebrew-wise be understood; And means, The Poet makes the God.

Agyptian Gard'ners thus are faid to Have fet the Leeks, they after pray'd to; And Romish Bakers praise the Deity, They chipp'd, while yet in its Paniety.

That when you Poets swear and cry,
The God inspires; I rave, I die;
If inward wind does truly swell ye,
'T must be the Cholick in your belly;
That writing is but just like Dice:
And lucky Mains make people wise:
That jumbled words, if Fortune throw 'em,
Shall, well as Dryden, form a Poem;

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Or make a Speech, correct and witty, As you know who, —-at the Committee.

So Atoms dancing round the center, They urge, made all things at a venture.

But granting matters shou'd be spoke By method, rather than by luck; This may confine their younger stiles, Whom Dryden pedagogues at Will's: But never cou'd be meant to tye Authentic Wits, like you and I: For as young Children, who are try'd in Go-Carts, to keep their steps from sliding; When members knit, and legs grow stronger, Make use of such machine no longer; But leap pro libitu, and fcout On horse call'd Hobby, or without: So when at School we first declaim. Old Busbey walks us in a Theme, Whose props support our infant vein, And help the rickets in the brain: But when our Souls their force dilate, And thoughts grow up to Wit's estate; In Verse or Prose, we write or chat, Not fix pence matter upon what.

'Tis not how well an Author fays;
But 'tis how much, that gathers praise;
Tonson, who is himself a Wit,
Counts Writers merits by the sheet.
Thus each should down with all he thinks,
As Boys eat bread, to fill up chinks.

Kind Sir, I shou'd be glad to see you; I hope y'are well; so God be wi' you; Was all I thought at first to write:
But things, since then, are alter'd quite;
Fancies slow in, and Muse slies high,
So God knows when my clack will lye:
I must, Sir, prattle on, as afore,
And beg your pardon, yet this half hour.

So at pure Barn of loud Non-Con, Where with my Granam I have gone, When Lobb had fifted all his Text, And I well hop'd the pudding next; New to apply, has plagu'd me more, Than all his villain Cant before.

For your Religion, first, of her
Your Friends do sav'ry things aver;
They say, she's honest, as your Claret,
Not sowr'd with cant, nor stum'd with merit:
Your Chamber is the sole retreat
Of Chaplains ev'ry Sunday night;
Of Grace, no doubt, a certain sign,
When Lay-man herds with Man Divine:
For if their same be justly great,
Who wou'd no Popish Nuncio treat;
That his is greater, we must grant,
Who will treat Nuncio's Protestant.
One single Positive weighs more,
You know, than Negatives a score.

In Politicks, I hear, you're stanch, Directly bent against the French; Deny to have your free-born toe Dragoon'd into a wooden-shoe:

Are in no Plots; but fairly drive at The publick welfare, in your private:

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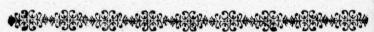
And will, for England's glory, try, Turks, Jews, and Jesuits to defy; And keep your places, till you die. * For me, whom wandring Fortune threw From what I lov'd, the Town and you; Let me just tell you, how my time is Past in a Country-life .--- Imprimis; As foon as Phæbus rays inspect us, First, Sir, I read, and then I breakfast; So on, 'till foresaid God does set, I fometimes study, fometimes eat: Thus, of your Heroes and brave Boys, With whom old Homer makes such noise: The greatest actions I can find, Are, that they did their work, and din'd. The Books of which I'm chiefly fond, Are fuch, as you have whilom con'd; That treat of China's civil Law, And Subjects rights in Golconda: Of highway-Elephants at Ceylan, That rob in Clans, like Men o' th' Highland; Of Apes, that fform, or keep a Town, As well almost as Count Lauzune; Of Unicorns and Alligators, Elks, Mermaids, Mummies, Witches, Satyrs, And twenty other stranger matters; Which, tho' they're things I've no concern in, Make all our Grooms admire my learning. Criticks I read on other men, And Hypers upon them again; From whose remarks I give opinion On twenty Books, yet ne'er look in one. Then

nd

Then all your Wits, that flear and sham,
Down from Don Quixote to Tom Tram;
From whom I jests and punns purloin,
And slily put 'em off for mine:
Fond to be thought a Country Wit:
The rest, ----when Fate and you think sit.

Sometimes I climb my Mare, and kick her To bottl'd Ale, and neighbouring Vicar; Sometimes at Stamford take a quart, 'Squire Shephard's health---with all my heart, Thus, without much delight or grief,

I fool away an idle life;
'Till Shadwell from the Town retires,
(Choak'd up with Fame and seacoal-fires,)
To bless the wood with peaceful Lyrie;
Then hey for praise and panegyric;
Justice restor'd, and Nations freed,
And wreaths round William's glorious head.



TOTHE

Countess of DORSET.

Written in her Milton.

By Mr. BRADBURY.

See here how bright the first-born Virgin shone; And how the first fond Lover was undone. Such charming words our beauteous Mother spoke, As Milton wrote; and such as yours her look.

Yours,

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Yours, the best copy of th' original face; Whose Beauty was to furnish all the race: Such chains no Author cou'd escape, but he; There's no way to be safe, but not to see.



TO THE LADY DURSLEY,

On the same Subject.

Here reading how fond Adam was betray'd, And how by fin Eve's blasted Charms decay'd; Our common loss unjustly you complain; So small that part of it, which you sustain.

You still, fair Mother, in your Offspring trace.
The stock of Beauty destin'd for the race:
Kind Nature forming them, the Pattern took
From Heav'ns first work, and Eve's original look.

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ours,

You, happy Saint, the Serpent's power controul; Scarce any actual guilt defiles your Soul: And Hell does o'er that mind vain triumph boaft, Which gains a Heav'n, for earthly Eden loft.

With Virtue strong as yours had Eve been arm'd; In vain the Fruit had blush'd, or Serpent charm'd: Nor had our bliss by penitence been bought; Nor had frail Adam fall'n, nor Milton wrote.

B



TO

My Lord BUCKHURST,

very young,

Playing with a C A T.

The am'rous Youth, whose tender breast
Was by his darling Cat possest,
Obtain'd of Venus his desire,
Howe'er irregular his fire:
Nature the pow'r of Love obey'd;
The Cat became a blushing Maid;
And on the happy change, the Boy
Imploy'd his wonder, and his joy.

Take care, O beauteous Child, take care, Lest thou prefer so rash a Pray'er:
Nor vainly hope the Queen of Love
Will e'er thy Fav'rite's Charms improve.
O quickly from her Shrine retreat:
Or tremble for thy Darling's sate.

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The Queen of Love, who foon will fee Her own Adonis live in thee, Will lightly her first loss deplore; Will easily forgive the Boar: Her Eyes with tears no more will flow; With jealous rage her breast will glow; And on her tabby Rival's face, She deep will mark her new disgrace.



An ODE.

While from our looks, fair Nymph, you guess
The secret Passions of our mind;
My heavy eyes, you say, confess
A heart to Love and Grief inclin'd.

There needs, alas! but little art,

To have this fatal fecret found:

With the same ease you threw the dart,

'Tis certain you may show the wound.

How can I see you, and not love,
While you as opining East are fair?
While cold as northern blasts you prove,
How can I love, and not despair?

The Wretch in double fetters bound Your potent mercy may release: Soon, if my love but once were crown'd, Fair Prophetess, my grief would cease.



A SONG.

IN vain you tell your parting Lover,
You wish fair winds may wast him over,
Alas! what winds can happy prove,
That bear me sar from what I love?

Alas!

Alas! what dangers on the main Can equal those, that I sustain From slighted vows, and cold disdain?

Be gentle, and in pity choose
To wish the wildest tempests loose;
That thrown again upon the coast,
Where first my shipwrackt heart was lost;
I may once more repeat my pain;
Once more in dying notes complain,
Of slighted vows, and cold disdain.



THE

Despairing Shepherd.

A Lexis shun'd his fellow-Swains,
Their rural sports, and jocund strains.
(Heav'n guard us all from Cupid's Bow!)
He lost his crook, he lest his Flocks;
And wand'ring thro' the lonely rocks,
He nourish'd endless woe.

The Nymphs and Shepherds round him came;
His grief fome pity, others blame;
The fatal cause all kindly seek:
He mingled his concern with theirs;
He gave 'em back their friendly tears;
He sigh'd, but wou'd not speak.

Clorinda came among the rest; And she too, kind concern exprest,

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And ask'd the reason of his woe; She ask'd, but with an air and mein. That made it easily foreseen, She fear'd too much to know.

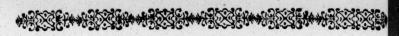
The Shepherd rais'd his mournful head;
And will you pardon me, he faid,
While I the cruel truth reveal?
Which nothing from my breast shou'd tear;
Which never shou'd offend your ear,
But that you bid me tell.

Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain',
Since you appear'd upon the plain;
You are the cause of all my care:
Your Eyes ten thousand dangers dart;
Ten thousand torments vex my heart;
I love and I despair.

Too much, Alexis, I have heard;
'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd;
And yet I pardon you, she cry'd;
But you shall promise ne'er again
To breath your vows, or speak your pain:
He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.



And



To the Honourable

Charles Montague, Esq:

Howe'er, 'tis well, that while Mankind Thro' Fate's perverse Maander errs, He can imagin'd pleasures find,

To combat against real cares.

II.

Fancies and notions he pursues,

Which ne'er had being but in thought;

Each, like the Gracian Artist; woo's

The Image he himself has wrought.

III.

Against experience he believes;

He argues against demonstration;

Pleas'd, when his Reason he deceives;

And sets his Judgment by his Passion.

IV.

The hoary Fool, who many days
Has flruggl'd with continu'd forrow,
Renews his hope, and blindly lays
The desp'rate bett upon to-morrow.

To-morrow comes; 'tis noon, 'tis night
This day like all the former flies:
Yet on he runs, to feek delight
To-morrow, 'till to-night he dies.

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VI.

Our Hopes, like tow'ring Falcons, aim At objects in an airy height:

The little pleasure of the game
Is from afar to view the flight.

VII

Our anxious pains we all the day,
In fearch of what we like, employ:

Scorning at night the worthless prev

Scorning at night the worthless prey, We find the labour gave the joy.

VIII.

At distance thro' an artful glass,

To the Mind's eye things well appear:

They lose their forms, and make a mass

Confus'd and black, if brought too near.

IX.

If we see right, we see our woes;

Then what avails it to have eyes?

From ignorance our comfort flows,

The only wretched are the Wise.

X.

We weary'd should lye down in death:
This cheat of life would take no more,
If you thought Fame but empty breath,
I, Phyllis but a perjur'd Whore.



Ou

HYMN to the SUN

Set by Dr. PURCELL,

And sung before their Majesties on New-Years-Day, 1694.

I.

Light of the World, and Ruler of the Year, With happy speed begin thy great Career; And, as thou dost thy radiant Journeys run Through every distant Climate, own, That in fair Albion thou hast seen The greatest Prince, the brightest Queen, That ever sav'd a Land, or blest a Throne,

Since first thy beams were spread, or genial pow'r

II. [was known]

So may thy Godhead be confest,
So the returning Year be blest,
As its infant Months bestow
Springing Wreaths for William's Brow;
As its Summers youth shall shed
Eternal sweets around Maria's head;
From the Blessings they bestow,
Our Times are dated, and our Æra's move;
They govern, and enlighten all below,

As Thou dost all above.

Let our Hero in the War Active and fierce, like Thee, appear;

Like

Bu

Like Thee, great Son of Jove, like Thee, When clad in rifing Majesty,

Thou marchest down o'er Delos hills confest, With all thy Arrows arm'd, in all thy Glory drest.

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Like Thee, the Hero does his Arms imploy, The raging Python to destroy,

And give the injur'd Nations Peace and Joy.

From fairest Years, and Time's more happy stores, Gather all the smiling Hours;

Such as with friendly care have guarded Patriots and Kings in rightful Wars;

Such as with Conquest have rewarded Triumphant Victors happy cares; Such as Story has recorded

Sacred to Nassau's long Renown,

For Countries fav'd, and Battels won.

March them again in fair array, And bid them form the happy day; The happy day defign'd to wait On William's Fame, and Europe's Fate.

Let the happy day be crown'd
With great Event and fair Success;
No brighter in the Year be found,
But that which brings the Victor home in peace.

Again thy Godhead we implore, (Great in Wisdom as in Power)

Again, for good Maria's fake, and ours, Chuse out other smiling hours; Such as with joyous wings have sled, When happy Counsels were advising;

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Such

Such as have lucky Omens shed
O'er forming Laws and Empires rising;
Such as many courses ran,
Hand in hand a goodly train,
To bless the great Ehsa's Reign;
And in the typic Glory show,
What fuller bliss Maria shall bestow.

VII.

As the folemn hours advance,
Mingled fend into the dance,
Many fraught with all the Treasures,
Which thy Eastern travel views:
Many wing'd with all the Pleasures
Man can ask, or Heav'n diffuse.
That great Maria all those Joys may kno

That great Maria all those Joys may know, Which from her cares upon her Subjects flow.

For thy own Glory fing our Sov'raign's praise
(God of Verses and of Days!)

Let all thy tuneful Sons adorn

Their lasting Work with Williams's Name;

Let chosen Muses yet unborn

Take great Maria for their future Theam:

Eternal Structures let them raise,

On William's and Maria's praise: Nor want new subject for the Song;

Nor fear they can exhaust the store,

'Till Nature's Musick lies unstrung;

Till thou great God shalt lose thy double pow'r; And touch thy Lyre, and shoot thy Beams no more T

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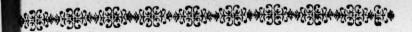
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THE

LADT's Looking-Glass.

CElia and I the other day

Walk'd o'er the Sand-hills to the Sea;
The fetting Sun adorn'd the coast,
His beams entire, his sierceness lost;
And, on the surface of the Deep,
The Winds lay only not assep:
The Nymph did like the scene appear,
Serenely pleasant, calmly fair;
Soft fell her words, as slew the air.
With secret joy I heard her say.
That she wou'd never miss one day
A walk so sine, a sight so gay.

But, oh the change! the Winds grow high; Impending Tempests charge the sky; The Light'ning slies, the Thunder roars; And big waves lash the frighten'd shoars. Struck with the horror of the sight, She turns her head, and wings her slight: And trembling vows, she'll ne'er again Approach the shore, or view the Main.

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Once more at least look back, said I; Thy self in that large Glass descry: When thou art in good humour drest; When gentle Reason rules thy breast,

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The Sun upon the calmest Sea
Appears not half so bright as thee:
'Tis then that with delight I rove
Upon the boundless depth of Love;
I bless my Chain, I hand my Oar;
Nor think on all I lest on Shoar.

But when vain doubts and groundless fear Do that dear foolish bosom tear; When the big lip and wat'ry eye Tell me the rising storm is nigh; 'Tis then thou art yon' angry Main, Deform'd by Winds, and dash'd by Rain; And the poor Sailor, that must try Its sury, labours less than I.

Shipwreck'd, in vain to land I make,
While Love and Fate still drive me back;
Forc'd to doat on thee thy own way,
I chide thee first, and then obey.
Wretched when from thee, vext when nigh;
I with thee, or without thee, die.

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Love and FRIENDSHIP:

PASTORAL,

By Mrs. Elisabeth Singer.

AMARYLLIS.

While from the skies the ruddy Sun descends, And rising Night the evining shade extends; While While pearly dews o'erspread the fruitful field; and closing flowers reviving odours yield:
Let us, beneath these spreading trees, recite,
What from our Hearts our Muses may indite.
Nor need we, in this close Retirement, sear,
Lest any Swain our am'rous secrets hear.

SILVIA.

To ev'ry Shepherd I would mine proclaim; Since fair Aminta is my foftest Theme: A Stranger to the loose delights of Love, My thoughts the nobler warmth of Friendship prove: And while its pure and sacred fire I sing, Chast Goddess of the Groves, thy succour bring.

AMARYLLIS.

Propitious God of Love, my breast inspire With all thy Charms, with all thy pleasing fire: Propitious God of Love, thy succour bring, Whilst I thy Darling, thy Alexis sing.

Alexis, as the opening blossoms fair, Lovely as light, and soft as yielding air. For him each Virgin sighs; and on the plains The happy Youth above each Rival reigns. Nor to the ecchoing Groves, and whisp'ring Spring In sweeter strains does artful Conon sing; When loud applauses fill the crowded Groves, And Phabus the superior Song approves.

SILVIA.

Beauteous Aminta is as early light,
Breaking the melancholy shades of Night.
When she is near, all anxious trouble slies,
And our reviving Hearts confess her Eyes.
Young

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Young Love, and blooming Joy, and gay Defires, In ev'ry breast the beauteous Nymph inspires: And on the plain when she no more appears, The plain a dark and gloomy prospect wears. In vain the streams roll on; the Eastern breeze Dances in vain among the trembling trees; In vain the Birds begin their ev'ning song; And to the silent Night their notes prolong: Nor Groves, nor crystal Streams, nor verdant Field Does wonted pleasures in her absence yield.

AMARYLLIS.

And in his absence, all the pensive day,
In some obscure retreat I lonely stray;
All day to the repeating caves complain,
In mournful accents, and a dying strain,
Dear lovely Youth, I cry to all around;
Dear lovely Youth, the stattering vales resound.

SILVIA.

On flow'ry banks, by ev'ry murm'ring stream,

Aminta is my Muse's softest Theme:

'Tis she that does my artful notes refine:

With fair Aminta's name my noblest Verse shall shine.

AMARYLLIS.

I'll twine fresh Garlands for Alexis brows, And consecrate to him eternal vows: The charming Youth shall my Apolle prove; He shall adorn my Songs, and tune my voice to love.



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of the foregoing PASTORAL.

BY Silvia if thy charming felf be meant;
If Friendship be thy Virgin vows extent;
O! let me in Aminta's praises join:
Hers my esteem shall be, my passion thine.
When for thy head the Garland I prepare,
A second Wreath shall bind Aminta's hair:
And when my choicest Songs thy worth proclaim,
Alternate Verse shall bless Aminta's Name:
My Heart shall own the justice of her cause;
And Love himself submit to Friendship's laws.

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But if beneath thy Numbers foft difguise, Some favour'd Swain, some true Alexis lyes; If Amaryllis breathes thy secret pains; And thy fond Heart beats measure to thy Strains: May'st thou, howe'er I grieve, for ever find The slame propitious, and the Lover kind; May Venus long exert her happy pow'r, And make thy Beauty, like thy Verse, endure; May ev'ry God his friendly aid afford; Pan guard thy Flock, and Ceres bless thy Board.

But if by chance the series of thy Joys
Permit one thought less chearful to arise:
Piteous transfer it to the mournful Swain,
Who loving much, who not belov'd again,
Feels an ill sated Passion's last excess;
And dies in woe, that thou may'st live in peace.

To

To a L A D Y:

She refusing to continue a Dispute with me, and leaving me in the Argument.

An O D E.

I.

SPare, gen'rous Victor, spare the Slave, Who did unequal War pursue;
That more than Triumph he might have, In being overcome by you.

In the Dispute whate er I said,
My heart was by my tongue bely'd;
And in my looks you might have read,
How much I argu'd on your side.

You, far from danger as from fear,
Might have fultain'd an open fight:
For feldom your opinions err;
Your Eyes are always in the right.

Why, Fair-one, wou'd you not rely
On Reason's force with Beauty's join'd?
Cou'd I their prevalence deny,
I must at once be deaf and blind.

Alas! not hoping to fubdue,

I only to the fight aspir'd:

To keep the beauteous Foe in view,

Was all the glory I desir'd.

But

Pla

But she, howe'er of Vict'ry sure,

Contemns the gift too long delay'd;

And arm'd with more immediate pow'r,

Calls cruel Silence to her aid.

Deeper to wound, she shuns the fight;
She drops her Arms, to gain the Field:
Secures her Conquest by her Flight;
And triumphs, when she seems to yield.

nd

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So when the *Parthian* turn'd his Steed,
And from the hostile Camp withdrew;
With cruel skill the backward reed,
He sent; and as he sled, he slew.



Seeing the

DUKE of OR MOND's PICTURE

AT

Sir GODFREY KNELLER's.

Out from the injur'd Canvas, Kneller, strike
These lines too faint; the Picture is not like:
Exalt thy thought, and try thy toil again;
Dreadful in Arms, on Landen's glorious plain
Place Ormond's Duke; impendent in the Air
Let his keen Sabre, Comet-like, appear,

Where-

Where-e'er it points, denouncing Death; below Draw routed Squadrons, and the num'rous Foe Falling beneath, or flying from his Blow. 'Till weak with wounds, & cover'd o'er with blood, Which from the Patriot's breast in torrents flow'd, He faints; His Steed no longer hears the rein, But stumbles o'er the heap, his hand had slain. And now exhausted, bleeding, pale, he lyes; Lovely, sad object! in his half clos'd eyes Stern Vengeance yet, and hostile Terror stand; His Front yet threatens, and his Frowns command. The Gallic Chiefs their Troops around him call; Fear to approach him, tho' they see him fall.—

O Kneller; cou'd thy Shades and Lights express
The perfect Hero in that glorious Dress;
Ages to come might Ormond's Picture know;
And Palms for thee beneath his Lawrels grow:
In spite of Time thy Work might ever shine;
Nor Homer's Colours last so long as thine.



CELIA to DAMON.

Atque in amore mala hac proprio summeque secundo Inveniuntur. Lucret. Lib. IV.

What can I fay, what arguments can prove My truth, what colours can describe my love If its excess & fury be not known In what thy Celia has already done?

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Thy Infant Flames, whilst yet they were conceal'd In tim'rous doubts, with pity I beheld; With easie smiles dispell'd the silent fear, That durst not tell me, what I dy'd to hear: In vain I strove to check my growing flame; Or shelter Passion under Friendship's name: You faw my Heart, how it my Tongue bely'd; And when you press'd, how faintly I deny'd----E'er Guardian Thought cou'd bring its scatter'd aid; E'er Reason cou'd support the doubting Maid; My Soul furpriz'd, and from her felf disjoin'd, Left all referve, and all the Sex behind: From your command her motions she receiv'd; And not for me, but you, she breath'd and liv'd. But ever blest be Cytherea's Shrine;

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And Fires eternal on her Altars shine; Since thy dear Breast has felt an equal wound; Since in thy kindness my Desires are crown'd. By thy each look, & thought, & care, 'tis shown, Thy joys are center'd all in me alone: And fure I am, thou wou'dft not change this hour For all the White ones Fate has in its pow'r.----

Yet thus belov'd, thus loving to excess, Yet thus receiving and returning Bliss, In this great Moment, in this golden Now, When ev'ry trace of what, or when, or how shou'd from my Soul by raging Love be torn, And far on fwelling feas of Rapture born; love A melancholy tear afflicts my Eye; And my Heart labours with a fudden figh: nvading fears repel my coward joy, The And ills foreseen the present Bliss destroy.

Poor

Poor as it is, this Beauty was the cause,
That with first sighs your panting Bosom rose:
But with no Owner Beauty long will stay,
Upon the wings of Time born swift away:
Pass but some sleeting years, and these poor Eyes
(Where now without a boast some lustre lyes),
No longer shall their little honours keep;
Shall only be of use to read, or weep:
And on this Forehead, where your Verse has said,
The Loves delighted, and the Graces play'd;
Insulting Age will trace his cruel way;
And leave sad marks of his destructive Sway.

Mov'd by my charms, with them your love may And as the fuel finks, the flame decrease: [cease; Or angry Heav'n may quicker darts prepare; And Sickness strike what Time a while wou'd spare. Then will my Swain his glowing Vows renew; Then will his throbbing Heart to mine beat true; When my own Face deters me from my Glass; And Kneller only shows what Celia was.

Fantastick Fame may sound her wild Alarms: Your Country, as you think, may want your Arms. You may neglect, or quench, or hate the Flame, Whose smoke too long obscur'd your rising Name: And quickly cold Indisffrence will ensue, When you Love's joys thro' Honour's optic view

Then Celia's loudest pray'r will prove too weak,
To this abandon'd breast to bring you back;
When my lost Lover the tall Ship ascends,
With Musick gay, and wet with jovial Friends:
The tender accents of a Woman's Cry
Will pass unheard, will unregarded die;

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When the rough Seaman's louder shouts prevail; When fair Occasion shows the springing Gale; AndInt'rest guides thehelm & Honour fillsthe fayl. Some wretched Lines from this neglected hand. May find my Hero on the foreign strand, Warm with new fires, and pleas'd with new

Command.

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While she who wrote 'em, of all joy bereft, To the rude Cenfure of the World is left; Her mangled Fame in barb'rous pastime lost, The Coxcomb's Novel, and the Drunkard's Toast.

But nearer care (O pardon it) fupplies Sighs to my Breaft, and Sorrow to my Eyes. Love, Love himself, the only Friend I have, May fcorn his Triumph, having bound his Slave: That Tyrant God, that restless Conqueror May quit his pleafure, to affert his pow'r; Forfake the Provinces that bless his Sway, To vanquish those which will not yet obey.

Another Nymph with fatal pow'r may rife, To damp the finking beams of Celia's Eyes; With haughty pride may hear her Charms confest: And fcorn the ardent Vows that I have bleft: You ev'ry night may figh for her in vain; And rife each morning to some fresh disdain: While Celia's foftest look may cease to charm; And her Embraces want the pow'r to warm: While these fond arms, thus circling you, may prove More heavy chains, than those of hopeless Love.

Just Gods! all other things their like produce: The Vine arises from her Mother's juice:

When

When feeble Plants, or tender Flow'rs decay,
They to their Seed their Images convey:
Where the old Myrtle her good influence sheds,
Sprigs of like leaf erect their filial heads;
And when the Parent Rose decays, and dies,
With a resembling face the Daughter Buds arise,
That product only which our Passions bear,
Eludes the Planter's miserable care:
While blooming Love assures us golden Fruit,
Some inborn Poison taints the secret root;
Soon fall the Flow'rs of joy, soon Seeds of hatred
shoot.

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Say, Shepherd, say, Are these Restections true Or was it but the Woman's fear, that drew This cruel Scene, unjust to Love and you? Will you be only and for ever mine? Shall neither time nor age our souls disjoin? From this dear bosom shall I ne'er be torn? Or you grow cold respectful & forsworn? And can you not for her you love do more, Than any Youth for any Nymph before?



STARTARE TO BE TO

An ODE,

Presented to the KING,
On His Majesty's Arrival in Holland, after the
QUEEN's Death, 1695.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus Tam cari capitis ? pracipe lugubres Cantus, Melpomene.

T Mary's Tomb, (fad, facred place!)
The Virtues shall their Vigils keep:
And every Muse, and every Grace,

In folemn State shall ever weep.

II.

The future, pious, mournful Fair,
Oft as the rolling Years return,
With fragrant Wreaths, and flowing Hair,
Shall vifit her diftinguish'd Urn.

III.

For her the Wise and Great shall mourn, When late Records her Deeds repeat; Ages to come, and Men unborn Shall bless her Name, and sigh her Fate.

IV.

Fair Albion shall with faithful trust,
Her holy Queen's fad Reliques guard;
Till Heav'n awakes the precious dust,
And gives the Saint her full reward.
C 4

But

V.

But let the King dismiss his woes, Reslecting on his fair Renown; And take the Cypress from his brows, To put his wonted Laurels on.

VI.

If prest by grief our Monarch stoops, In vain the *British* Lions roar: If he, whose Hand sustain'd them, droops, The *Belgic* Darts will wound no more.

VII.

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Embattl'd Princes wait the Chief,
Whose Voice should rule, whose Arm should lead
And, in kind murmurs, chide that Grief,
Which hinders Europe being freed.
VIII.

The great Example they demand,
Who still to Conquest led the way;
Wishing him present to command,
As they stand ready to obey.

IX.

They feek that Joy, which us'd to glow, Expanded on the Hero's face;
When the thick Squadrons prest the Foe;
And William led the glorious Chace.

To give the mourning Nations Joy,
Restore them thy auspicious light,
Great Sun; with radiant beams destroy
Those clouds, which keep thee from our sight

XI.

Let thy fublime meridian course

For Mary's setting rays attone:

Our lustre, with redoubl'd force,

Must now proceed from thee alone.

XII

See, pious King, with different strife
Thy struggling Albion's Bosom torn;
So much she fears for William's Life,
That Mary's Fate she dare not mourn.

XIII.

Her Beauty, in thy foster Half,
Bury'd and lost, she ought to grieve:
But let her Strength in thee be safe;
And let her weep, but let her live.
XIV.

Thou, Guardian Angel, fave the Land From thy own Grief, her fiercest Foe; Lest Britain, rescu'd by thy Hand, Should bend and sink beneath thy Woe.

XV.

Her former Triumphs all are vain,
Unless new trophies still be fought;
And hoary Majesty sustain
The Battels, which thy youth has fought.
XVI.

Where now is all that fearful love,
Which made her hate the wars Alarms?
That foft excess, with which she strove
To keep her Hero in her arms?

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XVII.

While still she chid the coming Spring, Which call'd him o'er his subject Seas:

While, for the fafety of the King, She wish'd the Victor's Glory less.

XVIII.

'Tis chang'd, 'tis gone, fad Britain now Hastens her Lord to foreign wars: Happy, if toils may break his woe;

Or danger may divert his cares.

XIX.

In martial din she drowns her sighs,

Lest he the rising grief should hear,

She pulls her helmet o'er her eyes,

Lest he should see the falling tear.

XX.

Go, mighty Prince, let France be taught,
How constant minds by grief are try'd;
How great the Land, that wept and fought,
When William led, and Mary dy'd.

XXI.

Fierce in the Battel make it known,
Where Death with all his darts is feen,
That he can touch thy heart with none,
But that, which struck the beauteous Queen.

XXII.

Belgia indulg'd her open grief,
While yet her Master was not near;
With sullen pride refus'd relief,
And sat obdurate in despair.

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XXIII.

As waters from her fluices, flow'd
Unbounded forrow from her eyes:
To earth her bended front she bow'd,

And fent her wailings to the skies.

XXIV.

But when her anxious Lord return'd, Rais'd is her head, her eyes are dry'd; She smiles, as William ne'er had mourn'd; She looks, as Mary ne'er had dy'd.

XXV.

That Freedom, which all forrows claim,
She does for thy content refign:
Her Piety it felf would blame,
If her regrets should waken thine.

XXVI.

To cure thy woe, she shews thy Fame, Lest the great Mourner should forget, That all the Race, whence Orange came, Made Virtue triumph over Fate.

XXVII.

William his Country's cause could fight,
And with his blood her Freedom seal:

Maurice and Henry guard that right, For which their pious Parent fell.

As

XXVIII.

How Heroes rise, how Patriots set,
Thy Father's bloom and death may tell;
Excelling others these were great;
Thou, greater still, must these excell.

XXIX.

The last fair instance thou must give, Whence Nassau's virtue can be try'd:
And shew the world, that thou canst live Intrepid, as thy Confort dy'd.

XXX.

Thy virtue, whose resistless force
No dire Event could ever stay,
Must carry on its destin'd course,
Tho' Death and Envy stop the way.

XXXI.

For Britain's fake, for Belgia's, live,
Pierc'd by their grief, forget thy own:
New toils endure, new conquests give;
And bring them ease, tho' thou hast none.
XXXII.

Vanquish again; tho' she be gone, Whose Garland crown'd the Victor's hair: And reign; tho she has left the Throne,

Who made thy Glory worth thy care.

XXXIII.

Fair Britain never yet before
Breath'd to her King a useless pray'r:
Fond Belgia never did implore,
While William turn'd aside his ear.

XXXIV.

But should the weeping Hero now Relentless to their wishes prove; Should he recall, with pleasing woe, The object of his grief and love:

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XXXV.

Her Face with thousand beauties blest;
Her Mind with thousand virtues stor'd;
Her Pow'r with boundless joy confest;
Her Person only not ador'd:

XXXVI.

Yet ought his forrow to be checkt; Yet ought his passions to abate; If the great Mourner would reslect, Her Glory in her death compleat.

XXXVII.

She was instructed to command,
Great King, by long obeying thee;
Her Scepter, guided by thy hand,
Preserv'd the Isles, and rul'd the Sea.

XXXVIII.

But, oh! 'twas little, that her life O'er earth and water bears thy Fame; In death, 'twas worthy William's Wife, Amidst the Stars to fix his name.

XXXIX.

Beyond where matter moves, or place Receives its forms, thy virtues rowl: From Mary's glory Angels trace The beauty of her Part'ner's foul.

XL.

Wise Fate, which does its Heav'n decree
To Heroes, when they yield their breath,
Hastens thy Triumph; half of thee
Is deify'd before thy death.

Her

XLI.

Alone to thy Renown 'tis giv'n, Unbounded thro' all Worlds to go: While she great Saint rejoices Heav'n; And thou sustain'st the Orb below.



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Imitation of ANACREON.

Et 'em censure, what care I? The Herd of Criticks I defie. Let the Wretches know I write, Regardless of their grace, or spight. No, no, the Fair, the Gay, the Young Govern the numbers of my Song: All that they approve is fweet ;: And all is fense that they repeat. Bid the warbling Nine retire: Venus, ftring thy Servant's Lyre: Love shall be my endless Theme; Pleasure shall triumph over Fame: And when these Maxims I decline, Apollo, may thy fate be mine: May I grasp at empty praise; And lose the Nymph, to gain the Bays.

An O D E.

The Merchant, to secure his treasure, Conveys it in a borrow'd name:

Euphelia serves to grace my measure;

But Chloe is my real slame.

II.

My fostest Verse, my darling Lyre,
Upon Euphelia's Toylet lay;
When Chloe noted her desire,
That I should sing, that I should play.

My Lyre I tune, my voice I raise;
But with my numbers mix my sighs:
And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
I six my soul on Chloe's eyes.

Fair Chloe blush'd, Euthelia frown'd;
I sung and gaz'd, I play'd and trembl'd:
And Venus to the Loves around

Remark'd, how ill we all diffembl'd.

An





O D E,

Sur la Prise de N A M U R,

Par les Armes du Roi.

L'Année 1692.

Par Monfieur Boileau Despreaux.

I.

Quelle docte & sainte yvresse Aujourd'huy me fait la loy? Chastes Nymphes du Permesse, N'est-ce pas vous que je voy? Accourez, Troupe sçavante, Des sons que ma Lyre enfante Ces arbres sont réjouis. Marquez-en bien la cadence; Et vous, Vents, faites silence: Je vais parler de Louis.

II.

Dans ses Chansons immortelles,
Comme un Aigle audacieux,
Pindare étendant ses aîles,
Fuit loin des vulgaires yeux.
Mais, ô ma fidele Lyre,
Si dans l'ardeur qui m'inspire,
Tu peux suivre mes transports;
Les chesnes des monts de Thrace

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An English BALLAD,

On the taking of N A M V R

By the King of Great Brittain,

1695.

Dulce est desipere in loco.

T.

So might not Bacchus give you law?

Was it a Muse, O losty Poet,

Or Virgin of St. Cyr, you faw?

Why all this fury? What's the matter,

That Oaks must come from Thrace to dance?

Must stupid stocks be taught to flatter?

And is there no fuch wood in France?

Why must the Winds all hold their tongue?

If they a little breath should raise,

Would that have spoil'd the Poet's Song;

Or puff'd away the Monarch's praise?

II.

Pindar, that Eagle, mounts the skies;

While Virtue leads the noble way:

Too like a Vultur Boileau flies,

N'on

Where fordid Interest shows the prey.

When once the Poet's Honour ceases,

From Reason far his transports rove;

D

And

N'ont rien oui que n'efface La douceur de tes accords.

Est-ce Apollon & Neptune
Qui sur ces Rocs sourcilleux;
Ont, compagnons de fortune,
Bâti ces murs orgueilleux?
De leur enceinte sameuse
La Sambre unie à la Meuse
Defend le fatal abord;
Et par cent bouches horribles
L'airain sur ces monts terribles
Vomit le ser, & la mort.

Dix mille vaillans Alcides
Les bordant de toutes parts,
D'éclairs, au loin homicides,
Font petiller leurs Remparts:
Et dans son sein infidele
Par tout la terre y recele
Un seu prêt à s'élancer,
Qui soudain percant son goufre,
Ouvre un sepulchre de soufre
A quiconque ose avancer.

Namur, devant tes murailles, Jadis la Grece eût vingt ans, Sans fruit veu les funerailles De ses plus siers Combatans. Quelle effroyable Puissance Aujourd'huy pourtant s'avance Prête à foudroyer tes monts? Quel bruit, quel seu l'environne?

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And Boileau, for eight hundred pieces? Makes Louis take the Wall of Jove.

III.

Neptune and Sol came from above;
Shap'd like Megrigny, and Vauban;
They arm'd these Rocks, then show'd old Jove

Of Marli Wood, the wondrous Plan.
Such Walls, these three wise Gods agreed.

By human force cou'd ne'er be shaken:

But you and I in Homer read

Of Gods, as well as Men, mistaken.

Sambre and Maese their waves may join,

But ne'er can William's force restrain;

He'll pass them both, who pass'd the Boyn: Remember this, and arm the Sein.

IV.

Full fifteen thousand lusty Fellows
With fire and sword the Fort maintain;

Each was a Hercules, you tell us,

Yet out they march'd like common Men.

Cannons above, and Mines below

Did Death and Tombs for Foes contrive;

Yet matters have been order'd so,

That most of us are still alive.

V.

If Namur be compar'd to Troy,
Then Britain's Boys excell the Greeks:

Their Siege did ten long Years employ,

We've done our bus'ness in ten Weeks.

What Godhead does fo fast advance,

With dreadful power those hills to gain?

Tis little Will, the scourge of France,

No Godhead, but the first of Men.

His

C'est Jupiter en personne, Ou c'est le Vainqueur de Mons.

VI.

N'en doute point, c'est lui-même.
Tout brille en Luy, tout est Roy.
Dans Bruxelles Nassau bléme
Commence à trembler pour Toy.
En vain il voit le Batâve,
Desormais docile Esclâve,
Rangé sous ses étendards:
En vain au Lion Belgique
Il voit l'Aigle Germanique
Uni sous les Leopards.

VII.

Plein de la frayeur nouvelle
Dont ses sens sont agités,
A son secours il appelle
Les Peuples le plus vantés.
Ceux-là viennent du rivage,
Où s'enorqueillit le Tage
De l'or, qui roule en ses eaux;
Ceux-ci des champs, où la nége
Des marais de la Norvége
Neuf mois couvre les roseaux.

VIII.

Mais qui fait enfler la Sambre? Sous les Jumeaux effrayés, (

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His mortal arm exerts the pow'r, To keep ev'n Mons's Victor under:

And that same Jupiter no more Shall fright the world with impious Thunder.

Our King thus trembles at Namur, Whilst Villeroy, who ne'er afraid is,

To Bruxelles marches on secure,

To bomb the Monks and scare the Ladies.

After this glorious Expedition

One Battel makes the Marshal great:

He must perform the King's Commission:

Who knows but Orange may retreat?

Kings are allow'd to feign the Gout.

Or be prevail'd with not to fight:

And mighty Louis hop'd, no doubt.

That William wou'd preserve that right.

From Seyn and Loyre, to Rhone and Po, See every Mother's Son appear;

In fuch a case ne'er blame a Foe If he betrays fome little fear:

He comes, the mighty Vill'roy comes;

Finds a finall River in his way:

So waves his Colours, beats his Drums; And thinks it prudent there to flay.

The Gallic Troops breath blood and war;

The Marshal cares not to march faster;

Poor Vill'roy moves fo flowly here, We fancy'd all, it was his Master.

Will no kind Flood, no friendly Rain Disguise the Marshal's plain disgrace? D 3

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Des froids torrens de Decembre Les champs par tout sont noyés. Cerés s'ensuit éplorée, De voir en proye à Borée Ses guerets d'épics chargés, Et sous les urnes sangeuses Des Hyades orageuses Tous ses trésors submergés.

IX.

Déployez toutes vos rages,
Princes, Vents, Peuples, Frimats;
Ramassez tous vos nuages,
Rassemblez tous vos Soldats.
Malgré vous Namur en poudre
S'en va tomber sous la foudre
Qui domta Lille, Courtray,
Gand la superbe Espagnole,
Saint Omer, Bezançon, Dole,
Ypres, Mastricht, & Cambray.

X.

Mes présages s'accomplissent : Il commence à chanceler: Sous les coups qui retentissent Ses murs s'en vont s'écrouler. Mars en seu, qui les domine, Sousle à grand bruit leur ruine; Et les Bombes dans les airs Allant chercher le tonnere, No torrents fwell the low Mehayne?

The World will fay, he durft not pass.

Why will no Hyades appear,

Dear Poet, on the banks of Sambre?

Just as they did that mighty year,

When you turn'd June into December?

The Water-Nymphs are too unkind

To Vill'roy; are the Land-Nymphs fo?

And fly they all, at once combin'd

To shame a General, and a Beau?

IX.

Truth, Justice, Sense, Religion, Fame May join to finish William's Story; Nations set free may bless his Name,

And France in fecret own his glory.

But Ipres , Mastricht and Cambray ,

Besançon, Ghent, St. Omer, Liste,

Courtray and Dole, ---- ye Criticks, fay,

How poor to this was Pindar's flyle?

With eke's and also's tack thy strain,

Great Bard; and fing the deathless Prince,

Who lost Namur the same Campaign,

He bought Dixmude, and plunder'd Deynse.

K.

I'll hold ten pound, my dream is out;

I'd tell it you, but for the rattle

Of those confounded Drums: no doubt

Yon' bloody Rogues intend a Battel.

Dear me! a hundred thousand French

With terror fill the neighb'ring field;

While William carries on the Trench,

'Till both the Town and Castle yield.

Fill roy to Boufflers should advance,

Says Mars, thro' Cannons mouths in fire;

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Semblent tombant sur la Terre, Vouloir s'ouvrir les Enfers.

XI.

Accourez, Nassau, Baviere,

De ces murs l'unique espoir:

A couvert d'une riviere

Venez, vous pouvez tout voir.

Considerez ces approches:

Voyez grimper sur ces roches

Ces Athletes belliqueux;

Et dans les eaux, dans la slame,

Louis à tout donnant l'ame,

Marcher, courir avec eux.

XII.
Contemplez dans la tempeste,
Qui sort de ces Boulevards,
I.a plume qui sur sa teste
Attire tous les regards.
A cet Astre redoutable
Toûjours un sort favorable
S'attache dans les Combats:
Et toûjours avec la Gloire

Mars amenant la Victoire Vole, & le suit à grands pas. XIII.

Grands Defenseurs de l'Espagne,
Montrez-vous, il en est temps;
Courage, vers la Mehagne
Voilà vos Drapeaux slottans.
Jamais ses ondes craintives
N'ont vû sur leurs foibles rives
Tant de Guerriers s'amasser.
Courez donc. Qui vous retarde?
Tout l'Univers vous regarde.
N'osoz-vous la traverser?

Id est, one Mareschal of France
Tells t'other, he can come no nigher.

XI.

Regain the Lines the shortest way, Vill'roy, or to Versailles take post; For, having seen it, thou can'st say

The steps, by which Namur was lost.

The smoke and slame may vex thy fight; Look not once back; but, as thou goest,

Quicken the Squadrons in their flight;
And bid the D----l take the flowest.

Think not what reason to produce, From Louis to conceal thy fear;

He'll own the strength of thy excuse,
Tell him that WILLIAM' was but there.

IIX

Now let us look for Louis Feather, That us'd to shine so like a Star; The Generals could not get together,

Wanting that influence, great in War.

O Poet! thou hadft been discreeter, Hanging the Monarch's hat so high;

If thou had'st dubb'd thy Star, a Meteor: That did but blaze, and rove, and die.

XIII.

To animate the doubtful Fight, Namur in vain expects that ray:

In vain France hopes, the fickly light
Shou'd shine near William's fuller day.

It knows Versailles, it's proper station; Nor cares for any foreign sphere:

Where you fee Boileau's Constellation,
Be fure no danger can be near.

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XIV.

Loin de fermer le passage A vos nombreux bataillons; Luxembourg a du rivage Reculé ses pavillons.

Quoy? leur seul aspect vous glace?
Où sont ces Chefs pleins d'audace,
Jadis si prompts à marcher,
Qui devoient de la Tamise,
Et de la Drâve soûmise
Jusqu'à Paris nous chercher?

XV.

Cependant l'effroy redouble

Sur les remparts de Namur.

Son Gouverneur, qui se trouble;

S'enfuit sous son dernier mur.

Déja jusques à ses portes

Je voy monter nos cohortes,

La flame & le fer en main;

Et sur les monceaux de piques,

De corps morts, de rocs, de briques,

S'ouvrir un large chemin.

C'en est fait. Je viens d'entendre Sur ces rochers éperdus Battre un Signal pour se rendre: Le seu cesse. Ils sont rendus. Dépoüillez vôtre arrogance, Fiers Ennemis de la France; Et desormais gracieux, Allez à Liege, à Bruxelles. Porter les humbles nouvelles De Namur pris à vos yeux. The French had gather'd all their force;

And William met them in their way :

Yet off they brush'd, both Foot and Horse:

What has Friend Boileau left to fay?

When his high Muse is bent upon't

To fing her King, that great Commander,

Or on the shores of Hellespont,

Or in the valleys near Scamander;

Wou'd it not spoil his noble task,

If any foolish Phrygian there is

Impertinent enough to ask,

How far Namur may be from Paris?

Two Stanza's more before we end,

Of Death, Pikes, Rocks, Arms, Bricks & Fire:

Leave 'em behind you, honest Friend;

And with your Country-men retire.

Your Ode is spoilt, Namur is freed:

For Dixmuyd fomething yet is due;

So good Count Guiscard may proceed;

But Boufflers, Sir, one word with you .-

'Tis done. In fight of these Commanders,

Who neither fight nor raise the Siege;

The Foes of France march safe thro' Flanders,

Divide to Bruxelles or to Liege.

Send, Fame, this News to Trianon;

That Boufflers may new Honours gain:

He the fame play by land has shown,

As Tourville did upon the main.

Yet is the Mar'shal made a Peer:

O William, may thy Arms advance,

That he may lose Dinant next year,

And so be Constable of France.

Tre-



Presented

To the KING;

At his Arrival in HOLLAND, after the Dif covery of the Conspiracy, 1696.

Serus in cœlum redeas; diuque Latus intersis populo Quirini: Neve te nostris vitiis iniquum Ocyor aura

Tollat ---

Hor. ad Augustum

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YE careful Angels, whom eternal Fate
Ordains, on Earth and human acts to wait; Who turn with fecret pow'r this restless Ball, And bid predestin'd Empires rise and fall: Your facred aid religious Monarchs own, When first they merit, then ascend the Throne: But Tyrants dread you, lest your just Decree Transfer the pow'r, and fet the People free: See rescu'd Britain at your Altars bow; And hear her Hymns your happy care avow; That still her Axes and her Rods support The Judges frown, and grace the awful Court: That Law with all her pompous Terror stands, To wrest the dagger from the Traitors hands; And rigid Justice reads the fatal word, Poises the Ballance first, then draws the Sword. Britain her safety to your guidance owns, That the can sep'rate Parricides from Sons:

That,

That, impious Rage disarm'd, she lives and reigns, Her Freedom kept by him, who broke her chains.

And thou, great Minister, above the rest Of Guardian Spirits, be thou for ever blest: Thou, who of old wert sent to Israel's Court, With secret aid great David's strong support: To mock the frantick rage of cruel Saul; And strike the useless Jav'lin to the wall. Thy later care o'er William's temples held, On Boyn's propitious banks, the heav'nly Shield, When Pow'r Divine did Sov'reign Right declare; And Cannons mark'd, whom they were bid to spare.

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Still, bleffed Angel, be thy care the fame; Be William's life untouch'd, as is his Fame: Let him own thine, as Britain owns his hand; Save thou the King, as he has fav'd the Land.

We Angels forms in pious Monarchs view; We reverence William; for he acts like you: Like you, commission'd to chastise and bless, He must avenge the world, and give it peace.

Indulgent Fate our potent Pray'r receives;
And still Britannia smiles, and William lives:
The Hero dear to Earth, by Heav'n belov'd,
By troubles must be vex'd, by dangers prov'd;
His Foes must aid to make his Fame compleat;
And six his Throne secure on their deseat.

So, tho' with fudden rage the tempest comes; Tho' the winds roar, and tho' the water foams; Imperial Britain on the Sea looks down, And smiling sees her Rebel Subject frown: Striking her cliff, the Storm confirms her pow'r; The waves but whiten her triumphant shore:

In

In vain they wou'd advance, in vain retreat; Broken they dash, and perish at her feet.

For William still new wonders shall be shown;
The l'ow'rs that rescu'd shall preserve the Throne:
Safe on his darling Britain's joyful Sea,
Behold, the Monarch plows his liquid way:
His Fleets in thunder thro' the world declare,
Whose Empire they obey, whose Arms they bear.
Bless'd by aspiring winds he finds the strand
Blacken'd with Crouds; he sees the Nations stand
Blessing his safety, proud of his command.
In various Tongues he hears the Captains dwell
On their great Leader's praise; by turns they tell,
And listen (each with emulous glory sir'd)
How William conquer'd, and how France retir'd;
How Belgia freed the Hero's arm confess'd;
But trembled for the courage which she blest.

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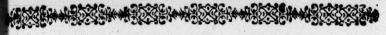
To

O Louis, from this great example know,
To be at once a Hero, and a Foe:
By founding Trumpets, hear, and ratling Drums,
When William to the open vengeance comes;
And fee the Soldier plead the Monarch's right,
Heading his Troops, and foremost in the Fight.

Hence then, close Ambush and persidious War, Down to your native seats of night repair.

And thou, Bellona, weep thy cruel pride Restrain'd, behind the Victor's chariot ty'd In brazen knots, and everlasting chains;
(So Europe's Peace, so William's Fate ordains:)

While on the iv'ry chair, in happy state He sits; secure in innocence, and great In regal clemency; and views beneath Averted darts of Rage, & pointless Arms of Death.



To CHLOE, Weeping.

SEe, whilst thou weep'st, fair Chloe, see
The World in sympathy with thee.
The chearful Birds no longer sing;
Each drops his head, and hangs his wing:
The clouds have bent their bosom lower;
And shed their sorrows in a shower:
The Brooks beyond their limits slow;
And louder murmurs speak their woe:
The Nymphs and Swains adopt thy cares:
They heave thy sighs, and weep thy tears:
Fantastick Nymph! that Grief should move
Thy heart obdurate against Love.
Srange tears! whose power can soften all,
But that dear Breast on which they fall.

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To Mr. H O W A R D: An O D E.

Poets and Painters never are secure:
Can I untouch'd the Fair-ones passions move?
Or thou draw Beauty, and not seel its power?
II.

To great Apelles, when young Ammon brought The darling Idol of his captive heart; And the pleas'd Nymph with kind attention fat, To have her Charms recorded by his Art:

The

III.

The am'rous Master own'd her potent Eyes;
Sigh'd when he look'd, and trembled as he drew:
Each flowing line confirm'd his first surprize;
And as the piece advanc'd, the Passion grew.

IV.

While Philip's Son, while Venus' Son was near;
What different tortures does his bosom feel?
Great was the Rival, and the God severe:
Nor could he hide his flame, nor durst reveal.
V.

The Prince renown'd in bounty as in Arms,
With pity faw the ill-conceal'd distress:
Quitted his title to Campaspe's charms;
And gave the Fair-one to the Friend's embrace.

VI.

Thus the more beauteous Chloe sate to thee,
Good Howard, emulous of the Grecian art;
But happy thou from Cupid's Arrow free,
And Flames that pierc'd thy Predecessor's heart.

VII.

Had thy poor breast receiv'd an equal pain;
Had I been vested with the Monarch's pow'r;
Thou must have sigh'd, unlucky Youth, in vain;
Nor from my bounty had'st thou found a cure,
VIII.

Tho' to convince thee, that the Friend did feel
A kind concern for thy ill-fated care;
I would have footh'd the Flame I could not heal;
Giv'n thee the World, tho' I with-held the Fair.

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LOVE DISARM'D.

DEneath a Myrtle's verdant shade

As Cloe half asleep was laid,

cupid perch'd lightly on her breast;

And in that Heav'n desir'd to rest:

Over her Paps his Wings he spread;

Between he found a downy bed;

And nestled in his little head.

Still lay the God: The Nymph furpriz'd, Yet Mistress of her self, devis'd How she the Vagrant might inthral, And captive him, who captives all.

Her boddice half way she unlac'd; About his arms she slily cast The silken band, and held him fast.

The God awak'd, and thrice in vain
He strove to break the cruel chain:
And thrice in vain he shook his wing,
Incumber'd in the silken string.
Flutt'ring the God and weeping said,
Pity poor Cupid, generous Maid;
Who happen'd, being blind, to stray,
And on thy Bosom lost his way:
Who stray'd, alas! but knew too well,
He never there must hope to dwell.
Set an unhappy Pris'ner free,
Who ne'er intended harm to thee.

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To me pertains not, she replies,
To know or care where Cupid slies;
What are his haunts, or which his way;
Where he would dwell, or whither stray:
Yet will I never set thee free:
For harm was meant, and harm to me.

Vain fears that vex thy Virgin heart!

I'll give thee up my Bow and Dart:

Untangle but this cruel chain;

And freely let me fly again.

Agreed: Secure my Virgin heart; Instant give up thy Bow and Dart; The chain I'll in return untie; And freely thou again shalt fly.

Thus she the Captive did deliver: The Captive thus gave up his Quiver.

The God disarm'd, e'er since that day Passes his life in harmless play: Flies round, or sits upon her breast; A little, slutt'ring, idle Guest.

E'er since that day the beauteous Maid Governs the World in *Cupid's* stead: Directs his Arrow as she wills; Gives grief, or pleasure; spares, or kills.



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C L O E Hunting.

D Ehind her neck her comely treffes ty'd, DHer ivory Quiver graceful by her fide, A hunting Cloe went : She lost her way, And thro' the woods uncertain chanc'd to stray. Apollo passing by beheld the Maid; And, Sister dear, bright Cynthia, turn, he said: The hunted Hind lyes close in yonder brake. Loud Cupid laugh'd, to see the God's mistake; And laughing cry'd, Learn better, great Divine, To know thy Kindred, and to honour mine. Rightly advis'd, far hence thy Sifter feek, Or on Meander's bank, or Latmus' peak: But in this Nymph, my Friend, my Sifter know: The draws my Arrows, and the bends my Bow: Fair Thames the haunts, and ev'ry neighb'ring Grove, sacred to fost recess, and gentle love. Go, with thy Cynthia, hurl the pointed Spear It the rough Boar; or chace the flying Deer: and my Cloe take a nobler aim: It human hearts we fling, nor ever miss the Game.



CUPID and GANTMEDE.

IN Heav'n, one Holy-day, you read In wise Anacreon, Ganymede

Drew

Drew heedless Cupid in to throw A Main, to pass an hour, or so. The little Trojan, by the way, By Hermes taught, play'd all the play.

The God unhappily engag'd, By Nature rash, by play enrag'd, Complain'd, and figh'd, and cry'd, and fretted; Loft ev'ry earthly thing he betted: In ready mony, all the ftore Pick'd up long fince from Danae's Show'r: A Snush-Box, set with bleeding hearts, Rubies, all pierc'd with Diamond darts: His Nine-pins, made of Myrtle wood; The tree in Ida's forest stood: His Bowl pure Gold, the very fame Which Paris gave the Cyprian Dame: Two Table-books in shagreen covers, Fill'd with good verse from real Lovers: Merchandise rare: A Billet-doux. Its matter passionate, yet true: Heaps of Hair-rings, and cypher'd Seals: Rich Trifles; ferious Bagatelles.

What fad disorders Play begets?
Desp'rate and mad, at length he sets
Those Darts, whose points make Gods adore
His might, and deprecate his Pow'r:
Those Darts, whence all our joy and pain
Arise, those Darts---come, Seven's the Main,
Cries Ganymede: The usual trick:
Seven, slur a Six; Eleven: A Nick.

Ill News goes fast: 'Twas quickly known, That simple Cupid was undone.

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Swifter than Lightning Venus flew: Too late she found the thing too true. Guess how the Goddess greets her Son: Come hither, Sirrah; no, begon; And, hark ye, is it so indeed? A Comrade you for Ganymede? An Imp as wicked for his age, As any earthly Lady's Page; A Scandal and a scourge to Troy: A Prince's Son? A Black-guard Boy: A Sharper, that with box and dice Draws in young Deities to Vice. All Heav'n is by the ears together, Since first that little Rogue came hither: Juno her felf has had no peace: And truly I've been favour'd less: For Jove, as Fame reports, (but Fame Says things not fit for me to name;) Has acted ill for fuch a God. And taken ways extreamly odd. And thou unhappy Child, she said, (Her anger by her grief allay'd) Unhappy Child, who thus hast lost All the Estate we e'er could boast; Whither, O whither wilt thou run, Thy name despis'd, thy weakness known? Nor shall thy Shrine on Earth be crown'd; Nor shall thy pow'r in Heav'n be own'd;

When thou, nor Man, nor God canst wound. Obedient Cupid kneeling cry'd, Cease, dearest Mother, cease to chide:

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Gany's a Cheat, and I'm a Bubble:
Yet why this great excess of trouble?
The Dice were false; the Darts are gone;
Yet how are you or I undone?
The loss of these I can supply
With keener shafts from Cloe's eye:
Fear not we e'er can be disgrac'd,
While that bright Magazine shall last:
Your crowded Altars still shall smoke,
And Man your friendly aid invoke:
Jove shall again revere your pow'r:
And rise a Swan, or fall a show'r.

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CUPID Mistaken.

A Safter noon one Summer's day,

Venus stood bathing in a River;

Cupid a-shooting went that way,

New strung his Bow, new fill'd his Quiver.

With skill he chose his sharpest Dart; With all his might his Bow he drew: Swift to his beauteous Parent's heart: The too well guided Arrow slew.

I faint, I die, the Goddess cry'd:
O cruel, could'st thou sind none other
To wrack thy spleen on? Parricide!
Like Nero, thou hast slain thy Mother.

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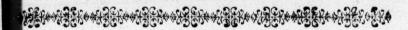
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oor Cupid fobbing scarce could speak:
Indeed, Mamma, I did not know ye:
Alas! how easie my mistake?
I took you for your likeness, Cloe.!



V E N U S Mistaken.

When Cloe's Picture was to Venus shown; Surpris'd the Goddess took it for her own. And what, said she, does this bold Painter mean? When was I bathing thus, and naked seen?

Pleas'd Cupid heard, and checkt his Mother's pride: And who's blind now, Mamma? the Urchin cry'd. Tis Chloe's Eye, and Cheek, and Lip, and Breast: Friend Howard's Genius fancy'd all the rest.



A SONG.

IF Wine and Musick have the pow'r, To ease the sickness of the Soul; Let Phæbus ev'ry string explore; and Bacchus sill the sprightly bowl. Let them their friendly aid imploy, To make my Cloe's absence light; and seek for pleasure, to destroy The sorrows of this live-long night.

Poor

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But

But she to-morrow will return:

Venus, be thou to-morrow great;

Thy Myrtles strow, thy Odours burn;

And meet thy Fav'rite Nymph in state.

Kind Goddess, to no other Pow'rs

Let us to-morrow's blessings own:

Thy darling Loves shall guide the hours;

And all the day be thine alone.



THE DOVE.

----Tantane animis cœlestibus Ira. Virg.

I.

IN Virgil's facred Verse we find, That Passion can depress or raise The Heav'nly as the Human mind: Who dare deny what Virgil says?

But if they shou'd; what our great Master Has thus laid down, my Tale shall prove. Fair Venus wept the sad disaster Of having lost her fav'rite Dove.

In complaifance poor Cupid mourn'd; His grief reliev'd his Mother's pain; He vow'd he'd leave no stone unturn'd, But she shou'd have her Dove again.

Tho' none, faid he, shall yet be nam'd, I know the Felon well enough:
But be she not, Mamma, condemn'd Without a fair and legal proof.

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With that, his longest dart he took, As Constable wou'd take his staff.
That Gods desire like Men to look, Wou'd make ev'n Heraclitus laugh.

VI.

Loves fubaltern, a duteous Band, Like Watchmen round their Chief appear; Each had his lanthorn in his hand; And Venus mask'd brought up the rear.

VII.

Accouter'd thus, their eager step To Cloe's lodging they directed: (At once I write, alas! and weep, That Cloe is of thest suspected.)

VIII.

Late they fet out, had far to go:
St. Dunstan's, as they pass'd, struck one:
Cloe, for reasons good, you know,
Lives at the sober end o'th' Town,

TX.

With one great peal they rap the door Like Footmen on a Visiting-day: Folks at her house at such an hour, Lord what will all the Neighbours say?

X.

The door is open'd: up they run:
Nor prayers, nor threats divert their speed:
Thieves, Thieves cries Susan; We're undone;
They'll kill my Mistress in her bed.

XI.

In bed indeed the Nymph had been Three hours: for all Historians say, She commonly went up at ten; Unles Picquet was in the way.

XII.

She wak'd, be fure, with strange surprize. O Cupid, is this Right or Law,
Thus to disturb the brightest eyes,
That ever slept, or ever saw?

XIII.

Have you observed a sitting Hare, Listening, and fearful of the storm Of Horns and Hounds, clap back her ear Astraid to keep, or leave her Form?

XIV.

Or have you mark'd a Partridge quake, Viewing the tow'ring Faulcon nigh? She cuddles low behind the brake Nor wou'd she stay, nor dares she sly.

XV.

Then have you feen the beauteous Maid, When gazing on her midnight Foes, She turn'd each way her frighted head, Then funk it down beneath the cloaths.

XVI.

Venus this while was in the Chamber Incognito: for Susan said
It smelt so strong of Myrrh and Amber--And Susan is no lying Maid.

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XVII.

But fince we have no present need Of Venus for an Episode;
With Cupid let us e'en proceed;
And thus to Cloe spoke the God;

XVIII.

Hold up your head: hold up your hand: Wou'd it were not my lot to show ye, This cruel Writ, wherein you stand Indicted by the name of Clos:

XIX

For that by secret malice stirr'd,

Or by an emulous Pride invited,

You have purloin'd the fav'rite Bird

In which my Mother most delighted.

XX.

Her blushing face the lovely Maid Rais'd just above the milk-white sheet. A Rose-tree in a lilly bed Nor glows so red, nor breathes so sweet.

XXI.

Are you not he whom Virgins fear, and Widows court? is not your Name Cupid? If so, pray come not near---- fair Maiden, I'm the very same.

XXII

Then what have I, good Sir to fay

or do with her, you call your Mother?

f I shou'd meet her in my way,

We hardly court' sy to each other.

XXIII.

Diana Chaste, and Hebe sweet
Witness that what I speak is true:
I wou'd not give my Paroquet
For all the Doves that ever slew.

XXIV.

Yer, to compose this midnight noise; Go freely search where-e'er you please. (The Rage that rais'd, adorn'd her voice) Upon yon' Toilet lie my keys.

XXV.

Her keys he takes; her doors unlocks; Thro' Wardrobe, and thro' Closet bounces; Peeps into every chest and box: Turns all her Furbeloes and Flounces.

XXVI.

But Dove, depend on't, finds he none; So to the bed returns again: And now the Maiden, bolder grown, Begins to treat him with disdain.

XXVII.

I marvel much, she smiling said, Your poultry cannot yet be sound; Lies he in yonder slipper dead? Or, may be, in the Tea-pot drown'd?

XXVIII.

No Traytor, angry Love replies, He's hid some where about your breast; A place, nor God, nor Man denies, For Venus' Dove the proper Nest.

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XXIX.

Search then, she said, put in your hand; And Cynthia, dear Protectress, guard me: As guilty I, or free may stand, Do thou, or punish, or reward me.

XXX.

But ah! what Maid to Love can trust? He scorns, and breaks all legal Power: Into her breast his hand he thrust, And in a moment forc'd it lower.

XXXI.

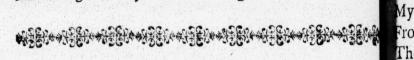
O, whither do those fingers rove Cries Cloes, treacherous Urchin, whither? O Venus! I shall find thy Dove, Says he; for sure I touch his Feather.

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A LOVER's ANGER.

As Cloe came into the Room t'other day.
I peevish began; where so long cou'd you stay?
In your life-time you never regarded your hour:
You promis'd at two; and (pray look Child)'t is sour.
A Lady's watch needs neither sigures nor wheels:
'Tis enough, that 'tis loaded with baubles and seals.
A Temper so heedless no Mortal can bear---Thus far I went on with a resolute air.
Lord bless me! said she; let a Body but speak:
Here's an ugly hard Rose-bud sall'n into my neck,

It has hurt me and vext me to such a degree———
See here; for you never believe me; pray see,
On the left side my breast what a mark it has made;
So saying, her Bosom she careless display'd.
That seat of delight I with wonder survey'd
And forgot ev'ry word I design'd to have said.



MERCURY and CUPID.

In fullen humour one day Jove
bent Hermes down to Ida's Grove,
Commanding Cupid to deliver
His store of Darts, his total quiver;
That Hermes shoud the weapons break,
Or throw' em into Lethe' lake.
Hermes, you know, must do his errand:
He found his Man, produc'd his Warrant:
Cupid your Darts—this very hour,
There's no contending against power.

How fullen Jupiter, just now I think I said: and you'll allow, That Cupid was as bad as he: Hear but the Youngster's repartee.

Come Kinsman (faid the little God)
Put of your wings; Lay by your rod;
Retire with me to yonder Bower
And rest your self for half an hour:
'Tis far indeed from hence to Heav'n:
But you sly fast: and 'tis but seven.

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We'll take one cooling cup of Nectar. and drink to this celestial Hector----He break my Darts, or hurt my Pow'r! He Leda's Swan, and Danae's show'r! Go, bid him his Wife's tongue restrain; And mind his Thunder, and his rain----My Darts? O certainly I'll give 'em: From Cloe's eyes he shall receive 'em. There's one, the best in all my quiver, I'wang! thro' his very heart and liver. He then shall pine, and figh, and rave: Good Lord! what buftle fhall we have! Neptune must straight be sent to sea; And Flora fummon'd twice a-day: One must find shells, and t'other flow'rs, For cooling Grotts, and fragrant Bow'rs; That Cloe may be ferv'd in state: The Hours must at her Toilet wait: Whilst all the reasoning Fools below: Wonder their Watches go too flow, lybs must fly fouth, and Eurus east, For Jewels for her hair and breast: No matter tho' their cruel haste link Cities, and lay forrests waste. No matter tho' this Fleet be lost: Or that lie wind-bound on the coast. What whis' pring in my Mother's ear? What care, that Juno shou'd not hear What work among you fcholar Gods! Phæbus must write him am'rous Odes: and thou, poor Cousin, must compose his Letters in submissive prose:

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Whilst haughty Cloe, to fustain The Honour of my mystic Reign, Shall all his Gifts and Vows disdain, And laugh at your old Bully's pain.

Dear Couz, said Hermes in a fright, For Heav'n sake keep your Darts: Good-night.



On BEAUTY. A Riddle.

Refolve me, Cloe, what is this; Or forfeit me one precious kiss. T'is the first offipring of the Graces: Bears diffrent forms in diffrent places; Acknowledg'd fine, where-e'er beheld, Yet fancy'd finer, when conceal'd. 'T was Flora's wealth, and Circe's Charm; Pandora's Box of good and harm: 'Twas Mars's wish, Endymion's dream: Apelles Draught, and Ovid's Theme. This guided Theseus thro' the maze, And fent him home with life and praise. But this undid the Phrygian Boy. And blew the flames that ruin'd Troy. This shew'd great kindness to old Greece; And help'd rich Jason to the Fleece. This thro' the East just Vengeance hurl'd, And lost poor Anthony the world. Injur'd, tho' Lucrece found her doom; This banish'd Tyranny from Rome. Appeas'd, Appeas'd, tho' Lais gain'd her hire;
This fet Persepolis on fire.
For this Alcides learn'd to spin,
His Club laid down, and Lion's skin.
For this Apollo deign'd to keep
With servile care, a Mortal's sheep.
For this the Father of the Gods,
Content to leave his high abodes,
In borrow'd figures loosely ran,
Europa's Bull, and Leda's Swan.
For this he reassumes the nod;
(While Semele commands the God)
Lances the Bolt, and shakes the Poles;
Tho' Momus laughs, and Juno scolds.

Here list'ning Cloe smil'd, and said,
Your Riddle is not hard to read:
I guess it----Fair-one, if you do;
Need I, alas! the theme pursue!
For this, thou seest, for this I leave,
Whate'er the World thinks wise or grave,
Ambition, Business, Friendship, News,
My useful Books, and serious Muse.
For this I willingly decline
The mirth of Feasts, and joys of Wine,
And chuse to sit and talk with thee,
(As thy great-Orders may decree)
Of Cocks and Bulls, of Flutes and Fiddles,
Of idle Tales, and foolish Riddles.



as'd,

The Question, to Lisetta.

What Nymph shoud I admire or trust, But Cloe beauteous, Cloe just?
What Nymph shou'd I desire to see, But her who leaves the plain for me? To whom shou'd I compose the Lay, But her who listens, when I play? To whom in song repeat my cares, But her who in my forrow shares? For whom shou'd I the Garland make, But her who joys the gift to take, And boasts she wears it for my sake? In Love am I not sully blest?

Lisetta, pr'ythee tell the rest.



LISETTA's REPLT.

Sure Cloe just, and Cloe fair,
Deserves to be your only care:
But when you and she to-day
Far into the wood did stray,
And I happen'd to pass by;
Which way did you cast your eye?
But when your cares to her you sing,
Yet dare not tell her whence they spring,

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That in those cares she bears a part? When you the Flow'rs for Cloe twine Why do you to her Garland join The meanest Bud that falls from mine? Simplest of Swains! the World may see Whom Cloe loves, and who loves me.



The GARLAND.

The pride of ev'ry Grove I chose,
The Violet sweet, and Lilly fair,
The dappl'd Pink, and blushing Rose,
To deck my charming Cloe's hair.

t morn the Nymph vouchsaft to place
Upon her Brow the various Wreath;
he Flow'rs less blooming than her face,
The scent less fragrant than her Breath.

THE.
The Flow'rs she wore along the day;
And ev'ry Nymph and Shepherd said,
That in her hair they lookt more gay
Than glowing in their native bed.

ndrest at evening when she found Their odours lost, their colours past; he chang'd her look, and on the ground Her Garland and her eye she cast.

That

V.

That eye dropt sence distinct and clear;
As any Muse's tongue cou'd speak;
When from it's lid a pearly tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

VI.

Diffembling, what I knew too well;

My Love, my Life, faid I, explain

This change of humour: prythee tell,

That falling Tear---What does it mean?

VII.

She figh'd; fhe fmild; and to the Flow'rs Pointing, the lovely Moralist faid: See! Friend, in some few sleeting hours, See yonder, what a change is made.

VIII.

Ah me! the blooming pride of May
And that of Beauty are but one:
At morn both flourish bright and gay,
Both fade at evening, pale, and gone,

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At dawn poor stella dane'd and fung;
The am'rous Youth around her bow'd;
At night her fatal knell was rung,
I faw, and kis'd her in her shrowd,

T

Such as she is, who dy'd to-day,
Such I, alas! may be to-morrow:
Go, Damon, bid thy Muse display
The justice of thy Clos's forrow.

CARAGE SERVER

The Lady who offers her Looking-Glass to Venus.

Vince I am not what I was; What from this day I shall be, Venus, let me never see.

CLOE Jealous.

I.

Orbear to ask me, why I weep;
Vext Cloe to her Shepherd faid,
Tis for my two poor stragling sheep,
Perhaps, or for my squirrel dead.

Vor mind I what you late have writ, Your fubtle Questions, and Replies; Emblems, to teach a Female Wit The ways, where changing Cupid slies.

Our Riddle, purpos'd to rehearse
The general pow'r that Beauty has;
ut why did no peculiar verse
Describe one charm of Cloe's face?

The

IV.

The Glass, which was at Venus' shrine
With such mysterious forrow laid,
The Garland (and you call it mine)
Which shew'd how Youth and Beauty sade.

V.

Ten thousand trifles light as these Nor can my rage, nor anger move: She shou'd be humble, who wou'd please; And she must suffer, who can love.

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When in my Glass I chanc'd to look,

Of Venus what did I implore?

That ev'ry grace which thence I took

Shou'd know to charm my Damon more.

VII.

Reading thy verse; who heeds, said I

If here or there his glances slew?

O free for ever be his eye,

Whose heart to me is always true.

VIII.

My Bloom indeed, my little Flow'r Of Beauty quickly lost it's pride: For sever'd from it's native Bow'r, It on thy glowing Bosom dy'd.

IX.

Yet car'd I not, what might presage
Or withering wreath, or sleeting Youth;
Love I esteem'd more strong than Age,
And Time less permanent than Truth.

X.

Why then I weep, forbear to know;
Fall uncontroll'd my tears, and free:
Damon, 'tis the only woe
I ever yet conceal'd from thee.

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XI.

The fecret wound with which I bleed
Shall lie wrapt up, ev'n in my Herfe:
But on my Tomb-stone thou shalt read
My Answer to thy dubious Verse.



Answer to CLOE JEALOUS, in the same Stile. The Author sick.

YEs, fairest proof of Beauty's pow'r,
Dear Idol of my panting heart,
sture points this my fatal hour,
And I have liv'd, and we must part.

II.

While now I take my last Adieu,
Heave thou no sigh, nor shed a tear;
est yet my half-clos'd eye may view
On Earth an object worth it's care.

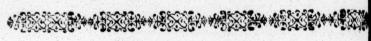
TII.

For ever be thy befom free'd: That nothing may disturb thy life, Content I hasten to the Dead.

F 4

IV.

Yet when some better-fated Youth, Shall with his am'rous parly move thee; Reslect one moment on his truth Who dying thus, persists to love thee.



A better Answer.

I.

Ear Cloe, how blubber'd is that pretty Face. Thy Cheek all on fire, and thy Hair all uncurld Pr'ythee quit this caprice, and (as old Falftaf fays) Let us een' talk a little like Folks of this World.

II

Hou canst thou presume, thou hast leave to destroy, The Beauties, which Venus but lent to thy keeping. Those looks were design'd to inspire Love and Joy, More ord'nary eyes may serve people for weeping.

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To be vext at a trifle or two that I writ, Your Judgment at once, and my Passion you wrong You take that for fact, which will scarce be foundwith Od's Life! must one swear to the truth of a song.

What I speak, my fair Cloe, and what I write shews. The diffence there is betwixt Nature and Art: I court others in verse; but I love thee in prose. And they have my whim sies; but thou hast my heart.

The God of us Verse-men (you know Child) the Sum How after his Journeys he sets up his rest: If at morning o'er Earth 'tis his fancy to run; At night he reclines on his Thetis's breast. VI.

So when I am weary'd with wand'ring all day,
To thee my delight in the evening I come:
No matter what Beauties I faw in my way,
They were but my visits; but thou art my home.

Then finish dear Cloe, this Pastoral War; And let us like Horace and Lidia agree: For thou art a Girl as much brighter than her As he was a Poet sublimer than me.



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PALLAS and VENUS.

An EPIGRAM.

The Trojan Swain had judg'd the great Dispute; And Beauty's Pow'r obtain'd the Golden Fruit; When Venus loose in all her naked Charms, Met Jove's great Daughter clad in shining Arms. The wanton Goddess view'd the warlike Maid From head to foot, and tauntingly she said.

Yield, Sister; Rival, yield: Naked, you see, I vanquish; guess how potent I should be, If to the field I came in Armour drest; Dreadful, like thine my Shield, & terrible my Crest.

The Warrior Goddess with disdain reply'd;
Thy Folly, Child, is equal to thy Pride:
Let a brave Enemy for once advise;
And Venus (if 'tis possible) be wise.
Thou to be strong must put off every dress;
Thy only Armour is thy nakedness:
And more than once, or thou art much bely'd,
By Mars himself that Armour has been try'd.

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TO

A Young Gentleman in Love.

A TALE.

Rom publick noise and factious strife, From all the busic ills of life, Take me, my Celia, to thy Breaft; And lull my wearied Soul to reft. For ever, in this humble Cell, Let thee and I, my Fair-one, dwell; None enter else, but Love: --- and he Shall bar the door, and keep the key. To painted Roofs and shining spires, (Uneafie feats of high defires) Let the unthinking many croud, That dare be covetous and proud: In golden Bondage let them wait; And barter Happiness for State: But Oh! my Celia, when thy Swain Desires to see a Court again; May Heav'n around this destin'd Head, The choicest of its curses shed. To fum up all the rage of Fate In the two things I dread and hate, May'st thou be false, and I be great. Thus on his Celia's panting breaft, Fond Celaden his Soul exprest;

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While with delight the lovely Maid Receiv'd the Vows, she thus repaid.

Hope of my age, joy of my youth, Bleft miracle of Love and Truth! All that could e'er be counted mine. My love and life, long fince are thine: A real joy I never knew. 'Till I believ'd thy Passion true; A real grief I ne'er can find, 'Till thou prov'st perjur'd or unkind. Contempt, and poverty, and care, All we abhor, and all we fear, Blest with thy presence, I can bear: Thro' waters and thro' flames I'll go, Suffrer and Solace of thy woe: Trace me fome yet unheard-of way, That I thy Ardour may repay: And make my constant Passion known, By more than Woman yet has done.

Had I a wish that did not bear
The stamp and image of my Dear;
I'd pierce my heart thro' ev'ry vein,
And die to let it out again.
No: Venus shall my witness be,
(If Venus ever lov'd like me)
That for one hour I wou'd not quit
My Shepherd's arms, and this retreat,
To be the Persian Monarch's Bride,
Part'ner of all his powrer and pride;
O rule in Regal State above,
Mother of Gods, and Wife of Jove.

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hile

Oh happy these of human Race!

But soon, alas! our pleasures pass:

He thank'd her on his bended knee;

Then drank a quart of Milk and Teas!

And leaving her ador'd Embrace,

Hasten'd to Court, to beg a Place.

While she, his absence to bemoan,

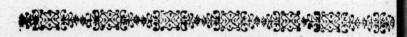
The very moment he was gone,

Call'd Thyrsis from beneath the bed,

Where all this time he had been hid.

MORAL.

While Men have these ambitious fancies,
And wanton Wenches read Romances;
Our Sex will ---- What? out with it: Lye;
And theirs in equal strains reply.
The Moral of the Tale I sing,
(A Posy for a Wedding Ring)
In this short verse will be consin'd:
Love is a jest, and Vows are wind.



AN

ENGLISH PADLOCK

MIss Danaë, when fair and young.

(As Horace has divinely sung)

Could not be kept from Jove's Embrace

By doors of steel, and walls of brass.

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The reason of the thing is clear;
(Would Jove the naked truth aver)
Cupid was with him of the party;
And show'd himself sincere and hearty:
For (give that Whipster but his errand)
He takes my Lord Chief Justice' Warrant;
Dauntless as Death away he walks;
Breaks the doors open, snaps the locks;
Searches the parlour, chamber, study;
Nor stops, 'till he has Culprit's body.

Since this has been authentick truth,
By Age deliver'd down to Youth;
Tell us, mistaken Husband, tell us,
Why so mysterious, why so jealous?
Does the restraint, the bolt, the bar,
Make us less curious, her less fair?
The Spy, which does this Treasure keep,
Does she ne'er say her Pray'rs, nor sleep?
Does she to no excess incline?
Does she fly Musick, Mirth, and Wine?
Or have not Gold and Flatt'ry pow'r,
To purchase one unguarded hour?

Your care does further yet extend:
That Spy is guarded by your Friend. ---But has this Friend nor eye, nor heart?
May he not feel the cruel dart,
Which, foon or late, all Mortals feel?
May he not, with too tender zeal,
Give the fair Pris'ner cause to fee,
How much he wishes she were free?
May he not craftily infer
The Rules of Friendship too severe,

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Which

Which chain him to a hated trust, Which make him wretched, to be just? And may not she, this darling she,

Youthful and healthy, flesh and blood,

Easie with him, ill us'd by thee,

Allow this Logic to be good?

Sir, Will your Questions never end?

I trust to neither Spy nor Friend.

In short, I keep her from the sight

Of ev'ry human face — She'll write.—

From pen and paper she's debarr'd.—

Has she a bodkin and a card?

She'll prick her mind:— She will, you say;

But how shall she that mind convey?

I keep her in one Room, I lock it;

The key, look here, is in this pocket:

The key-hole, is that left? Most certain,

She'll thrust her Letter thro', — Sir Martin.

Dear angry Friend, what must be done? Is there no way? ---- There is but one. Send her abroad, and let her see, That all this mingled mass, which she Being forbidden longs to know, Is a dull Farce, and empty Show, Powder, and Pocket-Glass, and Beau; A Staple of Romance and Lies, False tears, and real perjuries; Where sighs and looks are bought and sold; And love is made but to be told; Where the sat Bawd and lavish Heir The spoils of ruin'd Beauty share;

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Be

And Youth seduc'd from Friends and Fame,
Must give up age to want and shame.
Let her behold the frantick Scene,
The Women wretched, salse the Men:
And when, these certain ills to shun,
She would to thy Embraces run;
Receive her with extended arms;
Seem more delighted with her charms;
Wait on her to the Park and Play;
Put on good humour, make her gay;
Be to her Virtues very kind;
Be to her faults a little blind;
Let all her ways be unconfin'd;
And clap your Padlock---- on her Mind.



HANS CARVEL.

Handsome enough; extremely gay;
Lov'd Musick, Company and Play:
High slights she had, and wit at will;
And so her tongue lay seldom still;
For in all Visits who but she,
To argue or to repartee?
She made it plain, that human Passion
Was order'd by Predestination;
That, if weak Women went astray,
Their Stars were more in fault than they;

And

Whole

POEMS on Whole Tragedies she had by heart; Enter'd into Roxana's part? To triumph in her Rival's blood, The action certainly was good. How like a Vine young Ammon curl'd? Oh that dear Conqu'ror of the World?

She pity'd Betterton in age,
That ridicul'd the God-like Rage.

She, first of all the Town, was told, Where newest India things were sold; So in a morning, without bodice, Slipt sometimes out to Mrs. Thody's, To cheapen Tea, to buy a Screen; What else cou'd so much Virtue mean? For to prevent the least reproach, Betty went with her, in the Coach.

But when no very great Affair
Excited her peculiar care,
She without fail was wak'd at ten;
Drank Chocolate; then flept again;
At twelve she rose, with much ado
Her cloaths were huddled on by two:
Then, Does my Lady dine at home?
Yes sure:——But is the Colonel come?
Next, how to spend the afternoon;
And not come home again too soon;
The Change, the City, or the Play,
As each was proper for the day?
A turn, in Summer, to Hyde-Park,
When it grew tolerably dark.

Wives pleasure causes Husbands pain; Strange fancies come in Hans's brain; Vh

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le thought of what he did not name; and wou'd reform, but durft not blame; at first he therefore preach'd his Wife The comforts of a pious life: Told her how transient Beauty was: That all must die, and stesh was grass: He bought her Sermons, Pfalms, and Graces; And doubled down the useful places. But still the weight of worldly care Allow'd her little time for prayer. And Cleopatra was read o'er; Whilst Scot, and Wake, and twenty more, That teach one to deny ones felf, stood unmolested on the shelf. In untouch'd Bible grac'd her toilet; No fear that thumb of hers should spoil it. In short, the trade was still the same; The Dame went out, the Colonel came. What's to be done? poor Carvel cry'd; nother batt'ry must be try'd: What if to Spells I had recourse? Tis but to hinder something worse. he end must justifie the means; le only fins who ill intends: ince therefore 'tis to combat evil, Is lawful to employ the Devil. Forthwith the Devil did appear, for name him and he's always near) ot in the shape in which he plies t Misses elbow, when she lies; I stands before the Nurs'ry doors,

o take the naughty Boy that roars:

But without fawcer eye or claw, Like a grave Barrister at Law. Hans Carvel, lay afide your grief, The Devil fays, I bring relief: Relief, fays Hans, pray let me crave Your name, Sir .-- Satan: --- Sir, your Slave; I did not look upon your feet, You'll pardon me; --- Ay, now I fee't: And pray, Sir, when came you from Hell? Our Friends there, did you leave them well? All well; but prithee, honest Hans, Says Satan, leave your complaisance. The truth is this, I cannot stay Flaring in Sun-shine all the day: For, entre nous, we hellish Sprites Love more the fresco of the nights; And oftner our Receipts convey In Dreams, than any other way. I tell you therefore as a Friend, E'er morning dawns, your fears shall end: Go then this ev'ning, Master Carvel, Lay down your Fowls, and broach your Barrel Let Friends and Wine dissolve your care; Whilst I the great Receipt prepare: To-night I'll bring it, by my Faith; Believe, for once, what Satan faith.

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Away went Hans, glad not a little;
Obey'd the Devil to a tittle;
Invited Friends fome half a dozen,
The Colonel and my Lady's Cozen.
The meat was ferv'd; the bowls were crown'd;
Catches were fung, and Healths went round:

Barbados waters for the close: Till Hans had fairly got his dose. The Colonel toafted to the best: The Dame mov'd off to be undrest: The Chimes went twelve, the Guests withdrew; But when or how, Hans hardly knew. Some modern Anecdotes aver, He nodded in his elbow Chair: From thence was carry'd of to bed: John held his heels, and Nan his head. My Lady was difturb'd; new forrow, Which Hans must answer for to-morrow. In bed then view this happy pair; And think how Hymen triumph'd there. Mans, fast asleep, as foon as laid; The duty of the night unpaid: The waking Dame, with thoughts opprest, That made her hate both him and rest: y fuch a Husband, fuch a Wife! was Acme's and Septimius' life. he Lady figh'd, the Lover fnor'd; he punctual Devil kept his word: arrel; ppear'd to honest Hans again, But not at all by Madam feen) nd giving him a magick ring, it for the finger of a King: car Hans, faid he, this Jewel take, nd wear it long for Satan's fake; will do your bus'ness to a hair: or long as you this Ring shall wear, own'd; s fure as I look over Lincoln,

und: hat ne'er shall happen which you think on.

BA

Hans took the Ring with joy extream;

(All this was only in a dream)

And thrusting it beyond his joint,

Tis done, he cry'd, I've gain'd my point—

What point, said she, you ugly beast?

You neither give me joy, nor rest:

'Tis done:——What's done, you drunken Beas?

You've thrust your finger G—d knows where.



A Dutch Proverb.

Fire, Water, Woman, are Man's ruin;
Says wise Professor Vander Bruin.
By Flames a House I hir'd was lost
Last year; and I must pay the cost.
This Spring, the Rains o'erslow'd my ground;
And my best Flanders Mare was drown'd.
A Slave I am to Clara's Eyes;
The Gipsey knows her pow'r, and slies.
Fire, Water, Woman, are my Ruin:
And great thy Wisdom, Vander Bruin.



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PAULO PURGANTI

AND

His WIFE:

An honest but a simple pair.

Est enim quiddam, idque intelligitur in omni Virtute, quod decent; quod cogitatione magis à Virtute potest quam re separari. Cic. de Officiis. Lib. 1.

D Eyond the fix'd and fettled rules Of Vice and Virtue in the Schools; Beyond the letter of the Law, Which keeps our Men and Maids in awe; The better fort shou'd fer before 'em Grace, a Manner, a Decorum; omething that gives their acts a light; sakes 'em not only just, but bright: and fets 'em in that open fame, Vhich witty Malice cannot blame. For 'tis in life, as 'tis in painting; luch may be right, yet much be wanting. rom lines drawn true, our eye may trace foot, a knee, a hand, a face: lay justly own the Picture wrought xact to rule, exempt from fault: et, if the Colouring be not there, he Titian stroke; the Guido air;

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AUL

To

To nicest judgment show the Piece, At best 'twill only not displease: It would not gain on Jersey's eye, Bradford would frown, and set it by.

Thus, in the picture of our mind,
The action may be well defign'd;
Guided by Law, and bound by Duty;
Yet want this je ne sçai quoy of beauty:
And tho' its error may be such,
As Knags and Burgess cannot hit;
It yet may feel the nicer touch
Of Wicherly's or Congreve's wit.

What is this talk? replies a Friend;
And where will this dry moral end?
The truth of what you here lay down,
By fome example should be shown: --With all my heart, --- for once, --- read on,
An honest, but a simple pair,
(And twenty other I forbear)
May serve to make this Thesis clear.

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A Doctor of great skill and fame,

Paulo Purganti was his name,

Had a good, comely, virtuous Wife;

No Woman led a better life:

She to Intreagues was ev'n hard-hearted:

She chuckl'd when a Bawd was carted;

And thought the Nation ne'er wou'd thrive;

'Till all the Whores were burnt alive.

On marry'd Men, that dare be bad, She thought no mercy shou'd be had; They should be hang'd, or starv'd, or slead; Or serv'd like Romish Priests in Swede.——

n short, all lewdness she defy'd; And stiff was her parochial Pride.

Yet, in an honest way, the Dame Was a great lover of that fame: And could from Scripture take her cue, That Husbands should give Wives their due.

Her Prudence did so justly steer Between the gay and the severe, That, if in some regards she chose To curb poor Paulo in too close; In others the relax'd again.

And govern'd with a loofer rein.

Thus, tho' she strictly did confine The Doctor from excess of Wine: With Oysters, eggs, and vermicelli, She let him almost burst his belly: Thus drying coffee was deny'd; But Chocolate that loss supply'd; And for Tobacco, (who could bear it?) Filthy concomitant of Claret! (Bleft revolution!) one might fee Eringo roots, and Bohé Tea.

She often fet the Doctor's band, And strok'd his beard, and squeez'd his hand; Kindly complain'd, that after-noon He went to pore on books too foon; She held it wholfomer by much To rest a little on the couch:----About his waste in bed a-nights She clung fo close, --- for fear of Sprights. The Doctor understood the call; But had not always wherewithal.

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d;

The

The Lion's skin too short, you know, (As Plutarch's Morals finely show) Was lengthen'd by the Foxes tail:

And art supplies, where strength may fail,

Unwilling then in Arms to meet
The Enemy, he could not beat;
He strove to lengthen the Compaign,
And save his forces by chicane.

Fabius, the Roman Chief, who thus
By fair retreat grew Maximus,
Shows us, that all, which Warrior can do
With force inserior, is cunstando.

One day then, as the Foe drew near, With Love, and Joy, and Life, and Dear; Our Don, who knew this tittle-tattle Did, fure as Trumpet, call to Battel; Thought it extremely à propos, To ward against the coming blow; To ward, but how? Ay, there's the question: Fierce the assault; unarm'd the bastion.

The Doctor feign'd a strange surprise;
He selt her pulse, he view'd her eyes:
That beat too sast, these rowl'd too quick;
She was, he said, or would be sick;
He judg'd it absolutely good,
That she should purge and cleanse her blood,
spaw waters for that end were got:
If they past easily or not,
What matters it? The Lady's sever
Continu'd violent as ever.

For a distemper of this kind, (Blackmore and Hans are of my mind)

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If :

If once it youthful blood infects,
And chiefly of the Female Sex,
Is fcarce remov'd by pill or potion;
What-e'er might be our Doctor's notion.

One luckless night then, as in bed
The Doctor and the Dame were laid;
Again this cruel Fever came,
High pulse, short breath, and blood in slame.
What measures shall poor Paulo keep
With Madam in this piteous taking?
She, like Macbeth, has murder'd sleep:
And won't allow him rest, tho' waking.
Sad state of matters, when we dare
Nor ask for Peace, nor offer War:
Nor Livy nor Comines have shown,
What in this juncture may be done,
Grotius might own, that Paulo's case is
Harder, than any which he places
Amongst his Belli and his Pacis.

He strove, alas! but strove in vain,
By dint of Logic to maintain,
That all the Sex was born to grieve,
Down to her Ladyship from Eve.
He rang'd his Tropes, and preach'd up patience;
Back'd his opinion with quotations,
Divines, and Moralists; and run ye on
Quite thro' from Seneca to Bunyan.
As much in vain he bid her try
To fold her arms, to close her eye;
Telling her rest would do her good,

G 5

If any thing in Nature cou'd:

So

POEMS on

106 So held the Greeks quite down from Galen? Masters and Princes of the calling: So all our modern Friends maintain . (Tho' no great Greeks) in Warwick-lane.

Reduce, my Muse, the wand'ring Song: A Tale should never be too long. The more he talk'd, the more she burn'd; And figh'd, and toft, and groan'd, and turn'd. At last, I wish, said she, my Dear---And whisper'd something in his ear.

You wish! wish on, the Doctor cries: Lord! when will Womankind be wife? What, in your waters? are you mad? Why poison is not half so bad. I'll do it--But I give you warning? You'll die before to-morrow morning-

'Tis kind, my Dear, what you advise, The Lady with a figh replies: But life, you know, at best is pain ; And Death is what we should disdain. So do it therefore, and Adieu; For I will die, for love of you.---Let wanton Wives by Death be scar'd; But to my comfort, I'm prepar'd.



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THE

LADLE.

The Sceptics think 'twas long ago,
Since Gods came down incognito;
To fee who were their Friends or Foes,
And how our Actions fell or rose.
That, since they gave things their beginning.
And set this Whirliging a spinning:
Supine they in their Heav'n remain,
Exempt from passion, and from pain:
And frankly leave us human Elves,
To cut and shuffle for our selves:
To stand, or walk; to rise, or tumble;
As matter, and as motion jumble.

The Poets now, and Painters hold. This Thesis both absurd and bold:
And your good-natur'd Gods, they say, Descend some twice or thrice a day:
Else all these things we toil so hard in, Would not avail one single farthing.
For when the Hero we rehearse,
To grace his Actions, and our Verse;
'Tis not by dint of human thought,
That to his Lasium he is brought:

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Iris descends, by Fate's commands,
To guide his steps through foreign Lands;
And Amphitrite clears his way
From rocks and quick-sands in the sea.

And if you see him in a sketch,
Tho' drawn by Paulo or Carache,
He shows not half his force and strength,
Strutting in Armour, and at length;
That he may make his proper figure,
The Piece must yet be four yards bigger:
The Nymphs conduct him to the field:
One holds his Sword and one his Shield:
Mars standing by afferts his quarrel;
And Fame slies after with a Laurel.

These points, I say, of speculation, As 'twere to save or sink the Nation, Men idly learned will dispute, Assert, object, confirm, resute; Each mighty angry, mighty right, With equal Arms sustains the fight, 'Till now no Umpire can agree 'em; So both draw off, and sing Te Deum.

Is it in Acquilibrio,

If Deities descend or no?

Then let th' affirmative prevail,

As requisite to form my Tale;

For by all parties 'tis confest,

That those opinions are the best,

Which, in their nature, most conduce

To present ends, and private use.

Two Gods came, therefore, from above; One Mercury, the other Jove; The humour was, it feems, to know, If all the favours they bestow, Could from our own perverseness ease us; And if our Wish injoy'd would please us.

Discoursing largely on this Theme, O'er hills and dales their Godships came; Till well nigh tir'd, at almost night, They thought it proper to alight.

Note here, that it as true as odd is, That, in difguise, a God or Goddess Exerts no supernat'ral powers; But acts on Maxims much like ours.

They spy'd at last a country Farm,
Where all was snug, and clean, and warm;
For Woods before, and Hills behind,
Secur'd it both from rain and wind:
Large Oxen in the fields were lowing:
Good grain was sow'd; good fruit was growing:
Of last year's Corn in barns great store:
Fat Turkeys gobbling at the door:
And wealth, in short, with peace consented,
That People here should live contented:
But did they in effect do so?
Have patience, Friend, and thou shalt know.

The honest Farmer and his Wife
To years declin'd, from prime of life
Had struggl'd with the Marriage noose,
(As almost every couple does:)
Sometimes, my Plague, sometimes, my Darlings
Kissing to-day, to-morrow snarling:
Jointly submitting to endure
That evil, which admits no cure.

The

So faid, fo done; the Gods confent;
All three into the Parlour went:
They compliment, they fit, they chat;
Fight o'er the Wars; reform the State:
A thousand knotty points they clear;
'Till Supper and my Wife appear.

Jove made his leg, and kiss'd the Dame:
Obsequious Hermes did the same.
Jove kiss'd the Farmer's Wise, you say?
He did;—but in an honest way:
Oh! not with half that warmth and life,
With which he kiss'd Amphytrion's Wise.—

Well then, things handsomly were serv'd;
My Mistress for the Strangers carv'd,
How strong the beer, how good the meat,
How loud they laught, how much they eat,
In Epic sumptuous would appear;
Yet shall be pass'd in silence here:
For I should grieve to have it said,
That by a fine Description led,
I made my Episode too long;
Or tir'd my Friend, to grace my Song.

The Grace-cup ferv'd, the cloth away, Jove thought it time to show his play: Landlord and Landlady, he cry'd, Folly and jesting laid aside,

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That ye thus hospitably live,
And Strangers with good-chear receive.
Is mighty grateful to your betters;
And makes ev'n Gods themselves your Debtors.
To give this Thesis plainer proof,
You have to-night beneath your roof
A pair of Gods; ---nay, never wonder;
This Youth can fly, and I can Thunder.
I'm Jupiter, and he Mercurius,
My Page, my Son indeed, but spurious.'
Form then three Wishes, you and Madam,
And sure as you already had 'em,
The things desir'd, in half an hour
Shall all be here, and in your pow'r.

Thank ye, great Gods, the Woman fays;
Oh! may your Altars ever blaze.
A Ladle for our Silver Dish
Is what I want, is what I wish.—
A Ladle! cries the Man, a Ladle!
Odzooks, Corisca, you have pray'd ill;
What should be great you turn to farce,
I wish the Ladle in your a---.

With equal grief and shame, my Muse. The sequel of the Tale pursues:
The Ladle sell into the Room,
And stuck in old Corisca's bum:
Our Couple weep two Wishes past,
And kindly join to form the last;
To ease the Woman's awkward pain,
And get the Ladle out again.

That

MORAL

This Commoner has worth and parts; Is prais'd for Arms, or lov'd for Arts: His head akes for a Coronet; And who is blefs'd, that is not great?

Some sense, and more Estate, kind Heav'n To this well-lotted Peer has giv'n: What then? He must have Rule and Sway; And all is wrong, 'till he's in play.

The Miser must make up his Plumb; And dares not touch the hoarded sum. The sickly Dotard wants a Wise, To draw of his last dregs of life.

Against our peace we arm our will i Amidst our Plenty Something still For Horses, Houses, Pictures, Planting; To thee, to me, to him is wanting.

That cruel Something unpossess'd Corrodes and levens all the rest.
That Something, if we could obtain.
Would soon create a future pain:
And to the Cossin, from the Cradle.
Tis all Wish, and all a Ladle.



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Written at Paris, 1700.

In the beginning of Robe's Geography.

F all that William rules , or Robe Describes, great Rhea, of thy Globe; When or on Post-horse, or in Chaise, With much expence, and little eafe, My destin'd miles I shall have gone By Thames or Maese, by Po or Rhone. And found no foot of earth my own: Great Mother, let me once be able To have a Garden, House, and Stable. That I may read, and ride, and plant, Superior to defire, or want. And as health fails, and years increase Sit down, and think, and die in peace. Oblige thy fav'rite Undertakers To throw me in but twenty Acres. This number fure they may allow; for pasture ten, and ten for plow: Tis all that I wou'd wish, or hope for me, and John, and Nell, and Crop, Then, as thou wilt, dispose the rest And let not Fortune spoil the jest) o those, who at the market-rate an barter Honour for Estate. low if thou grant'st me my request; o make thy Vot'ry truly bleft Trittel

Let

Let curst Revenge, and sawcy Pride To some bleak Rock far off be ty'd; Nor e'er approach my rural seat To tempt me to be base, and great.

And Goddess, this kind office done, Charge Venus to command her Son, Where-ever else she lets him rove, To shun my House, and Field, and Grove: Peace cannot dwell with Hate or Love. Hear gracious Rhea what I say And Thy Petitioner shall pray.



Written in Mezeray's

HISTORY OF FRANCE.

Hate'er thy Countrymen have done,
By Law and Wit, by Sword and Gun,
In thee is faithfully recited:
And all the living World, that view
Thy Work, give thee the praises due;
At once instructed, and delighted.

Yet for the fame of all these deeds,
What Beggar in the Invalides,
With lameness broke, with blindness smitts
Wish'd ever decently to die,
To have been either Mezeray,
Or any Monarch he has written?

III.

It strange, dear Author, yet it true is, That down from Pharamond to Louis

All covet life, yet call it pain; All feel the ill, yet shun the cure: Can sense this paradox endure?

Resolve me, Cambray, or Fontaine.

1 V.

The Man in graver Tragic known,
Tho his best part long since was done,
Still on the Stage desires to tarry:
And he who play'd the Harlequin,
After the jest still loads the scene,
Unwilling to retire, the weary.

E.

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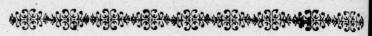


Written in the BOOK called

Nouveaux Interêts des Princes de l'Europe.

BLest be the Princes, who have sought For pompous Names, or wide Dominion; Since by their Error we are taught, That Happiness is but Opinion.





ADRIANI MORIENTIS

ad Animam suam.

A Nimula, vagula, blandula, Hospes, comesque corporis, Que nunc abibis in loca, Pallidula, rigida, nudula, Nec ut soles dabis jocos.

GRNA EKRA FRANTER EKRA FRANTER EKRA

By Monsieur Fontenelle.

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MA petite Ame, ma mignonne,
Tu t'en vas donc,ma Fille, Dieu scache où tu vall
Tu pars seulette, nuë & tremblotante, Helas!
Que deviendra ton humeur folichonne?
Que deviendront tant de jolis ebats?

IMITATE D.

Poor little, pretty, fluttering thing,
Must we no longer live together?
And dost thou prune thy trembling wing,
To take thy slight, thou know'st not whither?
Thy humorous vein, thy pleasing folly
Lyes all neglected, all forgot;
And pensive, wav'ring, melancholy,
Thou dread'st and hop'st, thou know'st not what.

A Passage in the Moriæ Encomium of Erasmus, Imitated.

IN awful pomp, and melancholy state I See settl'd Reason, on the Judgment seat: Around her croud Distrust, and Doubt, and Fear, And thoughful Foresight, and tormenting Care. Far from the Throne, the trembling Pleasures stand Chain'd up, or exil'd by her stern Command. Wretched her Subjects, gloomy fits the Queen; Till happy Chance reverts the cruel scene; And apish Folly with her wild resort Of Wit and jest disturbs the solemn Court. See the fantastic Minstrelly advance, To breathe the Song, and animate the Dance. Blest the Usurper! happy the surprize! Her mimic postures catch our eager eyes: Her jingling bells affect our captive car; And in the fights we fee, and founds we hear, Against our Judgement she our sense employs: The laws of troubl'd Reason she destroys: And in their place rejoyces to indite Wildschemes of Mirth, and plans of loose Delight. ૡ૽૱ૺ૱ઌૡ૱ૺ૱ઌૡ૱ૺૺ૱ઌૡ૱ૺ૱ૹ૱૱ૺ૱ઌૡ૽૱ૡૡ૽૱ૡઌ૱૱ૡૡ૽ૡ૽ૡૡ૽૽૽

TO Dr. SHERLOCK.

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what

On his practical discourse concerning DEATH. 1

Porgive the Muse, who in unhallow'd strains The Saint one moment from his God detains:

For sure, whate'er you do, where-e'er you are,

Tis all but one good work, one constant Pray'r.

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Forgive her; and intreat that God, to whom Thy favour'd Vows with kind acceptance come, To raise her Notes to that sublime degree, Which suits a Song of Piety and thee.

Wondrous good Man! whose labours may repel The force of Sin, may stop the rage of Hell: Who, like the Baptist, from thy God wast sent The crying Voice, to bid the World repent.

Thee Youth shall study; and no more engage
Their flatt'ring wishes for uncertain age;
No more, with fruitless care and cheated strife,
Chace sleeting Pleasure through this maze of life;
Finding the wretched All they here can have,
But present food, and but a future Grave;
Each, great as Philip's Victor Son, shall view
This abject World, and weeping, ask a new.

Decrepit Age shall read thee, and confess, Thy Labours can asswage, where Med'cines cease: Shall bless thy words, their wounded Souls relief; The drops that sweeten their last dregs of life; Shall look to Heav'n, and laugh at all beneath; Own Riches gather'd, trouble; Fame, a breath; And Life, an ill, whose only cure is Death.

Thy even thoughts with so much plainness flow,
Their sense untutor'd Insancy may know;
Yet to such height is all that plainness wrought,
Wit may admire, and letter'd Pride be taught.
Easie in words thy style, in sense sublime;

On its bleft steps each Age and Sex may rise:
'Tis like the Ladder in the Patriarch's dream:
Its foot on Earth, its height above the Skies.
Diffus'd its virtue, boundless is its pow'r;
'Tis publick health, and universal cure:

Of Heav'nly Manna 'tis a fecond Feast, A Nations food, and all to ev'ry taste.

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Of

To its last height mad Britain's guilt was rear'd; And various Death for various crimes she fear'd; With your kind Work her drooping Hopes revive; You bid her read, repent, adore, and live: You wrest the Bolt from Heav'ns avenging hand; Stop ready Death, and save a sinking Land.

O! fave us still, still bless us with thy stay;
O! want thy Heav'n, 'till we have learnt the way;
Refuse to leave thy destin'd Charge too soon;
And for the Churches good, defer thy own:
O! live, and let thy Works urge our belief;
Live, to explain thy Dostrine by thy life;
'Till future Infancy, baptiz'd by thee,
Grow ripe in Years, and old in Piety;
'Till Christians, yet unborn, be taught to die.

Then in full Age, and hoary holiness Retire, great Teacher, to thy promis'd bliss: Untouch'd thy Tomb, uninjur'd be thy dust, As thy own Fame among the future Just; Till in last founds the dreadful Trumpet speaks; Till Judgment calls, and quickned Nature wakes; Till, through the utmost Earth, and deepest Sea Our scatter'd Atoms find their destin'd way; Inhaste to cloath their kindred Souls again, Perfect our state, and build immortal Man: Then fearless, thou, who well fustain'dst the Fight, To paths of joy, and tracts of endless light, Lead up all those, who heard thee, and believ'd: 'Midst thy own Flock, great Shepherd, be receiv'd; And glad all Heav'n with Millions thou hast fav'd. CAR-H 4



CARMEN SECULARE;

Latinè redditum,

Per Tho Dibben, e Trin: Col: Cantabr.

--- Ego Dis amicum, Seculo festas referente luces, Reddidi carmen ----

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Ane bifrons, priscos à tergo respice lapsi Annales avi , felicesque ordine longo Evolvas Fastos, quos catera tempora supra Conspicuos albo, sec'lis Monumenta futuris, Urbes fundate, & parti posuêre Triumphi. Aggredere insignes spoliis, lauroque deceros Enumerare Duces, quos nobilis ira gementem Impulit ulcisci populum; qui sacra cruore Jura Patrum sanxêre suo; Sceptrisve potiti Miserunt latum placidis sub legibus Orbem. Agmine perpetuo series ornata laborum Procedat, suus omnis honos, sua debita quemque Laus inscripta notet: tum nostra ad tempora casus Insignes ducas, famamque & fata Parentum Mirac'lis oppone novis, Regique Britanno. Dumque fide, curâque pari per singula curris; Dum varios recolis populos, vario (que labores; Et studia, & leges, pugnataque pralia seris

Tem-



CARMEN SECULARE;

For the Year 1700.

To the K I N G.

Aspice, venturo latentur ut omnia Sec'lo:

O mihi tam longa maneat pars ultima vita,

Spiritus, & quantum sat erit tua dicere facta!

Virg. Eclog. 4.

T'Hy elder look, Great Janus, cast I Into the long Records of Ages past; Review the Years in fairest action drest, With noted white superior to the rest; Era's deriv'd, and Chronicles begun from Empires founded, and from Battels won: how all the Spoils by valiant Kings atchiev'd; and groaning Nations by their Arms reliev'd; The wounds of Patriots in their Country's cause, and happy pow'r fustain'd by wholesom laws. n comely rank call ev'ry merit forth: mprint on ev'ry Act its standard worth: The glorious parallels then downward bring o modern wonders, and to Britain's King: With equal justice and historic care their laws, their toils, their Arms with his compare: onfess the various attributes of Fame collected and compleat in William's Name: To

em-

Temporibus mandas; tute ipse fatebere, Jane, Omnium in Auriaco cumulari nomine famam: Et dices orbi attonito; nil sacula tale Prima tulere hominum, nil majus postera reddent.

Vertice sublimi surgat, tua maxima cura, Bello o pace potens Latium : Fortissima corda, Egregios rerum Domines dabat Itala tellus, Felix prole virûm ; fæcundam hanc aspice gentem , Romanosque tuos; huc vertere, & altius omnem Nascentis primà repetens ab origine Regni Expedias famam; pulchro in certamine pubem Oppone Aufoniam, & cedat sua palma merenti.

Si potuit ferro Latii turbare Colonos Palantes Mavorte satus, si rustica latè Regna domare armis; rapta sine more Sabinæ Surgenti fama, cæptisque ingentibus obstant. Sacra Deum, sanctasque Aras, & Templa tueri Cura Numam subiit; sed frigida dextera bello, Non hastam torquere sciens, ensemque rotare Fulmineum, juvenumque manus amare frementûm. Consiliis, esto, Fabii Romana vigebant Arma: at res omnes gelide tardéque ministrans, Dilator nimium sapiens ingrata trahebat Quid immani Patrem pietate cruentum Ultorum Brutum referam? fortesque sub armis Æmilium, Decium, Curium? tot magna animorum Nos exempla monent, quâ possit lege libido Franari, & quantum cedat Virtutibus Aurum: Hos quoque sed nimium gaudens popularibus auris, Hos rapit Ambitio, tumidoque Superbia fastu

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Several Occasions.

To all the list'ning World relate,
As thou dost his Story read;
That nothing went before so great;
And nothing greater can succeed.

Thy native Latium was thy darling care,
Prudent in peace, and terrible in war:
The boldest Virtues that have govern'd Earth, 25
From Latium's fruitful womb derive their birth.
Then turn to her fair-written page;
From dawning childhood to establish'd age,
The Glories of her Empire trace;
Confront the Heroes of thy Roman Race; 30
And let the justest Palm the Victor's temples grace.

The Son of Mars reduc'd the trembling Swains; nd spread his Empire o'er the distant plains: ut yet the Sabins violated charms Obicur'd the glory of his rifing Arms. 35 suma the Rites of strict Religion knew; On ev'ry Altar laid the incense due: Unskill'd to dart the pointed Spear, Ir lad the forward Youth to noble War. tein Bruius was with too much horror good, lolding his Fasces thain'd with filial blood. abius was wife, but with excess of care: le fav'd his Country, but prolong'd the War. Vhile Decius, Paulus, Curius, greatly fought; And by their strict examples taught, 45 How wild defires should be controll'd; nd how much brighter Virtue was, than Gold; hey scarce their swelling thirst of Fame could hide; nd boatled poverty with too much pride. Excess

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Often

Ostentans humilesque casas, parvosque Penates.
Sit quanquam illustris, primos inglerius annos
Scipiades egit, nec mens invicta Catonis
Semper erat, tunc sassa metum, vel visa sateri,
Cum cessit Fato, & lucem indignata resugit.
Julius externos frustrà domat, omnia Romæ
Subjiciens, Romamque sibi; surgitque triumphans
Afflictos Cives super, oppressumque Senatum.
Imperium lene Augustus, Patriamque subactam
Mollia vinc'la pati justi: sed vincula passa est,
Purpureum cultu insolito venerata Tyrannum.

Fas Veterum laudes justis celebrare triumphis;
Fas etiam errores, atque omnia serre sub auras.
Stare loco impatiens magna sese impete versat
Vivida vis animi, Patrii ceu Tybridis unda,
Cui nunc lene sluens rigat agros dulcis aqua sons;
Vortice nunc rapido volvit se turbidus amnis;
Et limo castas obscæno polluit undas:
Diis quanquam geniti, atque invicti viribus essent,
Mortalem insecto sassi sunt sanguine Matrem.

Decolor ex illo vitiis dominantibus atas

Degenerare ausa est; rumpit vinc'la omnia Miles

Acer, acerba fremens; Majestatemque verendam

Estranis violat rabies: jam segnior annis

Descrit illa olim rerum pulcherrima Roma;

Hen! Vix agnosces veteris vestigia forma:

Donec gens Divûm, nati venientibus annis,

Heroism novus ordo datur, nova lumina surgunt;

Hesperioque dies melior procedit Olympo.

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Several Occasions.

Excess in Youth made Scipio less rever'd:

And Cato dying seem'd to own, he fear'd.

Julius with honour tam'd Rome's foreign Foes;

But Patriots fell, e'er the Dictator rose:

And while with clemency Augustus reign'd,

The Monarch was ador'd, the City chain'd.

55

With justest Honour be their merits drest;
But be their failings too confest:
Their Virtue, like their Tyber's Flood,
Rolling its course design'd the Country's good:
But oft the Torrent's too impetuous speed
From the low earth tore some polluting weed:
And with the blood of Jove there always ran
Some viler part, some tincture of the Man.

Few Virtues after these so far prevail,
But that their Vices more than turn the scale:
Valour grown wild by Pride, and Pow'r by Rage,
Did the true charms of Majesty impair:
Rome by degrees advancing more in age,
Show'd sad remains of what had once been fair:
Till Heav'n a better Race of men supplies;
And Glory shoots new beams from western skies.

Aspice ut insignis Spoliis Pharamondus opimis Ingreditur; magnusque Aquilis qui Lilia junxit Carolus; inde alii, quos Gallica terra Triumphia Dives alit, genus acre virum, spectataque bello Pectora. Sed major nunc rerum apparet Imago; Sanguinea en Lauri, victriciaque arma Wilhelmi Normanni: Viden' externis quanta intonet oris Teudorum manus armipotens, & Nomina magna, Plantagenûm metuenda Domus? quid plurima Virtul Amborum potuit, te victrix Anglia testor, Quam labor Heroum imperio Maria omnia circum Asseruit, fundansque Armis, & legibus ornans: Felix, si unquam regnandi dira cupido Cognatas acies paribus concurrere telis Egisset, Patriaque in viscera vertere vires: Illa afflicta sedet, variis incerta Triumphis, Cui det colla jugo, quem sit passura Tyrannum.

Quò Desideri soboles, quò Cæsar Adolphus,
Nassoviique alii rapiunt, celeberrima proles?
Omnes illustres, omnes in utrumque parati,
Aut Patriam tutari, aut certa occumbere morti.
Hos juxta Auriacus pleno sluit agmine sanguis,
Immortale genus: Primusque en! martius auctor
Corniger; inde Heros qui bello à corpore nomen
Obtinuit; nosco crines, frontemque venustum
Francigenæ juvenis; Domus hine Chaloni mixtat
Nassoviis; sedesque novas, Rhenumque bicornem
Inde petit, linquens Rhodanum, ripamque sonantem

Jamque Stuartiadum series longissima Regum Emicat. Illa diu magnâ ditione tenebat Esfranem Populum, & duris Regna horrida glebis;

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urn then to Pharamond and Charlemain, nd the long Heroes of the Gallic strain; xperienc'd Chiefs, for hardy prowess known, and bloody Wreaths in vent'rous Battels won. from the first William, our great Norman King, The bold Plantagenets and Tudors bring; Ilustrious Virtues, who by turns have rose, In foreign fields to check Britannia's Foes: With happy Laws her Empire to fustain; And with full power affert her ambient Main: but sometimes too industrious to be Great. Nor patient to expect the turns of Fate; They open'd Camps deform'd by civil fight; And made proud Conquests trample over Right: Disparted Britain mourn'd their doubtful Sway: And dreaded both, when neither would obey.

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From Didier, and Imperial Adolph, trace
The glorious Offspring of the Nassaw Race,
Devoted Lives to publick Liberty;
The Chief still dying, or the Country free.
Then see the kindred blood of Orange slow,
From warlike Cornet, thro' the loins of Beau;
Thro' Chalon next; and there with Nassaw join, 95
From Rhône's fair banks transplanted to the Rhine.
Bring next the Royal list of Stuarts forth,
Undaunted Minds, that rul'd the rugged North;
Till Heav'ns decrees by rip'ning times are shown;
Till Scotland's Kings ascend the English Throne;
And the fair Rivals live for ever one.

Donec Fata Deûm, & lustris labentibus atas Scotorum manibus transcribi sceptra jubebant Anglica; seceruntque omnes uno ore Britannos.

Atque hic, Magne Deus, cum res scrutalere nostras, Sis bonus O! passimque oculos per cuncta serenti Si quid sorte tibi occurrat de Gente Stuartûm Inselix; (utcunque serent ea fata Minores)
Pro Patrià, obtestor, pro Majestate Britanni Imperii, nihil ingratum, nihil acre dolores
Obductos vulgare sinas: Preme, Jane, tenebris,
Que laudare nequis; teque ad meliora reserves.
Utque erit ad * Nomen ventum, quod stebile semper Semper honoratum (Sic Di voluistis) habemus,
Supprime singultus, submissa & voce dolores
Hos compesce, tuo ne docta Britannia luctu
Ire iterum in lachrymas, iterum gemebunda querelam
Integret infandam, stilletque cruore recenti
Æternum crudele patens sub pectore vulnus.

Quò jam raptus abis? Nassovi, Jane, labores Aggredere O! magnos, a: que amplum claude Volumen. En! Infans Victor, nutu dum temperat iras Turbati populi: jacet en! Tirynthius alter; Ardeniesque hosses, & sibila colla tumentes Sternit; & in cunis infans se vindicat Heros.

En! quantis tollit se rebus sirmior atas? Quales primitia juvenis, bellique serocis Dura rudimenta, & primis nova gloria in armis? Sublimis Marte adverso, mitisque secundo,

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Janus, mighty Deity;

Be kind; and as thy fearching eye

Does our modern Story trace,

Finding some of Stuart's Race

Unhappy, pass their Annals by;

No harsh Reslection let Remembrance raise;

Forbear to mention, what thou canst not praise.

But as thou dwell'st upon that Heav'nly * Name,

To Grief for ever facred, as to Fame;

Oh! read it to thy self; in silence weep;

And thy convulsive sorrows inward keep:

Lest Britain's grief should waken at the sound;

And blood gush fresh from her eternal wound.

Whither would'st thou further look? 116
lead William's Acts, and close the ample Book:
leruse the Wonders of his dawning life;
How, like Alcides, he began;
With infant patience calm'd seditious strife;
Ind quell'd the Snakes which round his Cradle ran.

Describe his Youth, attentive to alarms,
y dangers form'd, and perfected in Arms;
When conqu'ring mild, when conquer'd not dif[grac'd;

wents by wrongs not lessen'd, nor by Triumphs rais'd: 125

· Mary.

173

men.

Eventus omnes, & inelustabile Fatum
Subject pedibus: Non mens elata Triumphis;
Non depressa malis; sed in omnia pestus honestum
Fertur idem, Fatis contraria Fata rependens.
Dum curas hominum, dum spes contemnit inanes,
Fortunaque vices cacas; quocunque cadat res,
Hoc animo sixum sedet, aternumque sedebit,
,, Parcere subjectis, & debellare Superbos.

En! totum Heroem, maturum, & sceptratenentem Contemplare virum: en! ut justâ fulminet irâ. Terrarum egregius Vindex; placidusque volentes Per Populos det jura: infesto & leniat hosti Pestora slexanimus Vistor; mitisque jacentûm Dat vitam lachrymis; quo pestora sida suorum Amplesti studio properat! quàm totus in illis! Quàm curas Pater indulgens descendit in omnes! Nec Rezem pudet officio certare priorem. Hâc arte, ô bellis ingens, ingentior almâ Morum temperie, devincis corda benignis Assueta imperiis; longos hâc arte Triumphos Maxime Vistor agis, cum teque, animosque tuorum, Pacatumque regas aquis virtutibus orbem.

Per varias vitaque vices, operumque colores Idem cautus Honos, metuens & gratia culpa, Puraque simplicitas, totà descripta tabellà Effulget; constansque sibi servatur ad imum. Victoris castra ingrederis? Certamina nulla Cum Victis, bell: nulla horrida signa cruenti Apparent insixa agris: Non militis ardor Turbavit pectus; nec purpura picta superbos

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Up His Superior to the blind events

Of little human accidents;

And conftant to his first decree;

To curb the Proud, to set the Injur'd free;

To bow the haughty neck, and raise the sup
[pliant knee.]

And fee the Hero perfect in the King:
Imperious Arms by manly Reason sway'd,
And Power supreme by free consent obey'd:
With how much haste his mercy meets his Foes;
And how unbounded his Forgiveness slows:
With what desire he makes his Subjects bless'd,
His Favours granted e'er his Throne address'd:
What Trophies o'er our captiv'd Hearts he rears,
By arts of Peace more potent than by Wars: 140
How o'er himself, as o'er the World, he reigns,
His Morals strength'ning, what his Law ordains.

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Thro' all his thread of life already spun; ecoming grace and proper action run:
The piece by Virtue's equal hand is wrought;
Mix'd with no Crime, and shaded with no fault:
No footsteps of the Victor's rage
est in the camp, where William did engage:
No tincture of the Monarch's pride
Upon the Royal Purple spy'd:
His Fame, like Gold, the more 'tis try'd,
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Induxit Regum fastus; sed sama peric'lo
Explorata, velut sulvum fornacibus aurum;
Emicat innocuo: frustrà Volcania pestis
Circum immane fremit: Contemptorique minatur
Flamma suo: caco contra dominata surori
Ardens spectatur virtus, pondusque nitoremque
Illasum servans; & amico vivit in igne.

Unum, Jane, oro (quando nos nostraque morti Debemur) magni saltem mirac'la Wilhelmi Exuperare, virûmque sinas volitare per ora. Ut nati natorum, o qui nascentur ab illis Virtutem ex illo moniti, pulchrumque laborem Cognoscant; & sancta procul vestigia adorent. Exoriare aliquis, Regis qui gesta Britanni, Fataque fortunasque docens, moresque manusque (Argumentum ingens) vivis committere chartis Ausis, & serum producere nomen in avum: Cum statue, multo cum victum tempore marmer, Eraque labentur; cum bello savior omni, Invidiosa dies Fama monumenta Britannæ Delebit: tardis cum Sabis flexibus ibit Per terras mutata novas; serique Nepotes Quarent, quâ stabant immania saxa Namurcæ.

En! Urbem, dicent, que quondam condidit astris
Ambitiosa caput; toties que pertulit omnem
Irrisi nubem belli: sed non ita sensit
Armatos Britonas; non irrita tela Wilhelmi
Experta est; vastis dum victor turribus instans,
Cum populo, es signis victricibus, es magnis Dis,

the more shall its intrinsic worth proclaim;
hall pass the combat of the searching slame,
And triumph o'er the vanquish'd heat;

For ever coming out the same, and losing nor its lustre, nor its weight.

155

161

Janus be to William just;
To faithful History his actions trust:

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aftris

Command her, with peculiar care
To trace each toil, and comment ev'ry War.

His faving wonders bid her write, In characters distinctly bright;

That each revolving Age may read
The Patriot's Piety, the Hero's deed:
and still the Sire inculcate to his Son,
Transmissive lessons of the King's renown.

That William's Glory still may live, When all that present art can give,

he pillar'd Marble, and the tablet Brass,

Mould'ring, drop the Victor's Praise: 170
When the great Monuments of his Pow'r
Shall now be visible no more:
Then Sambre shall have chang'd her winding flood;
And Children ask, where Namur stood.

amur, proud City, how her Tow'rs were arm'd!
How she contemn'd th' approaching Foe! 176
ill she by William's Trumpets was alarm'd;
and shook, and sunk, and fell beneath his blow.
Jove and Pallas, mighty Pow'rs,

uided the Hero to the hoftile Tow'rs.

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Fundamenta quatit: mortaliaque agmina frustrà
Contra Nassovium atque Jovem, contraque Minervan
Tela tenent: medio discrimine cadis & ignis,
Ceu Perseus per aperta volans, ipse arduus arces
Oppositas scandit; frustràque objecta retardant
Flumina, flammarumque globi, scopulique minaces.
En! tandem summis insultans arcibus Heros;
Atque Angli juxtà, fulgentia signa, leones.

Et jam finis erat, cum Victor vertice ab alto Despexit Galluni attonitum, & tum libera vinc'le Littoraque, & latos populos; pacemque slenti Indulsit felicem Orbi: longe audit ether, Et terra, & fluvii; jamque ibat mollior undis Mosa; ferusque suas Rhenus compescuit iras. Continuò leges aternaque fœdera certis Imposuit manus aqua locis; quam singula metam, Et quem quaque ferat dominum, quem quaque recuset Gens , semel edixit ; mirantemque admonet Orbem , Quantus amor populi, quanta & reverentia mitem Prosequitur Regem : Comes indivisus amico Adstat Honos lateri: supra caput explicat alas Libertas firmata novas ; pulchraque sorores Et Virtus & Fama, pari discrimine certant, Utrum Ornare magis Regemne, Virumne deceret.

Quid loquor? aut ubi sum? quis me per opaca viarum Ire furor suadet? quos Musa assurgit in ausus? Dum Vatis surias Thebani concipit (ignes O se conciperet similes!) Te Jane relinquit,

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Esta Pro When wing'd with speed, he slew thro' Air.
Embattel'd Nations strive in vain,
The Hero's Glory to restrain:
Streams arm'd with Rocks, and Mountains red with

In vain against his force conspire. (fire, Behold him from the dreadful height appear; And lo, Britannia's Lions waving there!

Europe freed, and France repell'd,
The Hero from the height beheld;
Hespake the word, that War and Rage should cease:
He bid the Maese and Rhine in safety flow;

And dictated a lasting Peace To the rejoicing World below.

To refcu'd States, and vindicated Crowns, 195
His equal hand prefcrib'd their ancient bounds;
Ordain'd whom ev'ry Province should obey,
How far each Monarch should extend his sway:
Taught 'em how Clemency made pow'r rever'd;
And that the Prince belov'd was truly fear'd.
Firm by his side unspotted Honour stood, 201
Pleas'd to confess him, not so great as good:
His head with brighter beams fair Virtue deckt,
Than those which all his num'rous Crowns reslect:
Establish'd Freedom clap'd her joyful wings;
Proclaim'd the first of Men, and best of Kings.

Whither would the Muse aspire With Pindar's rage without his fire? Pardon me, Janus, 'twas a fault, Created by too great a thought:

arum

Tequi

210 Mindless Teque, arasque tuas, ut Cœlum & sidera tentet;
Demens, que nimbos & non imitabile sulmen
Pindaricum simulare ausa est. Da, Jane, surenti,
Da veniam Musæ, sua quam rapit ampla volantem
Materia; & tollit volvens sub naribus ignem
Pegasus ardua in astra; neque audit anhelus habenas.
Cum latos campos, immensumque aspicit aquor,
Expatiatur Equus; vix haret Musa frementi,
Nec scit, quà sit iter; nec si sciat, imperet illi.
Saxa per, & scopulos, & depressas convalles
Insequitur Regem; Tellusque sub ungue tonanti
Ista gemit; reboant sylvaque, & magnus Olympus.

Nunc casus Musa antiquos, annosque reducit Prateritos, patriisque virum meditatur in arvis: Hic Britonum motus cura, lachrymisque suorum Consilium vultu tegit; & secum ante peractum Belli & Regnorum volvit sub pectore fatum. Et mox armatas Hyberno sydere classes Molitur; contraque iras cælique, marisque, Impavidus grande urget iter : tum sanguine multo Tutandas Anglorum arces, oblataque regna Occupat; amisso fluitantem errare magistro Sonsit; & ipse ratem turbatis rexit in undis. Jamque alias hinc in lacrymas, alia horrida bella; Per desolata regna infelicia Iernes Diva Virum sequitur ; fluctusque irrumpit in altos Bovindæ bello undantis; tum Naidas ad se Impatiens trepidas vocat; hortaturque sorores Maturare fugam, quantusque emerserat Heros, Oceano narrare patri: vanum ille timorem

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Mindless of the God and day,
I from thy Altars, Janus, stray;
From thee, and from myself, born far away.

The fiery Pegasus disdains
To mind the Rider's voice, or hear the reins; 215
When glorious Fields and opening Camps he views,

He runs with an unbounded loose; Hardly the Muse can sit the headstrong Horse; Nor would she, if she could, check his impetuous. With the glad noise the cliss & vallies ring, (force: While she, thro' Earth and Air, pursues the King.

She now beholds him on the Belgic shore, 223 Whilst Britain's tears his ready help implore, Dissembling for her sake his rising cares, And with wise silence pond'ring vengesul Wars.

She thro' the raging Ocean now
Views him advancing his auspicious Prow;
Combating adverse Winds, and winter Seas,
Sighing the Moments that defer our ease;
Daring to wield the Scepter's dang'rous weight,
And taking the Command, to save the State:
Tho e'er the doubtful gift can be secur'd,
New Wars must be sustain'd, new wounds endur'd.

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Thro' rough Jerne's Camp she sounds alarms, And Kingdoms yet to be redeem'd by Arms: In the dank marshes finds her glorious Theme; And plunges after him thro' Boyn's sherce stream. She bids the Nereids run with trembling haste, To tell old Ocean how the Hero past;

Is

Ridet; eamque manum victis agnoscit in undis; Imperio dignam Pelagi, savoque Tridente.

Hinc pleno Britonum Victor subit ostia velo,
Stans celsa in puppi: pueri, innuptaque puella,
Effusique patres, resonantia litora circum
Sacra canunt reduci: Sed reppulit ille molestum
Officium; poscitque animos, laudesque recusat.
Mox charos iterum Belgas, sedesque suorum,
Et Patriam, & toties raptos ex hoste Penates
Hospes adit; varii populi, diversaque signa,
Externique Duces omnes socia arma ferentes
Communem celebrare Ducem; quàm tardus ad iram.
Quàm placidus Victor, fortunatusque laborum
Securus palma, dum pradam rejicit Heros.

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Nunc versa scena discedunt; altera rerum Nunc surgit facies: aliâ sub luce videri Heros grandis amat; successuque altior ipso Innumeris Belli spoliis, partisque trophais Pacem latus emit: Jam Virgo reddita terras Pacatas visit; jamque aurea tempora circum Felices secura quatit Concordia pennas.

Mox ad Danubium, raucaque Propontidis undam, Eöasque plagas, alis audacibus ardens

Musa volat, lethi quà jam discrimine parvo

Stant acies, utrinque necem lugubre minantes:

Hi motus animorum, ira, infandique paratus,

Compressa belli rabie, suspensa tenentur;

Donec consilia ingentis spectata Wilhelmi

Ostendant, Pacemne colant, an in arma ferantur.

The God rebukes their fear, and owns the praise Worthy that arm, whose Empire he obeys.

Back to his Albion she delights to bring
The humblest Victor, and the kindest King.
Albion, with open Triumph, would receive 245
Her Hero, nor obtains his leave:
Firm he rejects the Altars, she would raise;
And thanks the zeal, while he declines the praise.
Again she follows him thro' Belgia's land,
And Countries often sav'd by William's hand: 250
Hears joyful Nations bless those happy toils,
Which freed the People, but return'd the Spoils.
In various views she tries her constant Theme;
Finds him in Councils, and in Arms, the same:
When certain to o'ercome, inclin'd to save;
Tardy to vengeance; and with mercy brave.

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Sudden, another Scene employs her fight;
She fets her Hero in another light:
Paints his great Mind superior to success;
Declining Conquest, to establish Peace:
She brings Astrea down to Earth again;
And Quiet, brooding o'er his suture Reign.

Then with unweary'd wing the Goddess soars

East over Danube and Propontis shoars;

Where jarring Empires, ready to engage, 265

Retard their Armies, and suspend their Rage;

'Till William's word, like that of Fate, declares,

If they shall study Peace, or lengthen Wars.

How

Que regio in terris, ubi Regis fædera sancta; Aut leges placida ignota? Qua Regna per Orbem (Qualemcunque sidem, Dominum quemcunque satentus) Communem Auriaco dubitent submittere causam?

Hinc ad Hyperboream glaciem, montesque nivales Urget Diva viam, quà Moscoviticus altum Fulminat ad Tanaim Cæfar; nutuque tremendo Jura quaterdenis Juvenis dat gentibus unus: Hic tamen, hic Cæsar perculsus nomine Regis Majoris, non Legatis, neque dulce Ministris Officium impatiens cessit; Se, Se ipse, suumque Objecit caput, infidi Maris omnia vincens Tadia, dimidiumque Orbis post terga relinquens, Tangeret ut sanctam, per quam stetit Anglia, dextram. Hujus in imperio tumidum, magnumque fluentem Cernere erat Volgam; multa cui spumeus unda, Saxosumque sonans, obstantia pondera torrens Aut secum rapit, aut immiti gurgite mergit. Sed nostrum, sed Musa suum tibi, Tame, tuisque Rivis assimulat Regem: Non amnis abundans, Sed plenus per opima virûm fortem absque furors Fundit aquam, tardoque procul languore serenam: Quoscunque o! Britonum lambis pulcherrimus agros, Omnia ibi ridere facis; Tibi candida Naïs Purpureas inter violas, & suave subentes Vota facit resoluta rosas; Te lentus in umbrâ Labentem expectat pastor; Te mollia prata, Te sitiunt croceis, halantes floribus horti.

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Quo feror? unde abii? tuque audacissima Musa, Quo peritura ruis? Si formidabile littus, How facred his Renown for equal Laws,
To whom the World defers its common Cause!
How fair his Friendships, and his Leagues how just,
Whom ev'ry Nation courts, whom all Religions
trust!

From the Maotis, to the northern Sea, The Goddess wings her desp'rate way: Sees the young Moscovite, the mighty head, Whose sov'reign terror forty Nations dread, Inamour'd with a greater Monarch's praise; And passing half the Earth, to his embrace: She in his Rule beholds his Volga's force, O'er precipices, with impetuous fway 280 Breaking, and as he rowls his rapid course, Drowning, or bearing down, whatever meets his But her own King she likens to his Thames, With gentle course devolving fruitful streams; Serene yet strong, Majestic yet sedate; 285 Swift, without violence; without terror, great. Each ardent Nymph the rifing Current craves: Each Shepherd's Prayer retards the parting waves: The vales along the bank their fweets disclose: Fresh flowers for ever rise, and fruitful harvest grows.

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Yet whither would th' advent'rous Goddess go? 291 Sees she not Clouds, and Earth, and Main below? Minds

Si Lycios temnas saltus, fataliaque arva, Belerophontæi qua signavere furores; I, sequere insidos ventos, nova nomina lapsu Subjectis positura undis: Ea surda monenti Ardet in astra magis; perque inconcessa Diei Luxurians spatia aterni , petit intima Divûm Sacra, Jovem, similemque Jovis, dictura Wilhelmumi Indefessa illi maturos poscit honores; Illi ut Olympiaca referentur pramia palma, Quam velox Theron, quam vastis viribus ingens Sperabat nunquam Chromius: Musam illius ergo Per nitidos orbes lucis, camposquo patentes Dulcis raptat amor: juvat explorare priorum Cura iter ignotum. sed inextricabilis error, Et caca ambages, quas una resolvere Virtus Nassovii novit, securam, & vana tumentem Exuperant longe Divam; jamque athere toto Pracipitata agitur; jam torti fulminis instar Fertur; & horrificis tonat exanimata ruinis. o cæptum sublime! infelix exitus aust Nobilis! O Musa, & vires pro nomine tanto Exigua! sed sic potius cecidisse juvabit Audentem, quam vena humi i inferiora secutam Radere iter medium, tutasque extendere pennas.

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Nunc ad te, & tua Sacra, Pater, turbamque sonantem, (Matres atque Viros) qua circum plurima clausas Fusa fores, Pacem Britonum, vitamque Wilhelmi. Ardens implerat, nunc ambitiosa vagantes Musa modes revocet: Tuque ô! quâ sacula fronte Jane vides ventura, Rheæ genetricis in alvum

Several Occasions. 143 Minds the the dangers of the Lycian coaft; And fields, where mad Bellerophon was loft? Or is her tow'ring flight reclaim'd 295 By Seas, from Icarus's downfal nam'd? Vain is the call, and useless the advice: To wife perfuation deaf, and human cries. Yet upward she incessant slies: Refolv'd to reach the high Empyrean Sphere: And tell great Jove, she sings his Image here: To ask for William an Olympic Crown, To Chromius' strength, & Theron's speed unknown; Till, loft in trackless fields of shining day, Unable to discern the way, 305 Which Nassaw's Virtue only could explore, Untouch'd, unknown, to any Muse before; She, from the noble precipices thrown, Comes rushing with uncommon ruin down. Glorious attempt! Unhappy Fate! 310 The Song too daring, and the Theme too great! let rather thus she wills to die, Than in continu'd Annals live, to fing A fecond Hero, or a vulgar King: And with ignoble fafety fly, 315 In fight of earth, along a middle sky. ntem,

To Janus Altars, and the numerous throng,
That round his mistic Temple press,
For William's life, and Albion's peace;
Imbitious Muse, reduce the roving Song.

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Descendas, partus ubi semina prima futuri;
Et tenera species, simulachraque carcere clauso
Mixta jacent; donec magnum per inane coacta
Mox durare jubes & rerum sumere formas.
Tum tua vox, divine autor, tua caca relaxat
Spiramenta manus; justis emissa figuris
Dum vestit junctura decens & amabilis ordo.
Sed nimium brevis hora sugam meditata perennom
Transit: & aternam repetunt nascentia noctem.

Non de navali surgentes are Triumphi, Captivi currus, ereptaque ab hoste Tropaa; Non civilis honos quercus, non umbra corona Muralis, Laurique novum decus addere Regi Angliaco possunt; satis illum conscia Virtus, Gestaque sublimem tollunt : ad sydera raptim Vi pro; ria nituntur, opisque haud indiga nestra. Nunc ergo, ut populus felix cum Rege potenti Fortunis paribus surgat; compagibus arctis Claudantur Belli porta : Et jam , mystice custos , Milior o! jam, Dive, precor, melioribus orbis Auspiciis, aliosque dies, aliumque tenorem Tandem habeat, jubeas: hic ferrea desinat atas (Magna, esto, sed ferrea erat) fassusque metallum Pulchrius, annorum se gratior explicet ordo. Haud iterum pavidos bellum turbabit agrestes; At secura quies, at modis somnus, amores Jucundi, suavesque joci cum dulcibus horis Perpetuum ducant orbem: Hoc à cardine rerum Paulatim incipiant magni procedere menses; Atque his flava Ceres, his formosissima Flora Aspiret; surgatque novo gens aurea sac'lo.

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Janus, cast thy forward eye Future, into great Rhea's pregnant womb; Where young Ideas brooding lye, And tender Images of things to come: 'Till by thy high Commands releas'd, 325 Till by thy hand in proper atoms dress'd, In decent order they advance to light: Yet then too swiftly fleet by human fight; And meditate too foon their everlasting slight. Nor beaks of Ships in naval Triumph born, 330 Nor Standards from the hostile Ramparts torn, Nor Trophies brought from Battels won, Nor Oaken Wreath, nor Mural Crown Can any future Honours give To the Victorious Monarch's Name: 335 The plenitude of William's Fame Can no accumulated stores receive. shut then, auspicious God, thy sacred Gate; and make us happy, as our King is great. Be kind, and with a milder hand, losing the Volume of the finish'd Age, (Tho' noble, 'twas an iron page) A more delightful leaf expand, ree from Alarms, and fierce Bellona's Rage. id the great Months begin their joyful round, y Flora some, and some by Ceres crown'd: leach the glad Hours to scatter, as they fly, oft quiet, gentle love, and endless joy: ead forth the Years for peace and plenty fam'd; iom Saturn's rule, and better metal nam'd.

191

Immunis belli, dextraque innixa Wilhelmi
Terra Britanna sui, sedeat: spectetque ruinas,
Et cladem, so lachrymas, quarum pars nulla sutura est,
Externas; iraque hominum miseretur inanis.
Illa inter motas satum immutabile gentes
Dispenset; vincantque illa quas vincere mavult.
Sic noto celsos tuti sub matribus agni
Balatu implebunt colles: Sic vallibus imis,
Irriguos amnes inter, seges aurea in altum
Surget; so ipsa suas mirabitur Anglia messes:
Delicias Diva aternas dum pestore pleno
Fundet; so ambrosios spirabit vertice edores.

Aulai antique cecis exorta ruinis (Quà turres albas, veterum penetralia Regum Wolsei fabricata manu, Henricique labores, Cernere erat) juvenile caput Phænicis ad instar Regia sublimis tollat, melioribus, ero, Auspiciis; & que fuerit minus obvia flammis. Alta, augusta, ingens, Dominoque simillima magno, Pandat se veneranda Domus: Captiva columna Arma ferant sacra, belli monumenta cruenti, Spiculaque clypeosque at que horrida sanguine signa: Stabunt & parii lapides; mediusque Wilhelmus En spirans; humerusque recens à vulnere vivis Rorabit guttis: metuens pro vindice mundi A tergo apparet Genius, capitique minacem Avertit mortem; jacet illa innoxia, inermis, (Nam sic consuluit Jovis indulgentia terris)

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Nor dread the bold Invader's hand:
From adverse shoars in safety let her hear
Foreign Calamity, and distant War;
Of which let her, great Heav'n, no portion bear.

Betwixt the Nations let her hold the Scale;
And, as she wills, let either part prevail:
Let her glad Vallies smile with wavy corn:
Let sleecy Flocks her rising hills adorn:
Let fleecy Flocks her rising hills adorn:
Let fair Abundance on her breast be shed;
And heav'nly sweets bloom round the Goddess'
[head.

Where the white Towers & ancient Roofs did stand, emains of Wolfey's or great Henry's hand; To age now yielding, or devour'd by flame, et a young Phanix raise her tow'ring head: ler wings with lengthen'd honour let-her spread; nd by her greatness show her Builder's Fame. ugust and open, as the Hero's mind, Be her capacious Courts defign'd: 370 Let every facred Pillar bear rophies of Arms, and Monuments of War. he King shall there in Parian Marble breathe, is shoulder bleeding fresh; and at his feet Difarm'd shall lye the threat'ning Death; for so was faving Jove's decree compleat:) Behind, Intrepidi ante pedes Herois: Tu quoque magnam Partem opere in tanto, viridi Bovinda reclinans Lecto, habeas; imo senior de gurgite visus Lauriserum quassare caput: Saxum evomit undas; Æternique cadunt caso de marmore rivi.

Tuque O, qua fama servas monumenta Britanna, Regis opus, Regumque decus, cape dona tuorum Inclyta Winsoriæ turris. Tu stelliser ather Signa geris, quibus ipse suum & delecta suorum Pestora distinguit, divisque accedere justit Nassovius; proprioque Pater decoravit honore.

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Tu circum Ormondi robustum mystica nectens Vinc'la genu, potuisti Equitem socium addere Regi; Redditus his Victor terris, spoliisque potitus, Suppliciter venerans divi sub militis àram Veta facit: veterum juxta decora alta Parentum, Botleros inter, victriciaque arma Bohuni Ipse suum clypeum, suaque amula signa superbis Postibus aptavit, tanti non immemor hares Nominis, aut Proavûm dubitans extendere samam; Utcunque illa novi secum grave pondus honoris Attulit Ossoridæ mater Nassovia genti.

Sacvilli tu, Diva, latus, tu lumine pectus Sanctum ornas, ubi dulcis honos, ubi mille placendi Behind, that Angel shall be plac'd, whose shield Sav'd Europe, in the blow repell'd:
On the firm Basis, from his oozy bed
Boyn shall raise his laurell'd head;
And his immortal Stream be known,
Artfully waving thro' the wounded stone.

And thou, Imperial Windsor, stand inlarg'd,
With all the Monarch's Trophies charg'd:
Thou, the fair Heav'n, that dost the Stars inclose,
Which William's bosom wears, or hand bestows
On the great Champions, who support his Throne,
And Virtues nearest to his own.

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Round Ormond's knee thou ty'st the mystic string, That makes the Knight Companion to the King. From glorious Camps return'd, and foreign fields lowing before thy sainted Warrior's Shrine, saftby his great Forefathers Coats, and Shields lazon'd from Bohun's, or from Butler's Line, le hangs his Arms; nor fears those Arms should

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With an unequal ray; or that his Deed

With paler Glory should recede, clyps'd by theirs; or lessen'd by the Fame v'n of his own maternal Nassaw's Name.

hou smiling see'st great Dorset's worth confest, he Ray distinguishing the Patriot's breast; K 3 Born Conjurant artes; labor unus & una voluptas,
Tollere depressos, & sustentare jacentes.
Hos brevis informet fragiles dum spiritus artus,
Indictus nunquam nostris Sacvillus abibit
Carminibus; nunquam labetur pectore chari
Officium capitis: munus quia maximus ille
Confert; collatique olim meminisse recusat.

Jura fidemque Patrum, libertatemque Cavendos
Asserve audentes, tuus amplo vestit honore,
Diva, savor: Stabit longum fortuna per avum
Alta Domûs; patrioque nitebunt sidere nati.
Per te Sanctmauri, per te Talbotia proles,
Felices Ambo, vestigia magna parentum
Ambo lustrantes, saxum hoc immobile dum tu
Servas, nomina erunt. Tuque, O pars maxima Musa,
O decus, O nostrum, cui pulcro in corpore virtus
Emicat, & sincera sides, & gratia morum,
Has Jersæe, (preces valeant si vatis amici;
Si Deus hoc carmen, Deus hoc inspiret Apollo;)
Has tanges aras, hinc cingula sacra decoro
Aptabis lateri, veterisque insignia sama
Villeriis sueta & tibi non indebita sumes.

Artibus intentum melior tum cura vocabit

Heroa Angliacum; mirantem annalibus orbem

Exornare suis; serosque docere Nepotes

Imperii arcana, o magna exemplaria belli.

Hinc, ut virtutem dociles, verumque laborem

Cognoscant; laudisque animi accendantur amore;

Regis ad exemplum portis se prima juventus

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Born to protect and love, to help and please; Sov'raign of Wit, and ornament of Peace. O! long as breath informs this fleeting Frame, Ne'er let me pass in silence Dorset's Name; Ne'er cease to mention the continu'd debt, Which the great Patron only would forget; And Duty, long as life, must study to acquit.

Renown'd in thy Records shall Ca'ndish stand, Afferting legal pow'r, and just command: To the great House thy favour shall be shown, The Father's Star transmissive to the Son. From thee, the Talbot's and the Seymour's Race Inform'd, their Sires immortal steps shall trace:

Happy may their Sons receive 415 The bright reward, which thou alone canst give. And, if a God these lucky Numbers guide, If fure Apollo o'er the Verse preside, ferfey, belov'd by all: For all must feel The influence of a Form and Mind, Where comely grace and constant virtue dwell, Like mingled streams, more forcible when join'd: Jersey shall at thy Altars stand;

Shall there receive the azure Band: That fairest mark of Favour and of Fame, Familiar to the Villiers name.

science to raise, and Knowledge to enlarge, Be our great Master's future charge; To write his own Memoirs, and leave his Heirs High Schemes of Government, and Plans of Wars: By fair Rewards our Noble Youth to raise To emulous Merit, and to thirst of Praise: K 4

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Effundens, dum mane novum, dum gramina canent;
Per saltus, gelidumque nemus, praruptaque saxa,
Nunc cervos turbabit agens; nunc ardua in armis,
Et vigil ad vocem, quâ sictum buccina signum
Bellica dat, grave Martis opus, sub imagine lusus,
Paulatim ex tanto assuescat tolerare magistro:
Et nunc altus eques spatiis magna atria circum
Curvatis fertur; luctantia nunc premit ora
Bellatoris equi; nunc torto verbere pronus
Dat lora; emedio fervens in pulvere, strictum
Aut ensem quatit, aut certam jacit impiger hastam.

Pacis amans, studiisque favens, socia agmina jungmis Sancta corona scnum, exemplis monitura minores, Qui virtutis honos, & quid sapientia possit. Hos rerum juvet obscuros penetrare recessus, Et varias causas, natura arcana modesta, Indiciis aperire novis, clarisque repertis. Illos degeneri audentes succurrere sec'lo, Cura gravis maneat morum; & labor Hercule digmis Exonerare repletum immundà sorde Theatrum. Sermones alii patrios, incertaque verba Ad leges sixas revocent, veneresque decoras; Ut late Angliacis instructa annalibus orbis Gaudeat, & nostram resonet gens singula linguam, Vindicis ante pedes quacunque essus Britanni Miserat aut oppressa preces, aut libera grates.

Neglectum in primis carmen, Musamque jacentem Tollat amica manus; nam respondere labori Musa pio novit, Regisque rependere amores. Illa Patrum cincres sanctos, venerandaque busta To lead them out from ease e'er opening dawn,
Through the thick forest and the distant lawn,
Where the sleet Stag employs their ardent care;
And chases give them Images of war:
To teach them Vigilance by salse Alarms;
Inure them in seign'd Camps to real Arms:
Practise them, now to curb the turning Steed,
Mocking the Foe; now to his rapid speed
To give the rein; and in the sull Career,
To draw the certain Sword, or send the pointed spear.

Let him unite his Subjects hearts,

Planting Societies for peaceful arts: 444

Some that in Nature shall true knowledge found,

And by experiment make precept found:

Some that to morals shall recall the Age,

And purge from vitious dross the sinking Stage:

Some that with care true Eloquence shall teach;

And to just idioms fix our doubtful Speech:

That from our Writers distant Realms may know,

The thanks we to our Monarch owe;

And Schools profess our Tongue thro' ev'ry Land,

That has invok'd his aid, or blest his hand.

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VIII

Let his high Power the drooping Muses rear: 455
The Muses only can reward his care.
"Tis they that guard the great Atrides spoils:
"Tis they that still renew Ulysses' toils:

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Vulgari secernit humo; famamque silenti
Vindicat à tumulo: per Musam notus Ulysses
Spirat adhuc; coramque virum jam cernere sa est:
Musæ Agamemnonias palmas, semperque recentes
Conservare datur lauros; Eadem illa Wilhelmi,
Cum statua, solidoque arcus de marmore sicti
Desicient, longo nomen sacrum asseret avo.
Haud verò par officium, partesque premamus
Ingrati alternas; cum nil sine Cæsare pulchrum,
Nil altum Musa labor inchoat: altera junctam
Alterius sic poscit opem, & conjurat amicè.
Igneus hinc numeris vigor, & cælestis origo;
Hinc esfulgentes aterna luce Camænæ,
Informi cedente situ, tenebrisque sugatis,
Invida squallentis vincent oblivia noctis.

Securos Britonum commercia libera portus
Omni ex parte petent; totum demissa per orbem
Pulchrior hinc Argo, meliori & vellere dives
Annua dona feret; spoliisque redibit onusta,
Indiam in Europam portans, gazamque nitentem,
Qua dissus jacet, quà Sol utrumque recurrens
Aspicit Oceanum. Quascunque Britannica pinus
Ingreditur sublimis aquas, submittat honores
Navita quisque suos; puppesque insigne superbum
Inclinent, sassa, quem Tethys omnibus undis
Elegit, Dominum; quem vasto immobile Fatum
Destinat Imperio, terrâque marique potentem.

Audivere preces Divi; jamque Anglica classis, Quà dabit aura viam, tutum per aperta profundi

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To them by smiling Jove 'twas given to save Distinguish'd Patriots from the common grave;
To them, great William's glory to recall, 461
When Statues moulder, and when Arches fall.
Nor let the Muses, with ungrateful pride,
The sources of their treasure hide:
The Heroes Virtue does the string inspire;
When with big joy they strike the living Lyre.
On William's Fame their Fate depends:
With him the Song begins, with him it ends:
From the bright effluence of his deed,
They borrow that reslected light,
With which the lasting lamp they feed,

Whose beams dispel the damps of envious night.

Through various climes, and to each distant Pole.
In happy tides let active Commerce rowl:
Let Britain's Ships export an annual sleece,
Richer than Argos brought to ancient Greece;
Returning loaden with the shining stores.
Which lye profuse on either India's shores.
As our high Vessels pass their watry way,
Let all the naval world due homage pay;
With hasty reverence their top-honours lower,
Confessing the afferted power,
To whom by Fate 'twas given with happy sway,
To calm the Earth, and vindicate the Sea.

Our prayers are heard, our Master's Fleet shall go As far as Winds can bear, or Waters slow,

Curre

Curret iter, nova regna petens, nova littora visens, Ignotumque suis mittens sub legibus orbem.

Alter tum Ganges, atque altera, qua feret aurum, India Nassovio cedet; populique seroces

Arma, artes, moresque scient, nomenque Wilhelmi.

Suppliciter venerans, demisso lumine stabit Agmen agreste virûm; miramque loquentis ab ore Historiam eripiens, nunc samam & sata Wilhelmi, Vulnera, sudorem, palmasque, peric'laque discet; Que quibus anteferat, dubitans; nunc quantus in armis, Qualis in hoste fuit; quos bello o pace triumphos Erexit: Matres, ut cœlo decidit Heros, Tum natis referent; & vox, quam proferet infans, Prima, Wilhelmus erit; tenebris inhonesta Tyranni Indecores capita abscondent, tum dira suorum Supplicia, indignos gemitus, justasque querelas Ferre indignantes; cum conscia fama, pudorque Provocat ad meliora animos; cum bella Wilhelmi, Bella quaterdenos lasis pro gentibus annos Confecta audierint, tandemque silentibus armis, (Majus opus) partos felici pace triumphos.

Non dehinc hos miseros mysteria dira docebit Barbara Relligio: nulla horrida Numina singet Vana Superstitio, Divûmque immania monstra: Nassovii Virtus cùm se mirantibus offert, Prasentem confessa Deum; Cum signa decoris Divini, aternaque patent vestigia mentis Herois descripta animis, & vindice dextrâ.

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New Lands to make, new Indies to explore, In worlds unknown to plant Britannia's power; Nations yet wild by precept to reclaim; 489 And teach'em Arms, and Arts, in William's name.

With humble joy, and with respectful sear,
The list ning People shall his story hear:
The wounds he bore, the dangers he sustain'd;
How far he conquer'd, and how well he reign'd:
Shall own his mercy equal to his Fame;
And form their Childrens accents to his name,
Enquiring how, & when, from Heav'n he came.
Their Regal Tyrants shall, with blushes, hide
Their little lusts of arbitrary pride;
Nor bear to see their Vassals ty'd:
When William's virtues raise their opening thought,
His forty years for public Freedom fought,
Europe by his hand sustain'd,
Lie Corners has his Picty restrain'd.

His Conquest by his Piety restrain'd, And o'er himself the last great triumph gain'd.

No longer shall their wretched zeal adore
Ideas of destructive power,
Spirits that hurt, and Godheads that devour:
New incense they shall bring, new Altars raise;
And fill their Temples with a stranger's praise;
When the great Father's character they find
Visibly stampt upon the Hero's mind;
And own a present Deity consest,
In valour that preserv'd, and power that bless.
Through

Scilicet horrendi justa sine lege Cometa
Incertam lucem quatiunt; & crine minaces
Sanguineo lugubre rubent: tristesque trementi
Indicunt iras orbi; nisi publica vota
Avertant lavum miseris mortalibus omen.
At verò justis mundum qui temperat horis,
Vera Jovis proles, cælo purissimus ignis,
Non errore vago, cacâque libidine fertur:
Certus iter sixum peragit; cursusque diurnos
Observant homines, & sanctum sydus adorant.

O Jane, O Divûm si flectere Fata liceret ; Si Parca Anglorum præcibus mitescere scirent; Sol iste ante suum cessaret currere cœlum, Quam Rex Nassovius terra se subtrahet orba Addendus Superis; sed inexorabile Numen Omne premit mortale: aderit, volventibus annis, Dira futura dies, & ineluctabile tempus, Cum pars Semidei mæsto materna sepulchro Condetur, Dominusque suis plorabitur absens. At vos, O Divi, si quid pia vota valebunt, Vos precor Æterni, quorum hac sub numine Tellus, Tuque, O Sancte, tuis, Bifrons, cœlestia firma Pectora consiliis; Sociique per athera Divi Dic, in amicitiam coeant, tecumque Britannam Conjurent servare domum: Communibus omnium Orati precibus, magno procul omine tristem Di removete diem; multosque benigniùs annos

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Through the large convex of the azure Sky 515 For thither Nature casts our common eye) Fierce Meteors shoot their arbitrary light: And Comets march with lawless horror bright: These hear no rule, no righteous order own; Their influence dreaded as their ways unknown: Thro' threaten'd lands they wild destruction throw. Till ardent prayer averts the public woe: But the bright Orb that bleffes all above, The facred fire, the real Son of Jove, Rules not his actions by capricious will; 525 Nor by ungovern'd power declines to ill: Fix'd by just Laws he goes for ever right: Man knows his course, and thence adores his light.

O Janus! would intreated Fate conspire,
To grant what Britain's wishes could require;
Above, that Sun should cease his way to go,
E'er William cease to rule, and bless below.
But a relentless Destiny

Urges all that e'er was born:

534
Snatch'd from her Arms, Britannia once must mourn
The Demi-God: The earthly half must die.

Iet if our Incense can your wrath remove;
Is human prayers avail on minds above;

Exert, great God, thy Int'rest in the Sky;

Sain each kind Pow'r, each guardian Deity; 549

That conquer'd by the publish Your

That, conquer'd by the publick Vow, They bear the dismal mischief far away; o, long as utmost Nature may allow, Let them retard the threaten'd day:

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Accumulate sacro capiti: da Jane senectam Immunem curis, placidâque quiete potitam: Sat bello, Europæque datum est; satis arma juventus Sensit; & ingentes testatur terra Triumphos. Canitiem novus ornet honos, dum tempora circum Victrices inter lauros assurgat oliva.

En! hujus, Jane, auspiciis nascentia longum Sec'la habeant omen pacis; latique nepotes Seros jucundis agitent sub legibus annos; Ante ferat quam cxlo animam Jovis Armiger alto, Nobile onus, Patrioque Heros poscatur Olympo; Ambo ubi Ledæi, ceu qui pedes ibat in hostem, Ceu luctantis equi spumantia qui regit ora; Magnus ubi Alcides fato & Junonis iniqua Savis ereptus jussis; ubi grande Maronis Argumentum, Auctor Latii, Regnique Britanni Otia agunt ; ubi tot radiantia nomina toto Atherenota satis, quos omnes aquus amavit Jupiter, & meritis homines donavimus aris: Serò, Jane Pater, cœlo decus adde patenti Nassovium sydus, quod amicâ luce coruscum Fulgeat, & dubiis oftendat littora nautis.

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Several Occasions.

Still be our Master's life thy happy care:
Still let his blessings with his years increase:
To his laborious youth consum'd in war,
Add lasting age, adorn'd and crown'd with peace:
Let twisted Olive bind those Laurels fast,
Whose verdure must for ever last.

Long let this growing Æra bless his sway;
And let our Sons his present rule obey;
On his sure virtue long let Earth rely;
And late let the Imperial Eagle sly,
To bear the Hero thro' his Father's sky,
To Leda's Twins; or he whose glorious speed
On foot prevail'd; or he who tam'd the Steed:
To Hercules, at length absolv'd by Fate
From earthly toil, and above envy great:
To Virgil's Theme, bright Cytherea's Son,
Sire of the Latian, and the British Throne:
To all the radiant names above,
Rever'd by Men, and dear to Jove,
Late, Janus, let the Nassaw-Star,
New born, in rising Majesty appear;

And guide the prosp'rous Mariner, With everlasting beams of friendly light.

To triumph over vanquish'd Night;



16t



An ODE;

Inscrib'd to the Memory of the

Honble Col. George Villiers,

Drowned in the River Piava, in the Country of Friuli. 1703.

In Imitation of Horace, Ode 28. Lib. 1.

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Te Maris & Terra, numeroque carentis arena Mensorem cohibent, Archyta, &c.

Since fleeting life thus suddenly must end;
Say, what did all thy busie hopes avail,
That anxious thou from Pole to Pole didst sail;
E'er on thy chin the springing beard began
To spread a doubtful down, and promise Man?
What profited thy thoughts, and toils, and cares,
In vigour more confirm'd, and riper years?
To wake e'er morning dawn to loud Alarms;
And march 'till close of night in heavy Arms?
To scorn the summer Suns and winter Snows;
And search thro' ev'ry Clime thy Country's Foes?
That thou might'st Fortune to thy side ingage;
That gentle Peace might quell Bellona's rage;
And Anna's bounty crown her Soldier's hoary age?

In vain we think that free-will'd Man has pow'r, To hasten or protract th' appointed hour.
Our term of life depends not on our deed:
Before our Birth our Funeral was decreed.
Nor aw'd by Foresight, nor missed by Chance,
Imperious Death directs his ebon Lance;
Peoples great Henry's Tombs, and leads up Hol[ben's Dance.]

Alike must ev'ry state, and ev'ry age
Sustain the universal Tyrant's rage:
For neither William's pow'r, nor Mary's charms
Could or repel, or pacifie his Arms.
Young Churchill fell as life began to bloom:
And Bradford's trembling age expects the Tomb.
Wisdom and Eloquence in vain would plead
One moment's respite for the learned head,
Judges of Writings and of Men have dy'd;
Mecenas, Sackville, Socrates, and Hyde.
And in their various turns the Sons must tread
Those gloomy Journeys, which their Sires have led.

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The ancient Sage, who did folong maintain, That Bodies die, but Souls return again: With all the births and deaths he had in store, Went out Pythagoras, and came no more. and modern Afgil, whose capricious thought syet with stores of wilder notions fraught; Too soon convinc'd, shall yield that sleeting breath, Which play'd so idly with the darts of Death. Some from the stranded Vessel force their way; earful of Fate, they meet it in the Sea: ome who escape the fury of the wave, icken on earth, and sink into a Grave.

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In

In journeys, or at home; in War, or Peace; By hardships many, many fall by ease. Each changing Season does its poison bring: Rheums chill the Winter; Agues blaft the Spring: Wet, dry, cold, hot, at the appointed hour, All act subservient to the Tyrant's pow'r; And when obedient Nature knows his will, A Fly, a grape-stone, or a hair can kill.

For restless Proservine for ever treads In paths unseen, o'er our devoted heads; And on the spacious Land and liquid Main Spreads flow difease, or darts afflictive pain: Variety of Deaths confirms her endless Reign.

On curst Piava's banks the Goddess stood: Show'd her dire Warrant to the rifing Flood; When, what I long must love, & long must mount, With fatal speed was urging his return; In his dear Country to disperse his care; And arm himself by rest for future War: To chide his anxious Friends officious fears; And promise to their joys his elder years.

Oh! destin'd head, and oh! severe Decree; Nor native Country thou, nor Friend shalt see; Nor War hast thou to wage, nor Year to come: Impending Death is thine, and instant doom.

Hark! the imperious Goddess is obey'd; Winds murmur, Snows descend, and Waters spread Oh! Kinsman, Friend, --- Oh! vain are all the cries Of human voice, strong Destiny replies; Weep you on Earth; for he shall sleep below: Thence none return; and thither all must go. Whoe'er

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Whoe'er thou art, whom choice or business leads
To this sad River, or the neighbouring meads;
If thou may'st happen on the dreary shoars
To find the object which this verse deplores;
Cleanse the pale corps with a religious hand,
From the polluting weed and common sand:
Lay the dead Hero graceful in a Grave,
The only honour he can now receive;
And fragrant mould upon his body throw;
And plant the warrior Laurel o'er his brow:
Light lye the earth; and flourish green the bough.

So may just Heav'n secure thy future life
From foreign dangers, and domestic strife:
And when th' Infernal Judges dismal power
From the dark Urn shall throw thy destin'd hour;
When yielding to the Sentence, breathless thou
And pale shalt lye, as what thou buriest now;
May some kind Friend the piteous object see;
And equal Rites perform to that which once was
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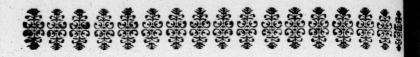
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before the QUEEN;

On Her Majesty's Birth-Day, 1704.

CHine forth, ye Plantes, with distinguish'd light; As when ye hallow'd first this happy Night; Again transmit your friendly beams to earth; As when Britannia joy'd for Anna's Birth: 'And thou, propitious Star, whose facred power Prefided o'er the Monarch's natal Hour; Thy radiant voyages for ever run; Yielding to none but Cynthia, and the Sun: With thy fair aspect still illustrate Heav'n; Kindly preferve what thou haft greatly giv'n: Thy influence for thy Anna we implore: Prolong one Life, and Britain asks no more. For Virtue can no ampler power express, Than to be great in War, and good in Peace: For thought no higher wish of bliss can frame, Than to enjoy that Virtue still the same. Entire and fure the Monarch's rule must prove, Who founds her Greatness on her Subjects love;

Who does our homage for our Good require; And orders that which we should first desire: Our vainquish'd Wills that pleasing force obey; Her goodness takes our Liberty away; And haughty *Britain* yields to arbitrary Sway.

Let the young Austrian then her terrors bear, Great as he is, her Delegate in War; Let him in Thunder speak to both his Spains, That in these dreadful Isles a Woman reigns: While the bright Queen does on her Subjects show'r The gentle blessings of her softer pow'r: Gives sacred Morals to a vicious Age; To Temples Zeal, and Manners to the Stage: Bids the chaste Muse without a blush appear; And Wit be that which Heav'n and she may hear.

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e; Who Minerva thus to Perseus lent her Shield; Secure of conquest sent him to the Field; The Hero acted what the Queen ordain'd; So was his Fame compleat, & Andromede un chain'd.

Mean time, amidst her native Temples sate
The Goddess, studious of her Gracian's Fate.
Taught 'em in Laws and Letters to excell;
In acting justly, and in writing well.
Thus whilst she did her various pow'r dispose;
The World was freed from Tyrants, Wars, and
Woes:

Virtue was taught in verse, and Athens' glory rose.

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LETTER to Monfr. Boileau Despreaux

Occasion'd by the

Victory at Blenheim, 1704.

---- Cupidum, Pater optime, vires

Deficiunt: neque enim quivis horrentia pilis
Agmina, nec fractà pereuntes cuspide Gallos--
Hor. Sat. 1. L.1

Since hir'd for life, thy servile Muse must sing Successive Conquests, and a glorious King; Must of a Man Immortal vainly boast; And bring him Lawrels, what soe'er they cost: What turn wilt thou employ, what colours lay On the Event of that superior Day, In which one English Subject's prosp'rous hand, (So Jove did will, so Anna did command;) Broke the proud Column of thy Master's praise, Which sixty winters had conspir'd to raise?

From the lost Field a hundred Standards brought
Must be the work of Chance, and Fortune's fault.

Bavaria's Stars must be accus'd, which shone
That fatal Day the mighty work was done,
With rays oblique upon the Gallic Sun.

Some Damon envying France missled the Fight,
And Mars missook, tho' Louis order'd right.

When

When thy * young Muse invok'd the tuneful Nine, To fay how Louis did not pass the Rhine; What work had we with Wageninghen, Arnheim, Places that could not be reduc'd to Rhime? And tho' the Poet made his last efforts, Vurts---who could mention in Heroic---Wurts? But, tell me, hast thou reason to complain Of the rough Triumphs of the last Campaign? The Danube rescu'd, and the Empire sav'd? Say, is the majesty of Verse retriev'd? And would it prejudice thy fofter Vein, To fing the Princes, Louis and Eugene? is it too hard in happy verse to place The Vans and Vanders of the Rhine and Maes? Her Warriors Anna fends from Tweed and Thames, That France may fall by more harmonious names. Canst thou not Hamilton or Lumly bear? Would Ingolsby or Palmes offend thy ear? And is there not a found in Marlbro's name, Which thou and all thy Brethren ought to claim, bacred to Verse, and sure of endless Fame? Cutts is in meeter fomething harsh to read; Place me the valiant Gouram in his stead: Let the intention make the number good; Let generous Sylvius speak for honest Wood. And the rough Churchil scarce in verse will stand, So as to have one rhime at his command; With ease the Bard reciting Blenheim's plain, May close the Verse, remembring but the Dane. I grant.

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En vein, pour Te louer. &c.

I grant, old Friend, old Foe, (for such we are Alternate, as the chance of Peace and War;)
That we Poetic folks, who must restrain
Our measur'd sayings in an equal chain;
Have troubles utterly unknown to those,
Who let their fancy loose in rambling Prose.

For instance now, how hard it is for me
To make my matter and my verse agree?
In one great day on Hochstet's satal plain
French and Bavarians twenty thousand slain:
Push'd thro' the Danube to the shoars of Styx
Squadrons eighteen, Battallions twenty six:
Officers captive made and private Men,
Of those twelve hundred, of these thousands ten.
Tents, Ammunition, Colours, Carriages,
Cannons and Kettle-Drums----sweet Numbers these.
But is it thus you English Bards compose?
With Runick Lays thus tag insipid Prose?
And when you should your Heroes deeds rehearse,
Give us a Commissary's List in verse?

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Why faith, Despreaux, there's sense in what yousay, I told you where my difficulty lay:

So vast, so numerous were great Blenheim's Spoils, They scorn the bounds of Verse, and mock the Muses toils.

To make the rough Recital aptly chime,
To bring the fum of Gallia's loss to rhime,
'Tis mighty hard: What Poet would effay
To count the Streamers of my Lord Mayor's day!
To number all the several dishes drest
By honest Lamb, last Coronation Feast?

Or make Arithmetic and Epic meet; And Newton's thoughts in Dryden's ftile repeat?

O Poet, had it been Apollo's will, That I had shar'd a portion of thy skill; Had this poor breast receiv'd the heav'nly beam; Or could I hope my Verse might reach my Theam; Yet, Boilean, yet the lab'ring Muse should strive, Beneath the shades of Marlbro's Wreaths to live: Should call afpiring Gods to blefs her choice; And to their fav'rite strain exalt her Voice, Arms and a Queen to Sing; who, great and Good, From peaceful Thames to Danube's wond'ring Flood Sent forth the terror of her high Commands, To fave the Nations from invading hands; To prop fair Liberty's declining cause; And fix the jarring World with equal Laws.

The Queen should fit in Windsor's facred Grove Attended by the Gods of War and Love: Both should with equal zeal her smiles implore, To fix her joys, or to extend her pow'r.

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Sudden, the Nymphs and Tritons should appear; And, as great Anna smiles, dispel their fear; With active dance should her observance claim; k the With vocal shell should found her happy name. Their Master Thames should leave the neighb'ring By his strong Anchor known, and Silver Oar; [shoar, Should lay his Enfigns at his Sov'raign's feet; And Audience mild with humble grace intreat.

To her his dear defence he should complain, That whilft he bleffes her indulgent Reign: Whilst furthest Seas are by his Fleets survey'd, and on his happy banks each India laid;

His

His Brethren Maes, and Waal, and Rhine, and Saar Feel the hard burthen of oppressive War: That Danube scarce retains his rightful course, Against two rebel Armies neighb'ring sorce: And all must weep sad Captives to the Sein, Unless unchain'd and freed by Britain's Queen.

The valiant Sov'raign calls her Gen'ral forth;
Neither recites her bounty, nor his worth,
She tells him he must Europe's Fate redeem;
And by that labour merit her esteem:
She bids him wait her to the sacred Hall:
Shows him Prince Edward, and the conquer'd Gaul,
Fixing the bloody Cross upon his breast,
Says he must die, or succour the distress'd:
Placing the Saint an Emblem by his side,
She tells him, Virtue arm'd must conquer lawless

The Hero bows obedient, and retires: [Pride, The Queen's Commands exalt the Warrior's Fires. His steps are to the filent woods inclin'd, The great design revolving in his mind: When to his sight a heav'nly form appears; Her hand a Palm, her head a Lawrel wears.

Me, she begins, the fairest Child of Jove, Below for ever fought, and bless'd above; Me, the bright source of Wealth, & Power, & Fame; (Nor need I say Victoria is my name;) Me, the great Father down to thee has sent; He bids me wait at thy distinguish'd Tent, To execute what Anna's wish would have: Her Subject thou, I only am her Slave.

Dare then, thou much belov'd by smiling Fate: For Anna's sake, and in her Name, be great:

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forth, and be to distant Nations known,

My future Fav'rite, and my darling Son.

At Schellenberg I'll manifest sustain

Thy glorious Cause; and spread my wings again,

Conspicuous o'er thy Helm, in Blenheim's Plain.

The Goddess said, nor would admit reply;

But cut the liquid Air, and gain'd the Sky.

His high Commission is thro' Britain known;
And thronging Armies to his Standard run.
He marches thoughtful, and he speedy sails:
(Bless him, ye Seas! and prosper him, ye Gales!)
Belgia receives him welcome to her shoars;
And William's death with lessen'd grief deplores,
His presence only must retrieve that loss:
Marlbrô to her must be what William was.
So when great Atlas, from these low Abodes
Recall'd, was gather'd to his kindred Gods;
Alcides respited by prudent Fate,
Sustain'd the Ball, nor droop'd beneath the weight.

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ame;

t: Go Secret and swift behold the Chief advance;
Sees half the Empire join'd and friend to France:
The British General dooms the Fight: His Sword
Dreadful he draws: The Captains wait the Word:
Anne and St. George, the charging Hero cries:
Shrill Eccho from the neighb'ring wood replies,
Anne and St. George: At that auspicious Sign
The Standards move; the adverse Armies join.
Of eight great hours Time measures out the sands;
And Europe's Fate in doubtful balance stands:
The ninth Victoria comes---o'er Marlbro's head
Confess'd she sits: the hostile Troops recede:-Triumphs the Goddess, from her promise freed.

174

The Eagle, by the British Lion's might Unchain'd and free, directs her upward Flight: Nor did she e'er with stronger pinions soar From Tyber's banks, than now from Danube's shoar.

Fir'd with the thoughts which these idea's raise,
And great Ambition of my Country's praise;
The English Muse should like the Mantuan rise:
Scornful of Earth & Clouds, should reach the skies;
With wonder (tho' with Envy still) pursu'd by

human eyes.

But we must change the stile: --- just now I said I ne'er was Master of the tuneful trade: Or the small Genius which my Youth could boast, In Profe and bufiness lyes extinct and lost; Bless'd, if I may some younger Muse excite; Point out the Game, and animate the flight: That from Marseilles to Calais France may know, As we have Conqu'rours, we have Poets too; And either Laurel does in Britain grow. That tho' amongst our selves, with too much heat, We fometimes wrangle, when we should debate; (A confequential ill which Freedom draws; A bad effect, but from a noble cause:) We can with universal zeal advance, To curb the faithless arrogance of France. Nor ever shall Britannia's Sons refuse To answer to thy Master, or thy Muse; Nor want just subject for victorious Strains; While Maribro's arm eternal Laurel gains; And where old Spencer fung, a new Elifareigns.

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FOR THE

PLAN of a FOUNTAIN,

On which is the QUEEN's Effigies on a Triumphal Arch, the Duke of MARLBO-ROUGH on Horseback under the Arch, and the Chief Rivers of the World round the whole work.

YE active Streams, where-e'er your waters flow, Let distant Climes and furthest Nations know, What ye from *Thames* and *Danube* have been taught; How *Anne* commanded, and how *Marlbrô* fought.

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FOR

Quàcunque aterno properatis, Flumina, lapsu,
Divisis latè terris, populisque remotis
Dicite, nam vobis Tamisis narravit & Ister,
Anna quid Imperiis potuit, quid Marlburus Armis.



THE

CAMELEON.

As the Cameleon, who is known To have no colours of his own; at borrows from his Neighbour's hue lis white, or black; his green, or blue;

And

And struts as much in ready Light, Which credit gives him upon fight; As if the Rain-bow were in tail Settl'd on him, and his Heirs male: So the young Squire, when first he comes From Country School to Will's or Tom's: And equally, in truth, is fit To be a Statesman, or a Wit; Without one Notion of his own, He faunters wildly up and down; 'Till some Acquaintance, good or bad, Takes notice of a staring Lad: Admits him in amongst the Gang: They jest, reply, dispute, harangue: He acts and talks, as they befriend him; Smear'd with the colours, which they lend him.

Thus meerly as his Fortune chances, His Merit or his Vice advances.

If haply he the Sect pursues,
That read and comment upon News;
He takes up their mysterious face:
He drinks his Coffee without lace:
This week his mimic tongue runs o'er
What they have said the week before:
His Wisdom sets all Europe right,
And teaches Marlb' rough when to sight.

Or if it be his fate to meet
With Folks who have more Wealth than Wit;
He loves cheap Port, and double Bub;
And fettles in the Hum Drum Club:
He learns how Stocks will fall or rise;
Holds Poverty the greatest Vice;

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Thinks Wit the bane of Conversation; And says, that Learning spoils a Nation.

But if at first he minds his hits, And drinks Champaine among the Wits; Five deep he toasts the tow'ring Lasses; Repeats you Verses writ on glasses; Is in the Chair; prescribes the Law; And lies with those he never saw.



Merry Andrew.

CLy Merry Andrew, the last Southwark Fair (At Barthol'mew he did not much appear, so peevish was the Edict of the May'r.) At Southwark, therefore as his Tricks he show'd To please our Masters, and his Friends, the Croud; huge Neats-tongue he in his right hand held, His left was with a good black-pudding fill'd. With a grave look, in this odd equipage, The clownish Mimic traverses the stage: Why how now Andrew cries his Brother Droll, lo-day's conceit methinks, is fomething dull: ome on, Sir, to our worthy Friends explain Vhat does your Emblematic Worship mean? woth Andrew; Honest English let us speak our Emble---(what d'ye call't) is heathen Greek Tongue or Pudding thou hast no pretence, earning thy talent is; but mine is sence. hat busy fool I was, which thou art now Defirous

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Desirous to correct, not knowing how;
With very good design, but little wit.
Blaming or praising things as I thought sit.
I for this conduct had what I deserved,
And dealing honestly, was almost starved.
But thanks to my indulgent stars, I eat,
Since I have found the secret to be Great.
O dearest Andrew, says the humble Droll
Hencesorth may I obey and thou controll,
Provided thou impart thy useful skill.
Bow then, says Andrew, and, for once, I will
Be of your Patron's mind, whate'er he says;
Sleep very much; think little, and talk less:
Mind neither good nor bad, nor right nor wrong;
But eat your Pudding, slave; and hold your tongut

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A Rev'rend Prelate stopt his Coach and six, To laugh a little at our *Andrew*'s tricks. But when he heard him give this Golden Rule; Drive on: (He Cry'd) This Fellow is no Fool.



A

SIMILE.

DEar Thomas, didst thou never pop
Thy head into a Tin-man's Shop;
There, Thomas, didst thou never see
('Tis but by way of simile)
A Squirrel spend his little rage,
In jumping round a rolling Cage?

The Cage, at either fide turn'd up; Striking a ring of Bells a-top----?

Mov'd in the orb, pleas'd with the chimes, The foolish creature thinks he climbs, But here or there, turn wood or wire, He never gets two inches higher.

So fares it with those merry Blades,
That frisk it under Findus' shades;
In noble Songs, and losty Odes,
They tread on Stars, and talk with Gods:
Still dancing in an airy round,
Still pleas'd with their own Verses sound;
Brought back, how fast so e'er they go;
Always aspiring, always low.

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The F L I E S.

Says Sire of Infects, mighty sol,

(A Fly upon the Chariot-pole,

Cries out:) what Blew-Bottle alive

Did ever with fuch fury drive!

Tell, Belzebub, Great Father tell,

Says t'other perch'd upon the wheel)

Did ever any mortal Fly

Raife fuch a cloud of dust as I?

My Judgement turn'd the whole Debate;

My Valour sav'd the sinking State:

So talk two idle buzzing Things,

Toss up their heads, and stretch their wings.

Bus

But let the truth to light be brought; This neither spoke, nor t'other sought: No merit in their own behav'or: Both rais'd, but by their Party's favor.



From the Greek.

Reat Bachus, born in Thunder and in Fire; By native heat afferts his dreadful Sire. Nourish'd near shady rills and cooling streams, He to the Nymphs avows his am'rous Flames. To all the Breth'ren at the Bell and Vine, The Moral says; Mix water with your wine.

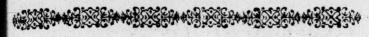
EPIGRAM.

Rank carves very ill, yet will palm all the meats
He eats more than fix; and Drinks more that
he eats.

Four Pipes after Dinner he constantly smokes, And seasons his whifs with impertinent Jokes. Yet sighing, he says, we must certainly break; And my cruel Unkindness compells him to speak: For of late I invite him----but sour times a Week.



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ANOTHER.

To John I ow'd great Obligation;
But John unhappily, thought fit,
To publish it to all the Nation:
Sure John and I are more than quit.

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ANOTHER.

YEs, every Poet is a Fool:
By Demonstration Ned can show it:
Happy, cou'd Ned's inverted Rule
Prove every Fool to be a Poet.

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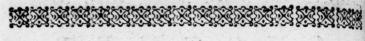
ANOTHER.

Thy Naggs (the leanest things alive)
So very hard thou lov'st to drive;
heard thy anxious Coach-man say,
t costs thee more in Whips, than hay.



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To a Person who wrote ill, and spake worse against Me.

Lye, Philo, untouch'd on my peaceable shelf; Nor take it amiss, that so little I heed thee; I've no envy to thee, and some Love to my self: Then why shou'd I answer; since first I must read thee,

Drunk with Helicon's waters & double-brew'd Bub, Be a Linguist, a Poet, a Critic, a Wag;
To the folid delight of thy well-judging Club
To the damage alone of thy Bookseller Brag.

Pursue me with Satyr: what harm is there in't?
But from all viva voce Reflection forbear:
There can be no danger from what thou shalt Print,
There may be a little from what thou may'st swear.



On the same Person.

To

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While faster than his costive brain indites,

Philo's quick hand in flowing Letters writes;

His case appears to me like honest Teague's,

When he was run away with, by his Legs.

Phæbus, give Philo o'er himself command;

Quicken his senses, or restrain his hand.

Let him be kept from paper, pen, and ink:

So may he cease to write, and learn to think.

EXEXEXEXEX

Quid sit futurum cras fuge quærere.

Cor what to-morrow shall disclose,
May spoil what you to-night propose:

England may change; or Cloe stray:

Love and Life are for to-day.

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THE

NUT-BROWN MAID.

A POEM,

Written three hundred Years since.

BE it right or wrong, these Men among,
On Women do complayne;
Affyrmynge this, how that it is
A labour spent in vaine,
To love them wele; for never a dele,

They love a Man againe;

For lete a Man do what he can, Ther favour to attayne;

Yet yf a new do them pursue,

Ther furst trew Lover than

He is a banishyd Man.

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I say not nay, but that all day
It is bothe writ and sayde,

That Womans Fayth is as who faythe,

All utterly decayed;

But nevertheless right good Witness
I' this case might be layde,

That they love trewe, and contynew,
Record the Nut-brown Mayde;

Which from her Love, whan her to prove, He came to make his mone,

Wold not depart; for in her Herte She lovyd but him alone.

Than betwene us, lettens discusse, What was all the maner

Betwene them too; we wyll also Telle all the peyne and fere

That she was in: Now I begynne, So that ye me answere:

Wherefore all ye, that present be, I pray ye give an eare.

MAN.

I am the Knyght, I come by nyght, As fecret as I can;

Saying alas, thus standeth the case; I am a banishyd Man.

WOMAN.

And I your wylle for to fulfylle
In this wyl not refuse;
Trusting to shew, in wordis sewe,
That Men have an ille use,

To ther own shame, Women to blame,

And causelese them accuse:

Therefore to you I answere now,

Alle Wymen to excuse;

Myn own Herte dere, with you what chere,

I pray you telle anone:

For in my mynde, of al Mankynde, I love but you alone.

MAN.

It stondeth so, a dede is do:

Wherefore moche harm shall growe:

My desteny is for to dey

A shamefull deth, I trowe:

Or ellis to flee, the one must be; None other way I knowe,

But to withdrawe, as an Outlaw,

And take me to my bowe.

Wherefore adew, my owne Herte trewe,

None other red I can;

For I must to the grene wode goe,

Alone a banishyd Man.

WOMAN.

O Lord, what is this worldis blyffe,

That chaungeth as the Mone?

My Somers day, in lusty May,

Is derked before the None.

I here you fave, farewell: nay, nay;

We departe not foo fone:

Why fay ye fo? wheder wyl ye goe?

Alas what have ye done?

Alle my welfare to forow and care

To

Shulde chaunge, yf ye were gon;
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For in my mynde, of al Mankynde,
I love but you alone.

MAN.

I can beleve, it shall you greeve,

And shomwhat you distrayne;

But afterwarde, your paynes harde Within a day or tweyne

Shal fone aslake; and ye shal take Comfort to you agayne.

Why should ye nought? for to make thought, Your labur were in vayne.

And thus I do, and pray you too,
As hertely as I can?

For I muste to the grene wode goe, Alone a banishyd Man.

WOMAN.

Now fyth that ye have shewed to me The secret of your mynde;

I shal be playne to you againe, Lyke as ye shall me fynde:

Syth it is so, that ye wyl goe, I wol not leve behynde;

Shall never be fayd, the Nut-brown Mayde Was to her Love unkynd.

Make you redy, for fo am I; Allthough it were anone;

For in my mynde, of al Mankynde, I love but you alone.

MAN.

Yet I you rede, to take good hede, What Men wyl think and fey; Of yonge and olde it shall be tolde,

That ye be gone away,

Your wanton wylle for to fulfylle,

In grene wode you to play;

And that ye myght from your delyte Noo lenger make delay,

Rather than ye should thus for me, Be called an ylle Woman,

Yet wold I to the grene wode goe,
Alone a banishyd Man.

WOMAN.

Though it be fonge of old and yonge,
That I shuld be to blame;

Theirs be the charge, that speke so large, In hurting of my name:

For I wyl prove, that feythful Love
It is devoyd of shame;

In your distress, and heavyness,

To parte with you the fame:

And fure all thoo that do not fo,

Trewe Lovers ar they none;

But in my mynde, of al Mankynde, I love but you alone.

MAN.

I counsel you, remember how It is noo Maydens lawe,

Nothing to dought, but to renne out,

To Wode, with an Outlawe;

For ye must there, in your hand bere

A bowe ready to drawe;

Of

And as a Theef, thus must ye lyve, Eyer in drede and awe:

Whereby

Whereby to you gret harme myght grow;
Yet I had lever than
That I had to the grene wode go,
Alone a banishyd Man.

WOMAN.

I think not nay, but as ye faye, It is noo Maydens lore;

But Love may make me for your fake, As I have faid before,

To come on fore, to hunte and shote, To get us mete in store:

For fo that I your Company May have, I ask noo more;

From whiche to parte, it makith myn herte As colde as ony ston;

For in my mynde, of al Mankynde, I love but you alone.

MAN.

For an Outlawe, this is the lawe, That Men hym take and binde,

Wythout pytee hanged to bee, And waver with the wynde.

Yf I had neede, as God forbede,

What refons coude ye find?
For fothe I trowe, ye and your bowe

Shuld draw for fere behynde: And noo merveyle, for lytel avayle Were in your council than:

Wherefore I to the Wode wyl goe,
Alone a banishyd Man.

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WOMAN.

Ful well know ye, that Wymen be But febyl for to fyght;

Noo Womanhed it is in deede, To bee bolde as a Knyght:

Yet in fuch fere, yf that ye were, With Enemys day and nyght;

I wolde withstonde, wyth bowe in honde,

To greve them as I myght;

And you to fave, as Wymen have From dethe many one;

For in my mynde, of al Mankynde,
I love but you alone.

MAN.

Yettake good hede; for ever I drede,

That ye coude not sustein

The thorney wayes, the deep valeis,

The fnowe, the frost, the reyn,

The cold, the hete; for drye or wete,

We must lodge on the playn; And us above, noon other rose,

But a brake, bush or twayne:

Whiche fone shulde greve you, I beleve,

And ye wolde gladly than,

That I had to the grene wode goe,

Alone a banishyd Man.

WOMAN.

Syth I have here ben partynere

With you of joy and blyffe;

I must also parte of your woo Endure, as reason is;

WQ:

Yet am I fure of one plefure, And shortly it is this;

That where ye bee, mee feemeth, par dy;
I could not fare amys.

Without more speche, I you beseche, That we were soon agone;

For in my mynde, of al Mankynde, I love but you alone.

MAN.

Yf ye goo thedyr, ye must consider, Whan ye have lust to dyne,

Ther shall no mere be for to gete, Nor drink, bere, ale, ne wine;

Ne shetis clene, to lye betwene, Made of thred and twyne;

Noon other house, but levys and bowes, To kever your head and myn.

O myn Herte swete this ylle dyet Shuld make you pale and wan;

Wherefore I to the Wode wyl goe.
Alone a banishyed Man.

WOMAN.

Amonge the wylde Dere, fuch an Archier, As men fay that ye bee,

We may not fayle of good vitayle, Where is so grete plente;

And watir cleere of the ryvere Shall be full fwete to me,

With whiche in hele, I shall right wele Endure, as ye shall see;

And er we goe, a bed or two I can provide anone,

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For in my mynde, of al Mankynde,
I love but you alone.

MAN.

Lo yet before, ye must do more, Yf ye wyl go with me;

As cutte your here up by your ere,

Your kurtel by the knee;

Wyth bowe in honde for to wythstonde

Your Enemys yf nede bee;

And this fame nyght, before day light,

To wode ward wyl I flee.

And yf ye wille al this fulfylle,

Do it shortly as ye can;

Ellis will I to the grene wode goe,
Alone a banishyd Man.

WOMAN.

shal as now, do more for you,

Than longeth to Womanhed,

To short my here, a bow to bere, To shote in tyme of nede.

my fweet Moder, before all other

For you have I most drede;

but now adiew, I must ensue,

Where Fortune duth me leede.

Ill this make ye, and lete us flee,

The day run fast upon;

for in my mynde, of al Mankynde,

I love but you alone.

MAN.

Yay, nay, not so; ye shall not go;
And I shall telle ye why:

Your

Your appetyte is to be light, Of Love I wele espie,

For right as ye have fayde to me, In lykewyife hardely

Ye wolde answere, who so ever it were, In way of company.

It is fayd of old; fone hote, fone colde; And fo is a Woman:

Wherefore I to the Wode wyl go, Alone a banishyd Man.;

WOMAN.

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Yf ye take hede, yt is noo nede, Such wordis to fay bee me; For ofte ye preyd, and longe assayed,

Er I you lovid, par dy:

And though that I, of Auncestry,

A Baron's Daughter bee;

Yet have you proved, how I you loved, A Squyer of low degree;

And ever shall, what so befalle,

To dey therefore anone;

For in my mynde, of al Mankynde, I love but you alone.

MAN.

A Baron's Childe to be begyled,

It were a curfed dede;

To be felawe with an Outlawe,

Almighty God forbede:

Yt bettyr were, the pore Squyer Alone to forest Spede;

Than ye shal saye another day, That by that wycked dede ye were betrayed: wherefore, good Maide,

The best red that I can,

s that I to the grene wode go; Alone a banishyd Man.

WOMAN.

What soever befalle, I never shale
Of this thing you upbraid;

But yf ye go, and leave me fo,

Then have ye me betraid.

Remember ye wele, how that ye dele;

For yf ye, as ye fayde,

e fo unkynde, to leve behynde

Your Love, the Nut-brown Maide;

Frust me truely, that I shall dey, Soon after ye be gone;

or in my mynde, of al Mankynde,

I love but you alone,

MAN.

If that ye went, ye shulde repent;

For in the Forrest now

have purveid me of a Maide,

Whom I love more than you:

nother fayrer, than e'er ye were;

I dare it well avowe:

nd of you bothe, eche shulde be wrothe

Wyth other, as I trowe.

were myn ease, to lyve in pease,

So wyl I, yf I can;

Therefore I to the Wode wylgo, Alone a banishyd Man.

Though in the wode, I undirstode, Ye had a Paramour:

All this may nought remove my thought;
But that I will be your;

And she shall fynde me soft and kynde; And curteis every hour.

Glad to fulfylle all that she wylle Commaunde me to my power:

For had ye loo an hundred moo, Yet wolde I be that one;

For in my mynde, of all Mankynde, I love but you alone.

MAN.

My nowne dere Love, I see the prove, That ye be kynde and trewe;

Of Mayde and Wyf, in al mylyf, The best that ever I knew:

Be merey and glad, be no more fad, The case is chaunged newe;

For it were ruthe, that for your trouth,
You shuld have cause to rewe;

Be not difmayed, what soever I sayd, To you whan I began,

I wyl not to the grene Wode go; I am no banishyd Man.

WOMAN.

Theis tiding is be more glad to me;
Than to be made a Quene;
Yf I were fure, they should endure;
But, it is often seen,

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Thu

When Men wyl breke promyse, they speke.

The wordis on the splene:

Ye shape some wyle, me to begyle
And stele fro me, I wene;

Then were the case wurs than it was,

And I more woo begone;

For in my mynde, of al Mankynde, I love but you alone.

MAN.

Ye shal not nede, further to drede,
I will not disparage

You: God defende, fyth you descende, Of so great a Lynage:

Now understande, to Westmerlande, Whiche is my herytage,

I wyl you bringe; and wyth a rynge,

By way of Maryage

I wyl you take, and Lady make,

As shortly as I can:

Thus have ye wone an Erles Son,

And not a banishyd Man.



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HENRY and EMMA.

A P O E M.

Upon the Model of

The NUT-BROWN MAID.

To CLOE.

Thou, to whose eyes I bend, at whose com(Tho'low my voice, tho' artless be my hand)
I take the sprightly reed, and sing, and play;
Careless of what the cens'ring World may say;
Bright Cloe, object of my constant Vow;
Wilt thou awhile unbend thy serious brow?
Wilt thou with pleasure hear thy Lover's Strains;
And with one Heav'nly smile o'erpay his pains?
No longer shall the Nut-brown Maid be old;
Tho' since her youth three hundred Years have roll.
At thy desire she shall again be rais'd;
And her reviving charms in lasting verse be prais'd.

No longer Man of Woman shall complain,
That he may love, and not be lov'd again;
That we in vain the fickle Sex pursue,
Who change the constant Lover for the new:
Whatever has been writ, whatever said,
Of semale passion seign'd, or faith decay'd,
Hence

Henceforth shall in my Verse resuted stand;
Be said to Winds, or writ upon the sand:
And while my notes to suture times proclaim
Unconquer'd Love, and ever during slame;
O sairest of thy Sex! be thou my Muse:
Deign on my work thy Insluence to dissuse.
Let me partake the blessings I rehearse;
And grant me Love, the just reward of Verse.

As Beauty's potent Queen, with ev'ry grace
That once was Emma's, has adorn'd thy face;
And as her Son has to my bosom dealt
That constant flame, which faithful Henry felt;
O let the Story with thy life agree:
Let men once more the bright example see:
What Emma was to him, be thou to me.
Nor send me by thy frown from her I love,
Distant and sad a banish'd Man to rove:
But oh! with pity long intreated crown
My pains & hopes; & when thou say'st that one
Ofall mankind thou lov'st, Oh! think on me alone.

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Where beauteous Isis and her Husband Tame
With mingled waves for ever flow the same,
In times of yore an ancient Baron liv'd,
Great gifts bestow'd, and great respect receiv'd.
When dreadful Edward with successful care
Led his free Britons to the Gallic War;
This Lord had headed his appointed Bands;
In firm Allegiance to his King's commands;
Ind, all due honours faithfully discharg'd,
Had brought back his Paternal Coat, inlarg'd
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With a new mark, the witness of his toil; And no inglorious part of foreign Spoil.

From the loud Camp retir'd, and noisy Count.
In honourable ease and rural sport
The remnant of his days he safely past;
Nor sound they lagg'd too slow, nor slew too sast:
He made his wish with his Estate comply;
Joyful to live, yet not assaid to dye.

One Child he had, a Daughter chast and sair;
His age's comfort, and his fortune's Heir:
They call'd her Emma; for the beauteous Dame,
Who gave the Virgin birth, had born the name:
The Name th' indulgent Father doubly lov'd;
For in the Child the Mother's charms improv'd.
Yet, as when little round his knees she plaid,
He call'd her oft in sport his Nut-brown Maid:
The Friends and Tenants took the fondling word;
(As still they please, who imitate their Lord)
Usage consirm'd what Fancy had begun:
The mutual terms around the lands were known;
And Emma, and the Nut-brown Maid were one.

As with her stature still her Charms encreas'd;
Thro' all the Isle her Beauty was confess'd:
Oh! what perfections must that Virgin share,
Who fairest is esteem'd, where all are fair?
From distant Shires repair the noble Youth;
And sind, Report for once had lessen'd Truth:
By wonder sirst, and then by passion mov'd,
They came, they saw, they marvel'd, & they lov'd
By publick praises, and by secret sighs
Each own'd the general pow'r of Emma's Eyes:

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n Tilts and Turnaments the Valiant strove, ly gloriouds deeds to purchase Emma's Love: in gentle Verse the Witty told their flame; And grac'd their choicest Songs with Emma's name: In vain they combated, in vain they writ; Useless their strength, and impotent their wit: Great Venus only must direct the dart; Which else will never reach the fair one's heart, Spight of th' attempts of force, & foft effects of art. Great Venus must prefer the happy one: In Henry's cause her favour must be shown: And Emma of Mankind must love but him alone.

While these in publick to the Castle came; And by their Grandeur justify'd their flame; More secret ways the careful Henry takes; His Squires, his Arms, and Equipage forfakes: In borrow'd name and false attire array'd, Of he finds means to fee the beauteous Maid.

When Emma hunts, in Huntsman's habit drest Henry on foot purfues the bounding Beast: In his right hand his beachen Pole he bears; And graceful at his fide his horn he wears: Still to the glade, where she has bent her way, With knowing skill he drives the future Prey; Bids her decline the hill, and shun the brake; And shows the path her Steed may fafest take: Directs her Spear to fix the glorious wound; Pleas'd in his toils to have her Triumph crown'd: > And blows her praises in no common found.

A Falk'ner Henry is, when Emma hawks; With her of Tarfels, and of lures he talks:

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Upon his wrist the tow'ring Merlin stands;
Practis'd to rise, and stoop, at her commands:
And when superior now the Bird has slown,
And headlong brought the tumbling Quarry down;
With humble reverence he accosts the Fair;
And with the honour'd Feather decks her hair.
Yet still as from the sportive field she goes,
His down-cast eye reveals his inward woes;
And by his look and sorrow is exprest
A nobler Game pursu'd, than Bird or Beast.

A Shepherd now along the plain he roves;
And with his jolly Pipe delights the Groves:
The neighb'ring Swains around the Stranger throng'
Or to admire, or emulate his Song:
While with fost forrow he renews his Lays;
Nor heedful of their envy, nor their praise:
But soon as Emma's eyes adorn the plain,
His notes he raises to a nobler strain;
With dutiful respect and studious fear,
Lest any careless sound offend her ear.

A frantick Gipsey now the house he haunts;
And in wild phrases speaks dissembled wants.
With the fond Maids in Palmistry he deals:
They tell the Secret sirst, which he reveals;
Says who shall wed, and who shall be beguil'd;
What Groom shalget, & Squire maintain the Child.
But when bright Emma wou'd her Fortune know;
A softer look unbends his op'ning brow:
With trembling awe he gazes on her eye;
And in soft accents forms the kind reply:
That she shall prove as fortunate as fair;
And Hymen's choicest gifts are all reserv'd forher.

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Now oft had Henry chang'd his fly difguise, Unmark'd by all, but Beauteous Emma's eyes: Oft had found means alone to fee the Dame: And at her feet to breathe his am'rous flame: And oft the pangs of absence to remove By Letters, foft Interpreters of Love. 'Till Time and Industry (the mighty two. That bring our Wishes nearer to our view) Made him perceive, that the inclining Fair Receiv'd his Vows with no reluctant ear: That Venus had confirm'd her equal Reign; And dealt to Emma's heart a share of Henry's pain.

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NOW

While Cupid smil'd, by kind occasion bless'd: And, with the fecret kept, the Love increas'd; The am'rous Youth frequents the filent Groves: And much he meditates; for much he loves. He loves: 'tis true; and is belov'd again: Great are his joys; but will they long remain? Emma with smiles receives his present Flame: But fmiling, will she ever be the same? Beautiful looks are rul'd by fickle minds: And fummer Seas are turn'd by fudden Winds. Another Love may gain her easie Youth Time changes thought; and Flatt'ry conquers Truth.

O impotent estate of human Life, Where Hope and Fear maintain eternal strife: Where fleeting Joy does lasting doubt inspire: And most we question, what we most defire. Amongst thy various gifts, great Heav'n, bestow Our cup of Love unmix'd; forbear to throw Bitter ingredients in; nor pall the Draught With nauseous grief; for our ill judging thought

Hardly NS

Hardly injoys the pleasurable taste; Or deems it not fincere; or fears it cannot last.

With wishes rais'd, with Jealousies opprest: (Alternate Tyrants of the human breaft) By one great trial he refolves to prove The Faith of Woman, and the force of Love. If scanning Emma's virtues, he may find That beauteous frame inclose a steady mind; He'll fix his hope, of future joy fecure; And live a Slave to Hymen's happy pow'r. But if the Fair-one, as he fears, is frail, If pois'd aright in Reason's equal scale, Light fly her merits, and her faults prevail; His mind he vows to free from am'rous care; The latent mischief from his heart to tear; Resume his azure Arms, and shine again in War.

South of the Castle, in a verdant glade, A spreading Beach extends her friendly shade: Here oft the Nymph his breathing Vows had heard; Here oft her Silence had her heart declar'd. As active Spring awak'd her infant buds; And genial life inform'd the verdant Woods; Henry in knots involving Emma's name, Had half express'd, and half conceal'd his Flame Upon this Tree; and as the tender mark Grew with the Year, and widen'd with the Bark, Venus had heard the Virgin's foft Address. That as the wound, the passion might encrease. As potent Nature shed her kindly show'rs, And deck'd the various Mead with opening flow'rs; Upon this Tree, the Nymph's obliging care Had left a frequent wreath for Henry's Hair:

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Which as with gay delight the Lover found;
Pleas'd with his Conquest, with her Present crown'd,
Glorious thro' all the plains he oft had gone;
And to each Swain the mystick Honour shown;
The gift still prais'd, the giver still unknown.

His fecret Note the troubled Henry writes;
To the known Tree the lovely Maid invites:
Imperfect words and dubious terms express,
That unforeseen mischance disturb'd his peace;
That he must something to her ear commend,
On which her conduct, and his life depend.

Soon as the Fair one had the Note receiv'd;
The remnant of the day alone she griev'd:
For diff'rent this from ev'ry former Note,
Which Venus dictated, and Henry wrote;
Which told her all his future hopes were laid
On the dear bosom of his Nut-brown Maid:
Which always bless'd her eyes, & own'd her pow'r;
And bid her oft Adieu, yet added more.

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Now night advanc'd: the House in sleep were laid, The Nurse experienc'd, and the prying Maid; And last that Sprite, which does incessant haunt. The Lovers steps, the ancient Maiden Aunt. To her dear Henry Emma wings her way, With quicken'd pace repairing forc'd delay. For Love, santastic Pow'r, that is assaid. To stir abroad 'till watchfulness be laid; Undaunted then, o'er clisss and valleys strays: And leads his Vot'ries safe thro' pathless ways. Not Argus with his hundred eyes shall find, Where Cupid goes, tho' he poor Guide is blind. The

The Maiden first arriving sent her eye To ask, if yet its chief delight were nigh: With fear and with defire, with joy and pain; She fees, and runs to meet him on the plain. But oh! his steps proclaim no Lover's haste; On the low ground his fix'd regards are cast; His artful bosom heaves dissembled sighs; And tears suborn'd fall copious from his eyes,

With ease, alas! we credit what we love: His painted grief does real forrow move In the afflicted Fair: Adown her cheek Trickling the genuine tears their current break. Attentive stood the mournful Nymph; the Man Broke filence first : the Tale alternate ran.

HENRY.

CIncere O tell me, hast thou felt a pain, DEmma, beyond what Woman knows to feign? Has thy uncertain bosom ever strove With the first tumults of a real Love? Hast thou now dreaded, and now blest his sway; By turns averse, and joyful to obey? Thy Virgin foftness hast thou e'er bewail'd; As Reason yielded, and as Love prevail'd? And wept the potent God's refiftless dart, His killing pleasure, his extatick smart, And heav'nly poison thrilling thro' thy heart? If so, with pity view my wretched state; At least deplore, and then forget my Fate; To fome more happy Knight referve thy Charms, By Fortune favour'd, and fuccessful Arms: And

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And only, as the Sun's revolving ray
Brings back each Year this melancholy day;
Permit one figh, and fet apart one tear,
To an abandon'd Exile's endless care.
For me, alas! Out-cast of human Race,
Love's anger only waits, and dire disgrace:
For lo! these hands in Murther are imbru'd;
These trembling feet by Justice are pursu'd:
Fate calls aloud, and hastens me away;
Ashameful Death attends my longer stay;
And I this night must fly from thee and Love,
Condemn'd in lonely Woods a banish'd Man to rove.

E. M. M. A.

What is our blifs that changeth with the Moon? And day of life, that darkens e'er 'tis noon? What is true Passion, if unblest it dies? And where is Emma's joy, if Henry flies; If love, alas! be pain; the pain I bear, No thought can figure, and no tongue declare. Ne'er faithful Woman felt, nor false one feign'd The flames, which long have in my bosom reign'd: The God of Love himself inhabits there, With all his Rage, and Dread, & grief, & care His complement of stores, and total War. Oh cease then coldly to suspect my love; And let my deed at least my faith approve. Alas! no Youth shall my endearments share; Nor day, nor night shall interrupt my care: No future Story shall with truth upbraid The cold Indiffrence of the Nut-brown Maid: Nor to hard Banishment shall Henry run; While careless Emma sleeps on beds of down. View

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View me resolv'd where-e'er thou lead'st, to go; Friend to thy Pain, and Partner of thy Woe: For I attest fair Venus, and her Son, That I of all Mankind will love but thee alone.

HENRY.

Let Prudence yet obstruct thy vent'rous way;
And take good heed, what Men will think and say:
That beauteous Emma vagrant courses took;
Her Father's house and civil life forsook;
That full of youthful blood, and fond of Man,
She to the woodland with an Exile ran.
Reslect, that lessen'd Fame is ne'er regain'd;
And Virgin Honour once, is always stain'd:
Timely advis'd, the coming evil shun;
Better not do the deed, than weep it done.
No Penance can absolve our guilty same;
Nor tears, that wash out sin, can wash out shame.
Then sly the sad essents of desp'rate love;
And leave a banish'd Man thro' lonely Woods to row

EMMA.

Let Emma's hapless case be falsly told
By the rash Young, or the ill-natur'd Old:
Let ev'ry tongue its various censure chuse;
Absolve with coldness, or with spight accuse.
Fair Truth at last her radiant beams will raise;
And Malice vanquisht heightens Virtue's praise.
Let then thy favour but indulge my slight;
O let my presence make thy Travels light;
And potent Venus shall exalt my Name
Above the rumours of censorious Fame:
Nor from that busie Demon's restless pow'r
Will ever Emma other grace implore,

Than that this truth should to the World be known: That I of all Mankind have lov'd but thee alone.

HENRY.

But canst thou wield the Sword, and bend the Bow? With active force repel the sturdy Foe? When the loud Tumult speaks the Battelnigh; And winged Deaths in whistling Arrows sly; Wilt thou, tho' wounded, yet undaunted stay? Perform the part, and share the dangerous day? Then, as thy strength decays, thy Heart will fail: Thy limbs all trembling, and thy cheeks all pale, With fruitless forrow thou, inglorious Maid, Wilt weep thy safety by thy Love betray'd: Then to thy Friend, by Foes o'er-charg'd, deny Thy little useless aid, and Coward sly: Then wilt thou curse the chance that made thee love Abanish'd Man, condemn'd in lonely woods to rove.

EMMA.

ove

ſe.

Than

With fatal certainty Thalestris knew, To send the Arrow from the twanging Yew: and great in Arms, and foremost in the War, Sonduca brandish'd high the British Spear. Could thirst of Vengeance, and desire of Fame Excite the Female breast with martial slame? And shall not Love's diviner pow'r inspire More hardy Virtue, and more generous sire? Near thee, mistrust not, constant I'll abide; and fall, or vanquish sighting by thy side. Tho' my inferior strength may not allow, that I should bear, or draw the Warrior Bow; With ready hand I will the shaft supply; and joy to see thy victor Arrows sly:

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[bleed: Touch'd in the Battel by the hostile reed, Should'st thou (but Heav'n avert it) should'st thou To stop the wounds my finest lawn I'd tear; Wash them with tears, and wipe them with my hair: Blest, when my dangers and my toils have shown, That I of all Mankind could love but thee alone.

HENRY.

But canst thou, tender Maid, can'ft thou sustain Afflictive Want, or Hunger's pressing pain? Those limbs, in lawn and softest filk array'd, From Sun-beams guarded, and of Winds afraid, Can they bear angry Jove? Can they refift The parching Dog-Sar, and the bleak North-east? When chill'd by adverse snows, and beating rain, We tread with weary steps the longsom plain; When with hard toil we feek our evening food, Berries and Acorns, from the neighb'ring wood; And find amongst the cliffs no other house, But the thin covert of some gather'd boughs; Wilt thou not then reluctant fend thine eye Around the dreary waste, and weeping try, (Tho' then, alas! that trial be too late) To find thy Father's hospitable Gate, And Seats, where Ease and Plenty brooding sate? Those Seats, whence long excluded thou must moun That Gate, for ever barr'd to thy return: Wilt thou not then bewail ill-fated Love? rove And hate a banish'd Man, condemn'd in woodst by t

E M M A.

Thy rife of Fortune did I only wed, From its decline determin'd to recede?

Did I but purpose to embark with thee, On the smooth surface of a summer's Sea, While gentle Zephyrs play in prosp'rous gales, And Fortune's favour fills the swelling fails; But would for sake the Ship, and make the shoar, When the Winds whiftle, and the Tempests roar? No, Henry, no: One facred Oath has ty'd Our Loves; One Destiny our life shall guide; Nor Wild, nor Deep our common way divide. When from the Cave thou rifest with the day, To beat the woods, and rouse the bounding Prey; The Cave with moss and branches I'll adorn, And chearful fit, to wait my Lord's return. And when thou frequent bring'st the smitten Deer; For feldom, Archers fay, thy Arrows err) "If fetch quick fewel from the neighb'ring wood, and firike the sparkling flint, and dress the food. With humble duty and officious hafte, Il cull the furthest Mead for thy repast: he choicest herbs I to thy board will bring; and draw thy water from the freshest Spring. nd when at night with weary toil opprest, oft flumbers thou enjoy'st, and wholesome rest: Vatchful I'll guard thee; and with midnight pray'r e; Neary the Gods to keep thee in their care; nd joyous ask at Morn's returning ray, thou hast health, and I may bless the day. oodst ly thought shall fix, my latest wish depend nthee, Guide, Guardian, Kinfman, Father, Friend: vall these sacred Names be Henry known oEmma's heart; and grateful let him own, Distat she of all Mankind could love but him alone.

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Vainly thou tell'st me what the Woman's care Shall in the wildness of the wood prepare: Thou e'er thou goest, unhappy'st of thy Kind; Must leave the habit, and the Sex behind. No longer shall thy comely tresses break In flowing ringlets on thy fnowy neck; Or fit behind thy head, an ample round, In graceful breeds with various ribbon bound: No longer shall the boddice aptly lac'd From thy full bosom to thy slender waste, That air and harmony of shape express, Fine by degrees, and beautifully less: Nor shall thy lower garments artful pleat From thy fair fide dependent to thy feet, Arm their chaste beauties with a modest pride; And double ev'ry Charm they feek to hide. Th' ambrofial plenty of thy shining hair Cropt off and loft, scarce lower than thy ear Shall stand, uncouth; a Horse-man's coat shall hide, Thy taper shape, and comeliness of side: The short trunk-hose shall shew thy foot and knee Licentious, and to common eye-fight free; And with a bolder stride, and looser air, Mingled with Men, a Man thou must appear

Nor solitude, nor gentle peace of mind, Mistaken Maid, shalt thou in forests find: 'Tis long since Cynthia and her train were there, Or Guardian Gods made Innocence their care. Vagrants and Out-laws shall offend thy view; (For such must be my Friends) a hideous crew,

y adverse Fortune mix'd in social ill; Train'd to affault, and disciplin'd to kill. Their common loves, a lewd abandon'd pack; The Beadle's lash still flagrant on their back; By floth corrupted, by disorder fed, Made bold by want, and proflitute for bread. With fuch must Emma hunt the tedious day; Affift their violence, and divide their prey; With fuch she must return at setting light; Tho' not Partaker, witness of their night. Thy ear, inur'd to charitable founds, and pitying Love, must feel the hateful wounds Of Jest obscene, and vulgar Ribaldry; The ill-bred question, and the lewd reply: brought by long habitude from bad to worse, Must hear the frequent Oath, the direful curse, That latest weapon of the Wretches war: and Blasphemy, sad Comrade of Despair. Now, Emma, now the last Reslection make, What thou would'st follow, what thou must forsake: ly our ill-omen'd Stars and adverse Heav'n No middle object to thy choice is given:

Or yield thy Virtue to attain thy Love; Or leave a banish'd Man, condemn'd in woods to

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EMMA. rove.

O Grief of heart! that our unhappy Fates orce thee to fuffer what thy Honour hates: fix thee amongst the bad; or make thee run Too near the paths, which Virtue bids thee shun. let with her Henry still let Emma go; With him abhor the Vice, but share the Woe: And

And fure my little heart can never err Amidst the worst, if Henry still be there.

Our outward act is prompted from within; And from the Sinner's mind proceeds the Sin: By her own choice free Virtue is approv'd; Nor by the force of outward objects mov'd: Who has affay'd no danger, gains no praife; In a small Isle, amidst the widest Seas, Triumphant Constancy has six'd her seat: In vain the Syrens sing, the Tempests beat: Their Flatt'ry she rejects, nor fears their threat.

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For thee alone these little Charms I drest; Condemn'd them, or absolv'd them by thy test: In comely figure rang'd my Jewels shone; Or negligently plac'd, for thee alone: For thee again they shall be laid aside; The Woman, Henry, shall put off her pride For thee, my Cloaths, my Sex exchang'd, for thee, I'll mingle with the Peoples wretched Lee; (Oh! line extream of human Infamy!) Wanting the sciffars with these hands I'll tear (If that obstructs my flight) this load of hair: Black foot or yellow walnut shall difgrace This little red and white of Emma's face: These nails with scratches shall deform my breast, Left by my look or colour be express'd Sdress'd. The mark of ought high born, or ever better-Yet in this commerce, under this difguise, Let me be grateful still to Henry's eyes: Lost to the World, let me to him be known: My Fate I can absolve, if he shall own, That leaving all Mankind, I love but him alone. HEN

HENRY.

O wildest thought of an abandon'd Mind!
Name, Habit, Parents, Woman left behind;
Ev'n Honour dubious, thou preferr'st to go
Wild to the Woods with me; said Emma so?
Or did I dream what Emma never said?
O guilty error! and oh wretched Maid!
Whose roving fancy would resolve the same
With him, who next should tempt her easie same;
And blow with emptywords the susceptible slame.
Now why should doubtful terms thy mind perplex?
Confess thy frailty, and avow the Sex:
No longer loose desire for constant Love [tove.
Mistake; but say 'tis Man, with whom thou long'st to

E M M A.

Are there not Poisons, Racks, & slames, & swords;
That Emma thus must die by Henry's words?
Yet what could Swords or poison, Racks or slame
But mangle & disjoint this brittle Frame? [Fame.]
More fatal Henry's words; they murder Emma's

And fall these sayings from that gentle tongue, Where civil speech and soft persuasion hung? Whose artful sweetness and harmonious strain Courting my grace, yet courting it in vain, Call'd Sighs, and Tears, and Wishes to its aid: And, whilst it Henry's glowing slame convey'd, Still blam'd the coldness of the Nut-brown Maid.

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tter-

ne. HENI Let envious Jealousie and canker'd Spight Produce my action to severest light;
And tax my open day, or secret night.
Did e'er my tongue speak my unguarded heart.
The least inclin'd to play the Wanton's part?

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Did e'er my eye one inward thought reveal, Which Angels might not hear, and Virgins tell? And hast thou, Henry, in my conduct known One fault, but that which I must ever own; That I of all Mankind have lov'd but thee alone?

HENRY.

Vainly thou talk'st of loving me alone: Each Man is Man, and all our Sex is one. False are our words, and fickle is our mind: Nor in Love's Ritual can we ever find Vows made to last, or Promises to bind.

By Nature prompted, and for Empire made, Alike by strength or cunning we invade: When arm'd with rage we march against the Foe; We lift the Battel-ax, and draw the Bow: When sir'd with Passion we attack the Fair; Delusive sighs and brittle vows we bear: Our falsehood and our Arms have equal use, As they our conquest or delight produce.

The foolish Heart thou gav'st, again receive; (The only boon departing Love can give:)
To be less wretched, be no longer true:
What strives to sly thee, why should strhou pursue?
Forget the present slame; indulge a new.
Single the loveliest of the amorous Youth;
Ask for his Vow; but hope not for his truth.
The next Man (and the next thou shalt believe)
Will pawn his Gods, intending to deceive;
Will kneel, implore, persist, o'ercome, and leave.
Hence let thy Cupid aim his Arrows right;
Be wise, and salse; shun trouble; seek delight;
Change thou the first; nor wait thy Lover's slight.

Why shouldst thou weep? let Nature judge our case:
Isaw thee young, and fair; pursu'd the chase
Of Youth, and Beauty: I another saw
Fairer, and younger; yielding to the Law
Of our all-ruling Mother, I pursu'd
More Youth, more Beauty: Blest vicissitude!
My active Heart still keeps its prissine Flame;
The object alter'd, the desire the same.

This younger fairer pleads her rightful Charms: With present power compels me to her arms. And much I fear from my subjected mind, (If Beauty's force to constant love can bind) That Years may roll, e'er, inher turn, the Maid Shall weep the fury of my Love decay'd: And weeping follow me, as thou dost now, With idle clamours of a broken Vow.

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Nor can the wildness of thy wishes err so wide, to hope that thou may'st live with her. Love, well thou know'st, no partnership allows: Cupid averse rejects divided Vows.

Then from thy foolish heart, vain Maid, remove A useles forrow, and an ill-starr'd Love; [rove.]

And leave me with the Fair, at large in woods to

EMMA.

Are we in life thro' one great error led?

Is each Man perjur'd, and each Nymph betray'd?

Of the superior Sex art thou the worst?

Am I of mine the most compleatly curst?

Yet let me go with thee, and going prove,

From what I will endure, how much I love.

This

This potent Beauty, this triumphant Fair,
This happy object of our diff'rent care,
Her let me follow; Her let me attend,
A Servant: (She may scorn the name of Friend)
What she demands, incessant I'll prepare;
I'll weave her Garlands, and I'll pleat her hair:
My busie diligence shall deck her board;
(For there at least I may approach my Lord:)
And when her Henry's softer hours advise
His Servant's absence; with dejected eyes
Far I'll recede, and sighs forbid to rise.

Yet when encreasing Grief brings flow Disease; And ebbing life, on terms fevere as these. Will have its little lamp no longer fed: When Henry's Miftress shows him Emma dead; Rescue my poor Remains from vile neglect; With virgin Honours let my Herse be deckt, And decent Emblem; and at least persuade 'This happy Nymph, that Emma may be laid, Where thou, dear Author of my Death, where the With frequent eye my Sepulchre may fee. The Nymph amidst her joys may haply breath One pious Sigh, reflecting on my death, And the fad Fate which she may one day prove, Who hopes from Henry's Vows eternal Love. And thou for sworn, thou cruel, as thou art, If Emma's Image ever touch'd thy heart; Thou fure must give one thought, & drop one test, To her whom Love abandon'd to Despair; To her, who dying, on the wounded fione Bid it in lasting characters be known, That of Mankind she lov'd but thee alone,

HENR

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Hear, folemn Jove; and confcious Venus hear;
And thou, bright Maid, believe me, whilft I fwear;
No time, no change, no future flame shall move
The well plac'd basis of my lasting love.
O powerful Virtue! O Victorious Fair!
At least excuse a tryal too severe;
Receive the Triumph, and forget the War.

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IENR

No banish'd Man condemn'd in woods to rove Intreats thy pardon, and implores thy Love; No perjur'd Knight desires to quit thy arms, Fairest collection of thy Sexes Charms: Crown of my Love, and Honour of my Youth, Henry, thy Henry with eternal truth, As thou may'st wish, shall all his life imploy, And found his glory in his Emma's joy.

In me behold the potent Edgar's Heir, Illustrious Earl: Him terrible in War Let Loyre confess; for she has felt his Sword; And trembling fled before the British Lord. Him great in Peace and Wealth fair Deva knows; For the amidst his spacious meadows flows: Inclines her urn upon his fatten'd lands; And sees his numerous Herds imprint her sands.

And thou, my Fair, my Dove, shalt raise thy thought

Togreatness next to Empire; shalt be brought, With solemn pomp, to my Paternal seat, Where Peace and Plenty on thy word shall wait. Musick and Song shall wake the marriage-day; And while the Priests accuse the Bride's delay; Myrtles and Roses shall obstruct her way.

Friend-

218

Friendship shall still thy evening Feasts adom; And blooming Peace shall ever bless thy Mom. Succeeding Years their happy race shall run; And Age unheeded by Delight come on, While yet superior Love shall mock his Pow'r: And when old Time shall turn the sated hour, Which only can our well-ty'd knot unfold; What rests of both, one Sepulchre shall hold.

Hence then for ever from my Emma's break (That Heav'n offostness, and that Seat of rest) Ye Doubts and Fears, and all that know to move Tormenting Grief, and all that trouble Love, Scatter'd by winds recede, & wild in Forests rove.

EMMA.

O day the fairest sure that ever rose! Period and end of anxious Emma's woes; Sire of her joy, and fource of her delight; O! wing'd with pleafure take thy happy flight; And give each future morn a tincture of thy white. Yet tell thy Vot'ry, potent Queen of Love, Henry, my Henry, will he never rove? Will he be ever kind, and just, and Good? And is there yet no Mistress in the wood? None, none there is: The thought was rash and vain A false idea, and a fancy'd pain. Doubt shall for ever quit my strengthen'd heart; And anxious Jealousie's corroding smart: Nor other Inmate shall inhabit there, But fost belief, young joy, and pleasing care. Hence let the tides of Plenty ebb and flow, And Fortune's various gale unheeded blow;

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Ang Sm If at my feet the suppliant Goddess stands.

And sheds her Treasures with unweary'd hands;

Her present favour cautious I'll embrace;

And not unthankful use the prosser'd grace:

If she reclaims the temporary Boon,

And tries her pinions, slutt'ring to be gone;

Secure of mind I'll obviate her intent,

And unconcern'd return the good she lent.

Nor Happiness can I, nor Misery feel,

From any turn of her fantastick Wheel:

Friendship's great Laws, & Love's superior Pow'rs,

Must mark the colour of my future hours,

From the events which thy commands create,

I must my blessings or my forrows date:

And Henry's will must dictate Emma's Fate.

Yet while with close delight and inward pride (Which from the World my careful Soul shall hide) I see thee, Lord and end of my desire, Exalted high as Virtue can require; With pow'r invested, and with pleasure chear'd; Sought by the Good, by the Oppressor sear'd; Loaded and blest with all the affluent store, Which human Vows at smoaking Shrines implore; Grateful and humble grant me to employ My life, subservient only to thy Joy; And at my Death to bless thy kindness shown Toher, who of Mankind could love but thee alone.

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While thus the constant Pair alternate said,
Joyful above them and around them play'd
Angels and sportive Loves, a numerous crowd;
Smiling they clapt their wings, and low they bow'd:
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They tumbled all their little Quivers o'er,
To chuse propitious Shasts; a precious store:
That when their God should take his future darts,
To strike (however rarely) constant Hearts;
His happy skill might proper Arms imploy,
All tipt with pleasure, and all wing'd with joy:
And those, they vow'd, whose lives should imitate
These Lovers constancy, should share their sate.

The Queen of Beauty stop'dher bridled Doves; Approv'd the little labour of the Loves; Was proud and pleas'd the mutual Vow to hear; And to the Triumph call'd the God of War; Soon as she calls, the God is always near.

Now Mars, she said, let Fame exalt her voice;
Nor let thy Conquests only be her choice:
But when she sings great Edward from the Field
Return'd, the hostile Spear and captive shield,
In Concord's Temple hung, and Gallia taught to
yield:

And when, as prudent Saturn shall compleat The Years design'd to perfect Britain's State; The swist-wing'd Power shall take her Trump again. To sing her Fav'rite Anna's wond'rous Reign: To recollect unweary'd Marlbrô's Toils, Old Rusus' Hall unequal to his Spoils; The British Soldier from his high command Glorious, and Gaul thrice vanquish'd by his hand: Let her at least perform what I desire; With second breath the vocal Brass inspire; And tell the Nations in no vulgar strain, What Wars I manage, and what Wreaths I gain.

And when thy Tumults and thy Fights are past:
And when thy Laurels at my feet are cast;
Faithful may'st thou like British Henry prove;
And Emma-like let me return thy Love.

Renown'd for truth let all thy Sons appear:

And constant Beauty shall reward their care.

Mars smil'd and bow'd: the Cyprian Deity

Turn'd to the glorious Ruler of the Sky:

And thou, she smiling said, Great God of Days And Verse, behold my deed; and sing my Praise. As on the British earth, my Fav'rite Isle, Thy gentle Rays and kindest Insluence smile; Thro' all her laughing fields and verdant groves, Proclaim with joy these memorable loves.

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And

From ev'ry annual course let one great Day, To celebrated Sports and storal play
Be set aside; and in the softest Lays
Of thy Poetic Sons, be solemn Praise,
And everlasting marks of Honour paid
To the true Lover, and the Nut-brown Maid.

CANTATA Set by Monsieur GALLIARD.

RECIT.

Beneath a verdant Laurel's ample shade,

His Lyre to mournful Numbers strung,

Horace, immortal Bard, supinely laid,

To Venus thus addressed the song:

Ten thousand little Leves around

Ten thousand little Loves around List'ning, dwelt on ev'ry sound.

ARIET

ARIET.

Potent Venus, bid thy fon Sound no more his dire Alarms.' Youth on filent wings is flown: Graver Years come rolling on. Spare my age, unfit for Arms: Safe and humble let me rest, From all am'rous care releas'd. Potent Venus bid thy son Sound no more his dire Alarms.

RECIT.

Yet, Venus, why do I each morn prepare
The fragrant Wreath for Cloe's hair?
Why, why do I all day lament, and figh,
Unless the beauteous Maid be nigh?
And why all night pursue her in my dreams,
Thro' flow'ry Meads, and crystal streams?

R E C I T.

Thus fung the Bard; and thus the Goddess spoke: Submissive bow to Love's imperious Yoke.

Ev'ry state, and ev'ry Age
Shall own my Rule, and fear my Rage:
Compell'd by me thy Muse shall prove,
That all the World was born to love.

ARIET.

Bid thy destin'd Lyre discover
Soft Desire, and gentle Pain:
Often praise, and always love her:
Thro' her ear her heart obtain.
Verse shall please, and sighs shall move her:
Cupid does with Phæbus reign.

AN

ODE,

Humbly inscrib'd to the

QUEEN:

ONTHE

Glorious Success

OF

Her MAJESTY'S Arms.

e:

Al

Written in Imitation of Spencer's style.

Te non paventis funera Galliæ, Duræque tellus audit Iberiæ: Te cæde gaudentes Sicambri Compositis venerantur armis.

Hor.



PREFACE

When I first thought of writing upon this occasion, I found the Ideas so great and numerous, that I judg'd them more proper for the warmth of an Ode, than for any other fort of Poetry: I therefore set so race before me for a Pattern, and particularly his semous Ode, the fourth of the fourth Book,

Qualem ministrum fulminis Alitem, er.

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which he writ in praise of Drusus after his Expedition into Germany, and of Augustus upon his happy choice of that General: And in the following Poem, tho' I have endeavour'd to imitate all the great firoks of that Ode, I have taken the liberty to go off from it, and to add variously, as the Subject and my own Imagination carry'd me. As to the Style, the choice! made of following the Ode in Latin, determin'd me in English to the Stanza; and herein it was impossible not to have a mind to follow our great Country man Spencer, which I have done (as well at half as I could) in the manner of my Expression, and the turn of my Numbers: Having only added one Vers to his Stanza, which I thought made the Number mor harmonious; and avoided such of his words as founded too obsolete: I have however retain'd som few of them, to make the Colouring look more like Spencer's. Behest, Command; Band, Army Prowess

rowefs, firength; I weet, I know; I ween, I. hink; whilom, heretofore; and two or three more of hat kind, which I hope the Ladies will pardon me, nd not judge my Muse less handsome, tho' for once he appears in a Farthingal. I have also, in Spencer's nanner, used Cæsar for the Emperor, Boya for Baaria, Bavar for that Prince, Ister for Danube, Ieria for Spain, &c.

That noble part of the Ode which I just now menion'd .

Gens, quæ cremato fortis ab Ilio Jactata Tuscis æquoribus, &c .---

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Army

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here Horace praises the Romans as being descendfrom Eneas, I have turn'd to the Honour of the ntish Nation, descended from Brute, likewise a Tron. That this Brute, fourth or fifth from Æneas, tiled in England, and built London, which he call'd roja Nova, er Troynovante, is a Story which (I ink) owes its original if not to Geoffry of Monmouth, least to the Monkish Writers; yet is not rejected by our reat Cambden; and Milton tells it, as if at least was pleas'd with it, tho' possibly he does not believe : however it carries a Poetical Authority, which Inflicient for our purpose. It is as certain that Brute me into England, as that Æneas went into Italy; d upon the supposition of these fasts, Virgil writ the I Poem that the World ever read, and Spencer paid wen Elizabeth the greatest compliment.

I need not obviate one piece of Criticism, that I ing my Hero,

From burning Troy, and Xanthus red with Blood,

whereas he was not born, when that City was de ftroy'd. Virgil, in the case of his own Eneas relating to Dido, will stand as a sufficient proof, that a Man in his poetical capacity is not accountable for little fault in Chronology.

My two great Examples, Horace and Spencer in many things resemble each other: Both have a heigh of Imagination, and a Majesty of expression in describ ing the Sublime; and both know to temper those To lents, and sweeten the Description, so as to make lovely, as well as pompous: Both have equally the agreeable manner of mixing Morality with their Story and that curiosa felicitas in the choice of their diction which every Writer aims at, and so very few har reach'd: Both are particularly fine in their Images and knowing in their Numbers. Leaving therefore our to Masters to the consideration and Study of those w design to excel in Poetry, I only beg leave to add, th it is long since I have (or at least ought to have) quitt Parnassus, and all the flow'ry roads on that side t Country; tho' I thought my self indispensably oblig upon the present occasion, to take a little Journey in those parts.



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I.

When Great Augustus govern'd ancient Rome, Wandsent his conq'ring Bands to foreign Wars; Abroad when dreaded, and belov'd at home, He saw his Fame encreasing with his years; Horace, great Bard, so Fate ordain'd, arose; And bold, as were his Country-men in Fight, Snatch'd their fair Actions from degrading Prose; And set their Battels in eternal light: High as their Trumpet's tune his Lyre he strung, And with his Prince's Arms he moraliz'd his Song.

11.

When bright Eliza rul'd Britannia's State,
Videly distributing her high Commands;
and boldly Wise, and fortunately Great,
reed the glad Nations from tyrannick bands;
an equal Genius was in Spencer found;
To the high Theme he match'd his noble Lays;
the travell'd England o'er on Fairy-ground,
an mystick Notes to sing his Monarch's Praise:
P 2
Re-

Reciting wondrous truths in pleasing Dreams, He deck'd Eliza's head with Gloriana's Beams.

III.

But, Greatest Anna: while thy Arms pursue Paths of Renown, and climb ascents of Fame, Which nor Augustus, nor Eliza knew; What Poet shall be found to sing thy Name? What Numbers shall record, what Tongue shall sy Thy Wars on Land, thy Triumphs on the Main? O Fairest Model of Imperial Sway! What equal Pen shall write thy wond'rous Reign? Who shall Attempts and Feats of Arms rehearse, Not yet by Story told, nor parallel'd by Verse?

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Me all too mean for fuch a task I weet;
Yet if the Sovereign Lady daign's to smile,
I'll follow Horace with impetuous heat,
And cloath the Verse in Spencer's native stile.
By these examples rightly taught to sing,
And smit with pleasure of my Country's Praise,
Stretching the plumes of an uncommon wing,
High as Olympus I my Flight will raise:
And latest Times shall in my Numbers read
Anna's Immortal Fame, and Marlbrô's hardy Deco

V.

As the strong Eagle in the filent Wood, Mindless of warlike rage, and hostile care, Plays round the rocky cliff, or crystal flood, 'Till by Jove's high behests call'd out to War, And charg'd with Thunder of his angry King, His boson with the vengeful Message glows:

Upw

Upward the noble Bird directs his wing; and tow'ring round his Master's earth-born Foes, swift he collects his fatal stock of Ire; Lists his sierce talon high, & darts the sorked Fire.

VI.

Sedate and calm thus Victor Marlbrô fate haded with Laurels, in his native land:
Till Anna calls him from his foft Retreat;
Ind gives her fecond Thunder to his hand:
Then leaving sweet repose, and gentle ease,
With ardent speed he seeks the distant Foe;
Sarching o'er Hills & Vales, o'er Rocks and Seas,
Temeditates, and strikes the wond'rous Blow:
Thursday, and strikes the wond'rous Blow:
Thought slies slower than our General's Fame;
Tasps he the Bolt? we ask; when he has hurl'd the Flame.

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VII.

When fierce Bavar on Judoign's spacious Plain id from a far the British Chief behold; twixt Despair, and Rage, and Hope, and Pain, mething within his warring bosom roll'd: eviews that Fav'rite of Indulgent Fame, hom whilom he had met on Ister's Shoar: no well, alas! the Man he knows, the same, hose Prowess there repell'd the Boyan pow'r; adsent them trembling thro' the frighted lands, wift as the Whirlwind drives Arabia's scatter'd sands.

VIII.

s former losses he forgets to grieve;

osolves his Fate, if with a kinder ray

now would shine, and only give him leave

balance the Account of Blenheim's Day.

P 3

So the fell Lion in the lonely glade,
(His fide still smarting with the Hunter's Spear)
Tho' deeply wounded, no way yet dismay'd,
Roars terrible, and meditates new War;
In sullen sury traverses the plain,
To find the vent'rous Foe, and battel him again.

Misguided Prince, no longer urge thy Fate;
Nor tempt the Hero to unequal War;
Fam'd in Missortune, and in ruin Great,
Confess the force of Marlbrô's stronger Star.
Those Laurel Groves (the merits of thy youth)
Which thou from Mahomet didst greatly gain,
While bold Afferter of resistless Truth,
Thy Sword did Godlike Liberty maintain;
Must from thy brow their falling Honours shed;
And their transplanted Wreaths must deck a wother Head.

X.

Yet cease the ways of Providence to blame;
And human faults with human grief confess;
'Tis thou art chang'd, while Heav'n is still the same
From thy ill Councils date thy ill success.
Impartial Justice holds her equal Scales,
'Till stronger Virtue does the weight incline:
If over thee thy glorious Foe prevails,
He now defends the Cause, that once was thine.
Righteous the War, the Champion shall subdue:
For Jove's great Handmaid, Power, must Jou

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XI.

Hark! the dire Trumpets found their shrill Alarms:

Auverquerque, branch'd from the renown'd Nassaws,

Hoary in War, and bent beneath his Arms,

His glorious Sword with dauntless Courage draws.

When anxious Britain mourn'd her parting Lord,

And all of William that was mortal dy'd:

The faithful Hero had receiv'd this Sword

From his expiring Master's much lov'd side.

Oft from its fatal Ire has Louis flown,

Where-e'er Great William led, or Maese & Sambre run.

XII.

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But brandish'd high, in an ill-omen'd hour to thee, proud Gaul, behold thy justest fear, the Master Sword, disposer of thy power; Tis that which Casar gave the British Peer. He took the Gist; Nor ever will I sheath this Steel, (so Anna's high behests ordain) the General said, unless by glorious death bsolv'd, 'till Conquest has confirm'd your Reign. Leturns like these our Mistress bids us make, When from a Foreign Prince a Gist her Britons take.

XIII.

And now fierce Gallia rushes on her Foes, ler force augmented by the Boyan Bands:

o Volga's stream, increas'd by mountain snows, olls with new fury down thro' Russia's lands. ike two great Rocks against the raging Tide, If Virtue's force with Nature's we compare) inmov'd the two united Chiefs abide; ustain the Impulse, and receive the War.

P 4

Round

Round their firm fides in vain the Tempest beats; And still the foaming wave with lessen'd pow XIV.

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The Rage dispers'd, the glorious Pair advance, With mingled anger, and collected might, To turn the War; and tell aggressing France, How Britain's Sons, and Britain's Friends can fight. On conquest fix'd, and covetous of Fame, Behold 'em rushing thro' the Gallic Host: Thro's standing corn so runs the studden slame, Or eastern Winds along Sicilia's coast. They deal their terrors to the adverse Nation: Pale Death attends their Arms, & ghastly Desolation

XV.

But while with fiercest Ire Bellona glows;
And Europe rather hopes than fears her Fate;
While Britain presses her afflicted Foes;
What Horror damps the Strong, & quells the Great Whence look the Soldiers cheeks dismay'd & pale.
Erst ever dreadful, know they now to dread?
The Hostile Troops, I ween, almost prevail;
And the Pursuers only not recede:
Alas! their lessen'd Rage proclaims their gries;
For anxious, lo! they croud around their fallingChie

XVI

I thank thee, Fate, exclaims the fierce Bavar; Let Boya's Trumpet grateful Io's found: I faw him fall, their Thunderbolt of War:----Ever to Vengeance facred be the ground.----Vain Wish! short Joy! the Hero mounts again In greater Glory, and with fuller Light: The Ev'ning Star so falls into the Main,
To rise at Morn more prevalently bright.
He rises safe; but near, too near his side,
Agood Man's grievous loss, a faithful Servant dy'd.
XVII.

Propitious Mars! the Battel is regain'd:
The Foe with leffen'd wrath disputes the Field:
The Briton fights, by fav'ring Gods sustain'd:
Freedom must live, and lawless Power must yield.
Vain now the Tales which sab'ling Poets tell,
That wav'ring Conquest still desires to rove:
In Marlbro's Camp the Goddess knows to dwell;
Long as the Hero's life remains her love.

Again France flies, again the Duke pursues;
And on Ramillia's Plains he Blenheim's Fame renews.

XVIII.

Great thanks, O Captain great in Arms! receive, From thy Triumphant Country's publick voice: Thy Country greater thanks can only give To Anne, to her who made those Arms her choice, Recording Schellenberg's and Blenheim's Toils, We dreaded lest thou should'st those Toils repeat: We view'd the Palace charg'd with Gallic Spoils; And in those Spoils we thought thy Praise compleat: For never Greek, we deem'd, nor Roman Knight, In Characters like these did e'er his Acts indite.

XIX.

Yet mindless still of ease thy Virtue slies Apitch, to old and modern times unknown: Those goodly Deeds which we so highly prize, Impersect seem, great Chief, to thee alone.

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Those heights where William's Virtue might have staid And on the subject World look'd safely down; By Marlbrô pass'd, the props and steps were made Sublimer yet to raise his Queen's Renown:

Still gaining more, still slighting what he gain'd, Nought done the Hero deem'd, while ought undone remain'd.

XX.

When swift-wing'd Rumor told the mighty Gaul,
How lessen'd from the Field Bavar was sled:
He wept the swiftness of the Champion's fall;
And thus the Royal Treaty-breaker said:
And lives he yet, the Great, the lost Bavar,
Ruin to Gallia, in the Name of Friend?
Tell me how far has Fortune been severe?
Has the Foe's Glory, or our grief an end?
Remains there, of the Fifty Thousand lost,
To save our threaten'd Realm, or guard ourshatxxi. [ter'd coast?

To the close Rock the frighted Raven flies; Soon as the rifing Eagle cuts the air: The shaggy Wolf unseen and trembling lyes, When the hoarse roar proclaims the Lion near. Ill-starr'd did we our Forts and Lines forsake, To dare our British Foes to open Fight: Our Conquest we by Stratagem should make: Our Triumph had been founded in our Flight: 'Tis ours, by crast, and by surprize to gain: 'Tis theirs, to meet in Arms, & battel in the Plain.

XXII.

The ancient Father of this hostile brood, Their boasted Brute, undaunted snatch'd his Gods

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From burning Troy, and Xanthus red with blood, And fix'd on Silver Thames his dire abodes: And this be Troynovante, he faid, the Seat By Heav'n ordain'd, my Sons, your lasting place: Superior here to all the Bolts of Fate Live, mindful of the Author of your Race; Whom neither Greece, nor War nor Want, nor Flame, Nor Great Peleides' arm, nor Juno's rage could tame.

XXIII.

Their Tudor's hence, and Stuart's Off-spring flow;
Hence Edward dreadful with his sable Shield;
Talbot to Gallia's pow'r eternal Foe;
And Seymour sam'd in Council, or in Field:
Hence Nevil great to settle or dethrone;
And Drake, and Ca'ndish, Terrors of the Sea:
Hence Butler's Sons, o'er Land and Ocean known;
Herbert's and Churchill's warring Progeny:
Hence the long Roll which Gallia should conceal;
For oh! Who vanquish'd loves the Victors Fame to
xxiv. [tell?

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Envy'd Britannia, sturdy as the Oak,
Which on her Mountain top she proudly bears,
Eludes the ax, and sprouts against the stroke;
Strong from her wound, and greater by her Wars.
And as those Teeth, which Cadmus sow'd in earth,
Produc'd new Youth, and surnish'd fresh Supplies:
So with young vigour, and succeeding birth,
Her losses more than recompens'd arise;
And ev'ry Age she with a Race is crown'd,
For Letters more polite, in Battels more renown'd.

XXV.

XXV.

Obstinate Pow'r, whom nothing can repel!

Not the sierce Saxon, nor the cruel Dane,

Nor deep impression of the Norman Steel;

Nor Europe's force amass'd by envious Spain;

Nor France on Universal sway intent,

Oft breaking Leagues, and oft renewing Wars:

Nor (frequent bane of weaken'd Government)

Their own intestine seuds, and mutual jars:

Those seuds and jars in which I trusted more,

Than in my Troops, & Fleets, & all the Gallic pow'r.

XXVI.

To fruitful Rheims, or fair Lutetia's Gate,
What tidings shall the Messenger convey?
Shall the loud Herald our Success relate?
Or mitred Priest appoint the solemn Day?
Alas! my Praises they no more must sing;
They to my Statue now must bow no more:
Broken, repuls'd is their Immortal King;
Fall'n, fall'n for ever, is the Gallic Pow'r--The Woman Chief is Master of the War:
Earth she has freed by Arms; and vanquish'd Heav'n
by Pray'r.

XXVII.

Whilft thus the ruin'd Foe's despair commends
Thy Council and thy Deed; victorious Queen;
What shall thy Subjects say, and what thy Friends?
How shall thy Triumphs in our joy be seen?
Oh! daign to let the Eldest of the Nine
Recite Britannia great, and Gallia free:
Oh! with her Sister Sculpture let her join,
Toraise, Great Anne, the Monument to thee:

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To thee, of all our good the facred Spring:
To thee, our dearest Dread, to thee, our softer King.

XXVIII.

Let Europe fav'd the Column high erect,
Than Trajan's higher, or than Antonine's;
Where fembling Art may carve the fair effect,
And full Archievement of thy great designs.
In a calm Heav'n, and a serener air,
Sublime, the Queen shall on the Summit stand;
From danger far, as far remov'd from sear;
And pointing down to Earth her dread Command;
All Winds, all Storms that threaten human woe,
Shall sink beneath her seet, & spread their rage below.

XXIX.

There Fleets shall strive by winds and waters tost;
'Till the young Austrian on Iberia's strand,
Great as Eneas on the Latian coast,
Shall six his foot; and this, be this the Land,
Great Jove, where I for ever will remain;
(The Empire's other Hope shall say;) and here
Vanquish'd intomb'd I'll lye, or crown'd I'll reign—
O Virtue to thy British Mother dear!
Like the sam'd Trojan suffer and abide;
For Anne is thine, I ween, as Venus was his Guide.

XXX.

There, in eternal Characters engrav'd,
Vigo, and Gibraltar, and Barcelone,
Their force destroy'd, their Privileges sav'd,
Shall Anna's Terrors, and her Mercies own:
Spain, from th' Usurper Bourbon's Arms retriev'd,
Shall with new life and grateful joy appear;
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Numb'ring the wonders which that Youth atchiev'd, Whom Anna clad in Arms, and fent to War: Whom Anna fent to claim Iberia's Throne; And make him more than King, in calling him her XXXI.

There Ister pleas'd, by Blenheim's glorious Field Rolling, shall bid his eastern waves declare Germania sav'd by Britain's ample Shield; And bleeding Gaul afflicted by her Spear: Shall bid them mention Marlbrô, on that shore Leading his Islanders renown'd in Arms, Thro' Climes, where never British Chief before, Or pitch'd his Camp, or sounded his Alarms: Shall bid them bless the Queen, who made his streams Glorious as those of Boyn, & safe as those of Thames.

XXXII.

Brabantia, clad with Fields, & crown'd with Tow'rs, With decent joy shall her Deliv'rer meet; [Pow'rs, Shall own thy Arms, Great Queen; and bless thy Laying the Keys beneath thy Subject's seet.

Flandria, by plenty made the home of war, Shall weep her crime, and bow to Charles restor'd; With double Vows shall bless thy happy care, In having drawn, or having sheath'd the Sword. From these their Sister Provinces shall know, How Anne supports a Friend, or how forgives a Foe.

XXXIII.

Bright Swords, & crefted Helms, & pointed Spears In artful piles around the work shall lye; And Shields indented deep in ancient wars, Blazon'd with Signs of Gallic Heraldry:

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And Standards with distinguish'd Honours bright, Marks of high Pow'r, and national Command; Which Valois' Sons, and Bourbon's bore in Fight, Or gave to Foix', or Montmorancy's hand: Great Spoils, which Gallia must to Britain yield, From Cressy's Battel sav'd, to grace Ramillia's Field.

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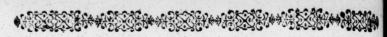
And

And as fine Art the spaces may dispose;
The knowing thought and curious eye shall see
Thy Emblem, Gracious Queen, the British Rose,
Type of sweet Rule, and gentle Majesty:
The Northern Thissle, whom no hostile hand
Unhurt too rudely may provoke, I ween;
Hibernia's Harp, Device of her command,
And Parent of her mirth, shall there be seen:
Thy vanquish'd Lillies, France, decay'd and torn,
Shall, with disorder'd pomp, the lasting Work adorn.

XXXV.

Beneath, Great Queen, oh! very far beneath,
Near to the ground, and on the humble Base,
To save her self from darkness, and from death,
That Muse desires the last, the lowest place,
Who tho' unmeet, yet touch'd the trembling string,
For the fair Fame of Anne and Albion's Land;
Who durst of War and Martial Fury sing;
And when thy Will, and when thy Marlbro's hand
Had quell'd those Wars, and bid that Fury cease;
Hangs up her grateful Harp, to Conquest & to Peace.





Her Right Name.

A S Nancy at her Toylet fat, Admiring this, and blaming that; Tell me, she said; but tell me true; The Nymph who cou'd your heart subdue, What fort of Charms does the posses? Absolve me Fair one: I'll confess; With pleasure I reply'd. Her hair, In ringlets rather dark than fair, Does down her Iv'ry Bosom roll, And hiding half, adorns the whole. In her high Forehead's fair half round Love fits in open Triumph crown'd: He in the dimple of her chin, In private state by Friends is feen. Her Eyes are neither black, nor grey; Nor fierce, nor feeble is their ray: Their dubious lustre seems to show Something that speaks nor yes, nor no. Her Lips no living Bard, I weet, May fay how red, how round, how fweet: Old Homer only cou'd indite Their vagrant grace, and foft delight: They stand recorded in his Book, When Helen smil'd, and Hebe spoke----The Gipfy turning to her glass, Too plainly show'd, she knew the face. And which am I most like, she said, Your Cloe, or your Nut-Brown Maid?

Written

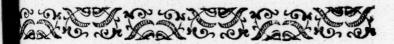
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Written in an OVID.

Vid is the furest Guide,
You can name, to show the way,
To any Woman, Maid, or Bride,
Who resolves to go astray.



A True Maid.

When I lose that, says Rose, I'll dye. chind the Elmes last night cry'd Dick, see, were you not extreamely sick?

ANOTHER.

En months after Florimel happen'd to wed, And was brought in a laudable manner to bed, newarbl'd her groans with so charming a voice hat one half of the Parish was stun'd with the noise, it when Florimel deign'd to lie privately in, en months before she and her Spouse were a-kin;

Trittel

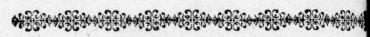
She

She chose with such prudence her pangs to conceal.

That her Nurse, nay her Midwise, scarce heardher once squeal.

Learn, Husband, from hence for the peace of your lives,

That Maids make not half such a tumult, as Wives.



A Reasonable Affliction.

ON his Death-bed poor Lubin lies:
His Spouse is in despair:
With frequent sobs, and mutual cries,
They both express their care.

A different cause, says Parson sly, The same effect may give: Poor Lubin sears, that he shall die; His Wise, that he may live.



Another Reasonable Affliction

Rom her own native France as old Alison past,
She reproach'd English Nell with Neglect of
with Malice,

That the Slattern had left in the hurry and hast, Her Lady's Complexion, and Eye-brows at Calais.



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ANOTHER.

TEr Eye-brow-box one morning lost, (The best of folks are oft'nest crost) ad Helen thus to Jenny said, Her careless but afflicted Maid,

ut me to bed then, wretched Jane:
las when shall I rise again?
can behold no Mortal now;
for what's an Eye without a Brow?

On the same subject.

\(\rightarrow\rightarr

Na dark corner of the House,
Poor Helen sits; and sobs and cries:
he will not see her Loving spouse,
Nor her more dear Picquet-Allies:
Unless she finds her Eye-brows,
She'll e'en weep out her Eyes

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alais.

NO

On the same.

Her Eye-brows on the Toilet lay:
Away the Kitten with them fled,
Fees belonging to her Prey.

Q 2

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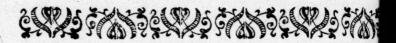
For this misfortune careless Jane.

Assure your self, was loudly rated:

And Madam getting up again

With her own hand the Mouse-Trap baited.

On little things, as Sages write,
Depends our human joy, or forrow:
If we don't catch a Mouse to-night,
Alas! no Eye-brows for to-morrow.



Phyllis's Age.

HOw old may Phyllis be, you ask,
Whose Beauty thus all Hearts engages?
To answer is no easie task;
For she has really two Ages.

Stif in Brockard, and pinch'd in stays, Her Patches, Paint, and Jewels on; All day let Envy view her face; And Phyllis is but twenty-one.

Paint, Patches, Jewels laid aside, At night Astronomers agree, The Evening has the Day bely'd; And Phyllis is some Forty-three.



DECEMBER OF THE PROPERTY OF TH

Forma Bonum Fragile.

What a frail thing is Beauty, fays Baron Le Crass,
We Perceiving his Mistress had one Eye of glass:
And scarcely had he spoke it;
When she more confused, as more angry she grew,
by a negligent rage, proved the Maxim too true:
She dropt the Eye, and broke it.

A Critical Moment.

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For

Ow capricious were Nature & Art to poor Nell?

She was painting her Cheeks at the time her

Nose fell.

An EPIGRAM.

Written to the Duke de Noailles.

That uncall'd Alard will possess

Our House and Coach, both day and night;

Ind that Mackbeth was haunted less

By Banquo's restless spright,

Q 3

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With fifteen Thousand Pound a year Do you complain, you cannot bear, An ill, you may so soon retrieve! Good Alard, faith, is modester By much, than you believe.

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Lend him but fifty Louis d'or,
And you shall never see him more:
Take the advice; Probatum est.
Why do the Gods indulge our store,
But to secure our rest;



EPILOGUE

TO

PHADRA;

Spoken by Mrs. Oldfield, who acted Ismena.

Adies, to-night your Pity I implore
For one who never troubled you before:
An Oxford Man, extreamly read in Greek,
Who from Euripides makes Phadra speak;
And comes to Town, to let us Moderns know
How Women lov'd two thousand years ago.

If that be all, faid I, e'en burn your Play; I' gad! we know all that, as well as they:
Show us the youthful, handsome Charioteer,
Firm in his feat, and running his career;

Our Souls would kindle with as gen'rous flames,
As e'er inspir'd the ancient Grecian Dames:
Ev'ry Ismena would resign her breast;
And ev'ry dear Hippolytus be blest.

But, as it is, fix flouncing Flanders Mares
Are e'en as good as any two of theirs:
And if Hippolytus can but contrive

To buy the gilded Chariot, John can drive. Now of the bustle you have seen to-day, And Phadra's Morals in this Scholar's Play,

Something at least in justice should be said:

But this Hippolytus fo fills ones head----Well! Phadra liv'd as chaftly as she cou'd;

For the was Father Jove's own flesh and blood: Her aukward Love indeed was odly fated;

the and her *Poly* were too near related:

And yet that scruple had been laid aside;

shonest Theseus had but fairly dy'd:

But when he came, what needed he to know, But that all matters stood in statu quo?

There was no harm, you fee: or grant there were;

he might want conduct; but he wanted care.

Twas in a Husband little less than rude,

Joon his Wife's retirement to intrude----

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le should have sent a night or two before,

hat he would come exact at fuch an hour:

Then he had turn'd all tragedy to jest; ound ev'ry thing contribute to his rest;

The Picquet Friend dismiss'd, the coast all clear,

nd Spouse alone, impatient for her Dear.
But if these gay Reslections come too late,

o keep the guilty Phadra from her fate:

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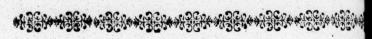
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We

If your more serious Judgment must condemn The dire essects of her unhappy Flame: Yet, ye chaste Matrons, and ye tender Fair, Let Love and Innocence engage your care: My spotless slames to your protection take; And spare poor Phadra for Ismena's sake.



EPILOGUE

TO

L U C I U S.

Spoken by Mrs. Horton.

He Female Author who recites to-day, Trusts to her Sex the merit of her Play. Like Father Bayes securely she sits down: Pits, Box and Gallery, Gad! All's our own. In antient Greece, the fays, when Sappho writ, By their applause the Critics show'd their wit. They tun'd their Voices to her Lyric string, Tho' they cou'd all do fomething more than fing. But one Exception to this fact we find That Booby Phaon only was unkind, An ill-bred Boat-man, rough as waves and wind. From Sappho down thro' all fucceeding Ages, And now on French, or on Italian stages, Rough Satyrs, fly Remarks, ill-natur'd Speeches, Are always aim'd at Poets, that wear Breeches. Arm Arm'd with Longinus, or with Rapin, no Man Drew a sharp Pen upon a naked Woman. The blustring Bully in our neighb'ring streets, scorns to attack the Female that he meets: Fearless the Petticoat contemns his frowns: The Hoop secures, whatever it surrounds. The many-color'd Gentry there above, By turns are rul'd by tumult, and by love: And while their sweet-hearts their attention six, Suspend the din of their damn'd clatt'ring sticks. Now Sirs---

To you our Author makes her fost Request Who speak the kindest, and who write the best. Your sympathetic hearts the hopes to move, From tender Friendship, and endearing love. If Petrarch's Muse did Laura's wit rehearse, And Cowly flatter'd dear Orinda's Verse; She hopes from you-Pox take her Hopes & Fears; I plead her Sexe's claim: what matters hers! By our full pow'r of Beauty we think fit, To damn this Salique Law impos'd on Wit: We'll try the Empire you so long have boasted; And if we are not prais'd, we'll not be Toasted. Approve what one of us prefents to-night; Or ev'ry Mortal Woman here shall write: Rural, Pathetic, Narrative, Sublime, We'll write to you, & make you write in Rhime: female Remarks shall take up all your time: fourtime poor fouls! we'll take your very Money; emale Third-days shall come so thick upon ye. islong as we have eyes, or hands, or breath, We'll look, or write, or talk you all to death.

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Unless ye yield for better and for worse:
Then the she-Pegasus shall gain the course;
And the Grey-Mare will prove the better Horse.

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The THIEF and the Cordelier A BALLAD.

To the Tune of King John and the Abbot of Canterbury.

W Ho has e'er been at Paris, must needs know the Greve,
The fatal Retreat of th' unfortune Brave;

Where Honor and Justice most odly contribute, To ease Hero's pains by a Halter and Gibbet.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

There Death breaks the shackles, which Force had put on;

And the Hangman compleats, what the Judgebu begun:

There the Squire of the Pad, & the Knight of the Post Find their pains no more balk'd, and their hopes n

Derry down, &c.

more crost.

Great claims are there made, and great fecretsat known;

And the King, & the Law, & the Thief has his own

But my Hearers cry out; What a duce dost thou ayl? Cut off thy Reflections, and give us thy Tale.

Derry down, &c.

'T was there then, in civil respect to harsh Laws, And for want of false Witness, to back a bad cause, A Norman, tho' late, was oblig'd to appear: And who to affift, but a grave Cordelier?

Derry down, &c.

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The Squire, whose good grace was to open the scene, Seem'd not in great haste, that the show shou'd begin: Now fitted the Halter, now travers'd the Cart; And often took leave; but was loath to depart.

Derry down, &c,

What frightens you thus, my good fon? fays the Prieft: You murther'd, are forry, and have been confest. OFather! my forrow will scarce save my bacon: For 'twas not that I murther'd but that I was taken.

Derry down, &c.

Pough! pr'ythee ne'er trouble thy head with fuch

Rely on the aid you shall have from Saint Francis: If the money you promis'd be brought to the cheft You have only to dye: let the Church do the rest.

Derry down . &c.

And what will Folks fay, if they see you asraid? treflects upon me; as I knew not my trade: Courage, Friend; To-day is your period of forrow; and things will go better, believe me, to-morrow.

Derry down, &c.

To morrow? our Hero reply'd in a fright, [night, He that's hang'd before Noon, ought to think ofto. Tell your Beadsquoth the Prieft, & be fairly truss'dup: For you surely to-night shall in Paradise sup.

Derry down, &c.

Alas!quoth the Squire, howe'er sumptuous the Treat, Parbleu, I shall have little stomach to eat: I should therefore esteem it great favor, and grace, Wou'd you be so kind, as to go in my place.

Derry down, &c.

That I wou'd quoth the Father, & thank you to boot, But our Actions, you know, with our Duty must suit. The Feast I propos'd to you, I cannot taste: For this night, by our Order, is mark'd for a Fast. Derry down, &c.

Then turning about to the Hangman, he said,
Dispatch me, I pr'ythee, this troublesome Blade:
For thy cord, and my cord both equally tie;
And we live by the Gold, for which other Mendye.

Derry down, &c.

An EPITAPH.

Stet quicunque volet potens Aula culmine lubrico, &c.

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Nterr'd beneath this Marble stone, Lie saunt'ring Jack and idle Joan, While rolling threescore Years and one Did round this Globe their courses run; If human things went ill or well;
If changing Empires rose or fell;
The morning past the evening came,
And found this Couple still the same.
They walk'd, and eat, good Folks: Whatthen?
Why then they walk'd and eat again.

They foundly flept the night away:
They did just nothing all the day:
And having bury'd Children four,
Wou'd not take pains to try for more.
Nor Sister either had, nor Brother
They seem'd just tally'd for each other.

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Their Moral and Oeconomy Most perfectly they made agree: Each Virtue kept it's proper bound, Nor trespass'd on the other's ground. Nor Fame nor Cenfure they regarded: They neither punish'd, nor rewarded. He car'd not what the Footman did: Her Maids she neither prais'd nor chid: so ev'ry Servant took his course; And bad at first, they all grew worse. Slothful disorder fill'd his stable; And fluttish Plenty deck'd her Table. Their Beer was strong, their Wine was Port; Their meal was large, their Grace was short. They gave the Poor the remnant-meat, luft when it grew not fit to eat. They paid the Church and Parish-rate, And took, but read not the Receit: For which they claim'd their Sunday's due, Of flumb'ring in an upper Pew.

No

No Man's defects fought they to know; So never made themselves a Foe. No Man's good deeds did they commend; So never rais'd themselves a Friend; Nor cherish'd they Relation poor, That might decrease their present store: Nor Barn nor House did they repair, That might oblige their future Heir.

They neither added, nor confounded: They neither wanted, nor abounded. Each Christmas they Accompts did clear, And wound their bottom round the year.

Nor tear, nor finile did they imploy,
At News of public grief, or joy.
When Bells were rung, and Bonfires made
If ask'd they ne'er deny'd their aid:
Their jugg was to the Ringers carry'd,
Who ever either dy'd, or marry'd.
Their billet at the fire was found;
Who ever was Depos'd, or Crown'd.

Nor Good, nor Bad, nor Fools, nor Wise;
They wou'd not learn, nor cou'd advise:
Without Love, Hatred, Joy, or Fear,
They led---a kind of--- as it were--Nor wish'd, nor car'd, nor laugh'd, nor cry'd;
And so they liv'd; and so they dy'd.



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Horace Lib. I. Epist. IX.

Septimius, Claudi, nimirum intelligit unus, Quanti me facias: &c.

Imitated.

To the Right Honorable

MR. HARLEY,

DEar Dick, how e'er it comes into his head,
Believes, as firmly as he does his Creed,
That you and I, Sir are extremely great;
Tho' I plain Mat, you Minister of Sate.
One word from me, without all doubt, he says,
Wou'd fix his Fortune in some little Place.
Thus better than my felf, it seems, he knows,
How far my interest with my Patron goes;
And answering all Objections I can make,
Still plunges deeper in his dear mistake.

From this wild fancy, Sir, there may proceed, One wilder yet, which I foresee, and dread; That I, in sact, a real interest have, Which to my own advantage I wou'd save, and, with the usual Courtier's trick, intend so ferve my self, forgetful of my Friend. So, Sir with this Epistolary scroll seceive the Partner of my inmost soul:

1;

Ho-

Him

Him you will find in Letters, and in Laws Not unexpert; firm to his Country's cause; Warm in the glorious Interest you pursue. And, in one word, a good Man and a true.



To Mr. H A R L E T.

Wounded by Guiscard 1711.

-----ab ipfo Ducit opes animumque ferro.

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IN one great Now, superior to an Age, The full extremes of Nature's force we find: How Heavn'ly Virtue can exalt; or Rage Infernal, how degrade the human Mind.

While the fierce Monk does at his Tryal stand, He chews Revenge, abjuring his Offence; Guile in his tongue, and murther in his hand, He stabs his Judge, to prove his Innocence.

The guilty stroke and torture of the steel Infix'd, our dauntless Briton scarce perceives: The wounds his Countrey from his death must feel, The Patriot views; for those alone he grieves.

The

IV.

the barb'rous rage that durit attempt thy life,

Harley, great Counfellor, extends thy Fame:

And the sharp point of cruel Guiscard's knife,

In Brass and Marble carves thy deathless Name.

V.

Britain with tears shall bath thy glorious wound: he for thy safety shall enlarge her Laws;
And in her Statutes shall thy worth be found.

It'midst her sighs she triumphs, on the hand Resecting, that disfus'd the public Woe; Islanger to her Altars, and her Land:
No Son of her's could meditate this Blow.

Meantime thy pain is gracious Anna's care:
Our Queen, our Saint, with facrificing breath
Softens thy Anguish: in her pow'rful Prayer
She pleads thy Service, and forbids thy death.
VIII.

Great as thou art, thou canst demand no more, OBreast bewail'd by Earth, preserv'd by Heav'n, No higher can aspiring Virtue soar:
Enough to thee of Grief, and Fame is giv'n.



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An Extempore Invitation, to the

EARL of OXFORD,

Lord high Treasurer. 1712.

My Lord,

At Matthew's Palace, in Duke street;
To try for once, if they can dine
On bacon-ham, and mutton-chine.
If weary'd with the great affairs,
Which Britain trusts to Harley's cares,
Thou, humble Statesman, may'st descend,
Thy mind one moment to unbend;
To see thy Servant from his Soul
Crown with thy Health the sprightly Bowl:
Among the Guests, which e'er my House
Receiv'd, it never can produce
Of Honor a more glorious proof---Tho Dorset us'd to bless the Roof.



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Erle ROBERT's

In Chaucer's Stile.

TWay Mice, full blythe and amicable,
Batten beside Erle Robert's Table.
Lies there ne Trap their necks to catch,
le old black Cat their steps to watch.
Their fill they eat of Fowl and Fish;
Feast-lyche as heart of Mouse mote wish.

Is Guests sat jovial at the Board,
Sorth leap'd our Mice: estsoons the Lord
Of Boling, whilome John the Saint,
Who maketh oft propos sull queint,
Laugh'd jocund, and aloud he cry'd,
To Matthew seated on t'oth' side;
To thee, lean Bard, it doth partain
To understand these Creatures tweine.
Come frame us now some clean Device,
Or playsant Rhime on yonder Mice:
They seem, God shield me, Mat. and Charles,

Matthew did for the nonce reply)

At Emblem, or Device am I.

But could I chaunt, or rhyme, pardie,

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Er

Clear

Clear as Dan Chaucer, or as thee;
Ne Verse from me (so God me shrive)
On Mouse, or other beast alive.
Certes, I have these many days
Sent myne Poetic Herd to graze.
Ne armed Knight ydrad in War
With Lyon sierce will I compare:
Ne Judge unjust, with surred Fox,
Harming in secret guise the Flocks:
Ne Priest unworth of Goddes coat,
To swine ydrunk, or silthy stoat.
Elk Similé sarwel for aye,
From Elephant, I trow, to Flea.

Reply'd the friendlike Peer, I weene; Mathew is angred on the Spleen.

Ne so, quoth Mat; ne shall be e'er, With Wit that falleth all so fair: Estsoons, well weet ye, mine Intent Boweth to your Commaundement. If by these Creatures ye have seen, Pourtrayed Charles and Mathew been; Behoveth neet to wreck my brain, The rest in order to explain.

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Old

That Cup-board, where the Mice disport, I liken to St. * Stephen's Court:
Therein is space enough, I trow,
For elke Comrade to come and goe:
And therein eke may both be sed
With shiver of the wheaten bread.

^{*} Exchequer.

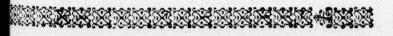
And when, as these mine eyen survey, They cease to skip, and squeak, and play; Return they may to different Cells, Auditing one, whilst t'other Tells.

Dear Robert, quoth the Saint, whose mind In bounteous deed no mean can bind;
Now as I hope to grow devout,
Ideem this matter well made out:
Laugh I, whilst thus I serious pray?
Let that be wrought which Mat. doth say:
Yea 'quoth the Erle; but not to-day.



In the same style.

Lull oft doth Mat with Topaz dine,
Eateth bak'd meats, drinketh Greek wine:
But Topaz his own werke rehearseth;
And Mat mote praise what Topaz verseth.
Now sure as Priest did e'er shrive sinner,
Full hardly earneth Mat his dinner.



In the same Style.

Air Susan did her Wissende well menteine,
Algates assaulted fore by Letchours tweine:
Now, an I read aright that Auncient Song,
Olde were the Paramours, the Dame sull yong.

R 3

Had

Had thilke same Tale in other guise been tolde. Had they been yong (pardie) and she been olde; That, by St. Kit, had wrought much forer tryal: Full merveillous, I wote, were swilk denval.



A FLOWER,

Painted by

SIMON VARELST.

THen fam'd Varelst this little wonder drew; Flora vouchfaf'd the growing work to view: Finding the Painter's science at a stand, The Goddess snatch'd the Pencil from his hand; And finishing the Piece, she smiling said; Behold one work of mine, that ne'er shall fade.



TO THE

Lady Elizabeth Harley, fince Mar chioness of Carmarthen,

On a Column of her drawing.

7 Hen future Ages shall with wonder view These glorious Lines which Harley's Daught They shall confess, that Britain could not raise [drew A fairer column to the Father's praise.

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PROTOGENES

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APELLES.

When Poets wrote, and Painters drew, ?

Was Nature pointed out the view: er Gothic forms were known in Greece, To spoil the well-proportion'd Piece: and in our Verse e'er Monkish Rhimes Had jangl'd their fantastic chimes: er on the flow'ry lands of Rhodes Those Knights had fix'd their dull abodes, Who knew not much to paint or write, Nor car'd to pray, nor dar'd to fight: rotogenes, Historians note, iv'd there a Burgess scot and lot; and, as old Pliny's writings show, spelles did the same at Co. greed these points of time and place, Tar roceed we in the present case.

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R O

Picqu'd by Protogenes's Fame, from Co to Rhodes , Apelles came , To see a Rival and a Friend; ghte repar'd to censure, or commend, drev Here to absolve, and there object, s Art with candor might direct, R4

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He fails, he lands, he comes, he rings: His Servants follow with the things: Appears the Governante of th' house: (For such in Greece were much in use.) If young or handsom, yea or no, Concerns not me, or thee to know.

Does 'Squire Protogenes live here? Yes, Sir fays she, with gracious air, And curt'fey low; but just call'd out By Lords peculiarly devout, Who came on purpose, Sir, to borrow Our Venus, for the Feast to-morrow, To grace the Church: 'tis Venus' day: I hope, Sir, you intend to flay, To see our Venus: 'tis the Piece The most renow'd throughout all Greece, So like th' Original they fay: But I have no great skill that way. But, Sir, at fix ('tis now past three) Dromo must make my Master's Tea: At fix, Sir, if you please to come, You'll find my Master, Sir, at home.

Tea, fays a Critic big with laughter, Was found some twenty Ages after: Authors, before they write, shou'd read: 'Tis very true; but we'll proceed.

And, Sir, at present wou'd you please To leave your name----Fair Maiden, yes: Reach me that Board. No sooner spoke But done. With one judicious stroke, Again at fix Apelles came;
Found the same prating civil Dame.
Sir, that my Master has been here,
Will by the Board it it self appear;
If from the perfect line he found,
He has presum'd to swell the round,
Or colors on the draught to lay:
'Tis thus (he order'd me to say)
Thus write the Painters of this Isle;
Let those of Co remark the style.

She faid, and to his hand restor'd The rival Pledge, the missive Board: Upon the happy line were laid Such obvious light, and easie shade; That Paris' Apple stood confest, Or Leda's Egg, or Cloe's Breast.

Apelles view'd the finish'd Piece;
And live, said he, the Arts of Greece!
Howe'er Protogenes and I
May in our rival Talents vie,
Howe'er our works may have express'd,
Who truest drew, or color'd best;
When he beheld my flowing line,
He found at least I cou'd design:
And from his artful round, I grant,
That he with persect skill can paint.

The dullest Genius cannot fail
To find the Moral of my Tale:
That the distinguish'd part of Men,
With Compass, Pencil, Sword, or Pen,
Shou'd in life's visit leave their Name,
In characters, which may proclaim
That they with ardor strove to raise
At once their Art's, and Country's praise:
And in their working took great care,
That all was full, and round, and fair.



DE

DEMOCRITUS

AND

HERACLITUS.

Democritus, dear droll, revisit Earth,
And with our Follies glut thy heighten'd mirth:
Sad Heraclitus, serious Wretch, return,
In louder grief our greater crimes to mourn.
Between you both I unconcern'd stand by:
Hurt, can I laugh? and honest, need I cry?



For my own Tomb-stone.

TO me 'twas giv'n to die: to thee 'tis giv'n To live: Alas! one moment fets us ev'n.

Mark! how impartial is the Will of Heav'n.



GUALTERUS DANISTONUS

Ad Amicos.

D^{Um} studeo fungi fallentis munere vita, Adfectoque viam sedibus Elysiis,

DE

Arcton

Arctoa florens Sophia, Samiisque superbus Discipulis, animas morte carere cano.

Has ego corporibus profugas ad Sidera mitto; Sideraque ingressis otia blanda dico;

Qualia conveniunt Divis, queis Fata volebant Vitài faciles molliter ire vias:

Vinaque Cœlicolis media inter gaudia libo; Et me quid majus suspicor esse viro.

Sed fuerint nulli forsan, quos spondeo, cœli, Nullaque sint Ditis Numina, nulla Jovis:

Fabula sit terris agitur que vita relictis; Quique superstes, Homo; qui nihil, esto Deus. Attamen esse hilares, & inanes mittere curas Ar

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Beno

Proderit, ac vita commoditate frui;

Et festos agitâsse dies, avique fugacis Tempora perpetuis detinuisse jocis.

His me parentem praceptis occupet Orcus, Et Mors; seu Divum, seu nihil esse velit: Nam Sophia, Ars illa est, qua fallere suaviter horas Admonet, atque Orci non timuisse minas.

IMITATED.

Tudious the busie moments to deceive,
That sleet between the Cradle and the Grave
I credit what the Grecian dictates say,
And Samian sounds o'er Scotia's hills convey.
When mortal Man resignes his transfient breath;
The Body only I give o'er to Death.

The parts dissolv'd, and broken frame I mourn: What came from Earth, I see to Earth return. The immaterial part, th' æthereal Soul, Nor can change vanquish, nor can Death controul. Glad I release it from it's Partner's cares; And bid good Angels waft it to the Stars. Then in the flowing Bowl I drown those fighs, Which, spight of wisdom, from our weakness rise. The Draught to the Dead's mem'ry I commend, And offer to the now immortal Friend. But if oppos'd to what my thoughts approve. Nor Pluto's rage there be, nor powr of Jove; On it's dark fide if thou the prospect take; Grant all forgot beyond black Lethe's Lake: In total death suppose the Mortal lye, No new Hereafter nor a future Sky: Yet bear thy lot content, yet cease to grieve: Why, eer Death comes, dost thou forbear to live? The little time thou hast, twixt instant now And Fate's approach, is all the Gods allow: And of this little hast thou ought to spare To fad Reflection, and corroding Care? The moments past, if thou art wise, retrieve With pleasant mem'ry of the bliss they give. The present hours in present mirth imploy; And bribe the future with the hopes of joy. The future (few or more, howe'er they be) Grav Were destin'd e'rst; nor can by Fate's Decree Benow cut off, betwixt the Grave and thee.

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THE FIRST

HYMN of Callimachus.

TO

JUPITER.

While we to Jove select the holy Victim, Whom apter shall we sing than Jove himself, The God for ever great, for ever King? Who slew the Earth-born Race, and measures right To Heav'ns great Habitants; Dictam hear'st thou More joyful, or Lycaan, long dispute And various thought has trac'd. On Ida's mount Or Dicte, studious of his Country's praise, The Cretan boasts thy natal place; but oft He meets reproof, deserv'd; for he presumptuous Has built a Tomb for thee, who never knew'st To die, but liv'st the same to-day and ever. Arcadian therefore be thy birth: great Rhea Pregnant to high Parrhasia's cliffs retir'd, And wild Lycaus, black with shading Pines: Holy retreat: Sithence no Female hither, Conscious of social Love and Nature's Rites, Must dare approach, from the inferior Reptile To Woman, Form divine. There the bleft Parent Ungirt her spacious bosom, and discharg'd The Several O ccasions.

271

The pond'rous Birth; she sought a neighb'ring Spring,
To wash the recent Babe: in vain Arcadia,
However streamy now, adust and dry
Deny'd the Goddess water; where deep Melas,
And rocky Cratis slow, the Chariot smoak'd,
Obscure with rising dust: the thirsty Trav'ler
Invain requir'd the current, then imprison'd
In subterranean caverns: Forests grew
Upon the barren hollows, high o'ershading
The haunts of savage Beasts, where now Jaon,
And Erimanth incline their friendly Urns.

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Thou too, O Earth, great Rhea faid, bring forth; And short shall be thy pangs: She said, and high She rear'd her arm, and with her Scepter struck The vawning cliff: from its disparted height Adown the mount the gushing Torrent ran, And chear'd the Vallies. There the heav'nly Mother Bath'd, mighty King, thy tender limbs: she wrapt them n purple bands; she gave the precious pledge To prudent Neda, charging her to guard thee Careful and secret: Neda of the Nymphs That tended the great Birth, next Philyre Ind Styx, the eldest: smiling she receiv'd thee, Ind conscious of the grace absolv'd her trust: Nor unrewarded, fince the River bore The Fav'rite Virgin's name: fair Neda rowls By Leprion's ancient Walls, a fruitful Stream: aft by her flow'ry bank the Sons of Arcas, av'rites of Heav'n, with happy care protect heir fleecy charge; and joyous drink her wave. Thee, God, to Cnossus Neda brought: the Nymphs nd Corybantes thee their facred charge Receiv'd:

Receiv'd: Adraste rock'd thy golden Cradle: The Goat, now bright amidst her fellow Stars, Kind Amalthea reach'd her teat, distent With milk, thy early food: the sedulous Bee Distill'd her honey on thy purple lips.

Around, the fierce Curetes, Order folemn To thy foreknowing Mother, trod tumultuous Their mystic Dance, & clang'd their sounding Arms: Industrious with the Warlike din to quell Thy infant cries; and mock the ear of Saturn. Swift growth & wondrous grace, O heav'nly Jour, Waited thy blooming Years: Inventive Wit, And perfect Judgment crown'd thy youthful Act. That Saturn's Sons receiv'd the threefold Empire Of Heav'n, of Ocean, and deep Hell beneath, As the dark Urn and chance of Lot determin'd, Old Poets mention, fabling. Things of Moment Well nigh equivalent and neighb'ring value By Lot are parted: But high Heav'n, thy share, In equal balance laid 'gainst Sea or Hell, Flings up the adverse Scale, and shuns proportion. Wherefore not Chance but Pow'r, above thy Brethre Exalted thee, their King. When thy great Will Commands thy Chariot forth, impetuous strength And fiery swiftness wing the rapid wheels, Inceffant: high the Eagle flies before thee. And oh! as I and mine confult thy Augur, Grant the glad Omen; let thy Fav'rite rife Propitious; ever foaring from the right.

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Their proper shares of Power, thy own, great Jan

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Boundless and universal: Those who labour The sweaty Forge, who edge the crooked Scythe, Bend stubborn steel, and harden gleeming Armour, Acknowledge Vulcan's aid: The early Hunter Bleffes Diana's hand, who leads him fafe O'er hanging cliffs; who spreads his net successful, And guides the Arrow through the Panther's heart. The Soldier from fuccessful Camps returning, With Laurel wreath'd, and rich with hostile Spoil, Severs the Bull to Mars: The skilful Bard, Striking the Thracian Harp, invokes Apollo, To make his Hero and himself Immortall. Those, mighty Jove, mean time, thy glorious care, Who model Nations, publish Laws, anounce Orlife, or death, & found, or change the Empire: Man owns the pow'r of Kings; and Kings, of Jove.

And as their actions tend subordinate To what thy Will defigns, thou giv'ft the means Proportion'd to the work; thou feest, impartial, How they those means imploy: Each Monarch rules His different Realm, accountable to thee, Great Ruler of the World: These only have To speak and be obey'd: to those are giv'n Affiftant days to ripen the defign: To some whole months; revolving years to some : Others, ill fated, are condemn'd to toil

With fruitless Act, and impotence of counsel. Hail! greatest Son of Saturn, wise disposer Of every Good, thy Praise what Man yet born Has fung? or who that may be born, shall fing?

Their tedious life, & mourn their purpose blasted

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Again, and often hail! indulge our Prayer, Great Father; grant us Virtue, grant us Wealth! For without Virtue, Wealth to Man avails not; And Virtue without Wealth exerts less pow'r, And less diffuses good. Then grant us, Gracious, Virtue and Wealth; for both are of thy gift.



THE SECOND

HYMN of CALLIMACHUS

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APOLLO.

Ah! how the Laurel, great Apollo's tree, And all the Cavern shakes! far of, far of, The Man that is unhallow'd: for the God, The God approaches. Hark! he knocks: the Gates Feel the glad impulse, and the sever'd bars Submissive clink against their brazen portals. Why do the Delian palms incline their boughs, Self-mov'd; and hov'ring swans, their throats released From native silence, carol sounds harmonious?

Begin, young Men, the Hymn: let all your Harps Break their inglorious filence; and the dance, In mystic Numbers trod, explain the music. But first by ardent pray'r, and clear lustration Purge the contagious spots of human weakness: Impure no Mortal can behold Apollo.

So may ye flourish, favor'd by the God, In youth with happy Nuptials, and in age With filver hairs, and fair descent of Children: So lay foundations for aspiring Cities, And bless your spreading Colonies encrease.

Pay facred rev'rence to Apollo's fong;
Lest wrathful the far-shooting God emitt
His fatal Arrows. Silent Nature stands;
Und seas subside obedient to the found.
Of Io, Io Pean! nor dares Thetis
Longer bewail her lov'd Achilles' death:
For Phabus was his Foe. Nor must sad Niobe
In fruitless forrow persevere, or weep
Ev'n thro' the Phrygian marble. Hapless Mother!
Whose fondness coud compare her mortal off-spring
To those which sair Latona bore to Jove.
Io! again repeat ye, Io Pean!

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Against the Deity 'tis hard to strive.

He that resists the power of Ptolemy,

Resists the pow'r of Heav'n: for Pow'r from Heav'n

Derives; and Monarchs rule by Gods appointed.

Recite Apollo's Praise, 'till night draws on, The Ditty still unfinish'd; and the Day Unequal to the God head's Attributes Various, and matter copious of your songs.

Sublime at Jove's right hand Apollo fits, and thence distributes Honor, gracious King, and theme of Verse perpetual. From his robe lows Light ineffable: his Harp, his Quiver, and Listian Bow are Gold: with golden sandals

S 1

His feet are shod; how rich! how beautiful! Beneath his steps the yellow min'ral rises; And Earth reveals her treasures. Youth and Beauty Eternal deck his cheek: from his fair head Perfumes distill their sweets; and chearful Health His dutious Handmaid, thro' the Air improv'd, With lavish hand difuses Scents ambrofial.

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The Spear-man's arm by thee, great God, directed Sends forth a certain wound. The Laurel'd Bard, Inspir'd by thee, composes Verse immortal. Taught by thy art divine, the fage Physician Eludes the Urn; and chains, or exiles Death.

Thee Nomian we adore; for that from Heav'n Descending, thou on fair Amphrysus' banks Did'ft guard Admetus' Herds. Sithence the Cow Produc'd an ampler store of milk; the she-Goat Not without pain dragg'd her diftended udder; And Ewes, that erft brought forth but fingle Lambs, Now drop'd their two-fold burdens. Bleft the Cattle, On which Apollo cast his fav'ring eye!

But Phabus, thou to Man beneficent, Delight'st in building Cities. Bright Diana, Kind Sifter to thy infant-Deity New-wean'd, and just arising from the cradle, Brought hunted wild Goats-heads, & branching Ant-Refe Tlers, To Of Stags, the fruit and honor of the toil. These with discerning hand thou knew'st to range, (Young as thou wast) and in the well-fram'd models and With Emblematic skill, and mystic order, [rise Open Thou shew'dst, where Towers, or Battlements should Where

Where Gates shoud open; or where Walls shou'd compass:

While from thy childish pastime Man receiv'd The future strength, and ornament of Nations.

Battus, our great Progenitor, now touch'd The Libian strand; when the fore-boding Crow Flew on the right before the People, making The Country destin'd the auspicious Seat Of future Kings, and favor of the God, Whose oath is sure, and promise stands Eternal.

Or Böedromian hear'st thou pleas'd, or Clarian Phabus, great King? for diffrent are thy names, As thy kind hand has founded many Cities, Or dealt benign thy various gifts to Man. Carnean let me call thee; for my Country Calls thee Carnean: the fair Colony Thrice by thy gracious guidance was transported, Fer settl'd in Cyrene; there w'appointed Thy annual Feast, kind God, and bless thy Altars attle, Smoaking with hecatombs of flaughter'd Bulls; As Carnus, thy High-Priest, and favor'd Friend, Had erst ordain'd; and with mysterious Rites, Our great Forefathers taught their fons to worship. Carnean Phæbus! Io Pean!

The yellow crocus there, and fair narcissus Ant-Reserve the honors of their winter-store [lers, To deck thy Temple; till returning fpring ge, Diffuses Nature's various pride; and flow'rs odels innumerable, by the soft South-west [rise Open'd, and gather'd by Religious hands,

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Rebound their fweets from th'oderif rous pavement. Perpetual fires shine hallow'd on thy Altars. When annual the Carnean Feast is held. The warlike Libyans clad in Armor, lead [beat] The dance, with clanging fwords and shields, they The dreadful measure: in the Chorus join Their Women, brown but beautiful: fuch Rites To thee well-pleasing. Nor had yet thy Votaries, From Greece transplanted, touch'd Cyrene's banks, And lands determin'd for their last abodes: But wander'd thro' Azilis' horrid Forrest Dispers'd; when from Myrtusa's craggy brow, Fond of the Maid, auspicious to the City, Which must hereafter bear her favor'd name. Thou Gracious deign'st to let the Fair-one view Her Typic People; Thou with pleasure taught'fher To draw the Bow, to flay the shaggy Lyon, And flop the spreading ruin of the plains: Happy the Nymph, who honor'd by thy Passion, Was aided by thy pow'r! The monstrous Python Durst tempt thy wrath in vain: for dead he fell To thy great strength, and golden Arms unequal.

Io! while thy unerring hand elanc'd Another, and another dart; The People Joyful repeated, Io! Io Pean! Elance the Dart, Apollo: for the fafety, And health of Man, gracious thy Mother bore the

Envy thy latest Foe suggested thus: Like thee I am a Pow'r Immortal; therefore To thee dare speak. How canst thou savor partial Those Poets who write little? Vast and Great Is what I love: The far extended Ocean
To a small Riv'let I preser. Apollo
Spurn'd Envy with his foot; and thus the God:
Demon, the head-long current of Euphrates,
Assyrian River, copious runs, but muddy;
And carries forward with his stupid force
Polluting dirt; his torrent still augmenting,
His wave still more defil'd: mean while the Nymphs
Melissan, sacred and recluse to Ceres,
Studious to have their Of rings well receiv'd,
And sit for Heav'nly use, from little Urns
Pour streams select, and purity of waters.

Io! Apollo, mighty King, let Envy
Il-judging and verbose, from Lethe's Lake,
Draw tons unmeasurable; while thy favor
Administers to my ambitious thirst
The wholesome draught from Aganippe's spring
Senuine, and with soft murmurs gently rilling
Adown the mountains, where thy Daughters haunt.

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CHARITY.

A Paraphrase on the Thirteenth Chapter of the First Epistle

to the Corinthians.

Id sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue;
Than ever Man pronounc'd, or Angel sung:
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Had I all Knowledge, Human and Divine,
That thought can reach, or science can define;
And had I pow'r to give that Knowledge birth,
In all the speeches of the babling Earth:
Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast inspire,
To weary tortures, and rejoice in sire:
Or had I Faith like that which Israel saw,
When Moses gave them Miracles and Law:
Yet, gracious Charity, indulgent guest,
Were not thy pow'r exerted in my breast;
Those speeches would send up unheeded pray'r:
That scorn of life would be but wild Despair:
A Tymbal's sound were better than my Voice:
My Faith were form: my Eloquence were noise.

Charity, decent, modest, easy, kind, Sostens the high, and rears the abject mind; Knows with just reins, and gentle hand to guide, Betwixt vile shame, and arbitrary Pride. Not soon provok'd, she easily forgives; And much she suffers, as she much believes. Soft peace she brings where-ever she arrives: She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives, Lays the rough paths of peevish Nature ev'n, And opens in each heart a little Heav'n.

Each other gift which God on Man bestows, It's proper bounds, and due reslection knows; To one fixt purpose dedicates it's pow'r; And finishing it's acts, exists no more, Thus, in obedience to what Heav'n decrees, Knowledge shall sail, and Prophecy shall cease:

But lasting Charity's more ample sway, Norbound by time, nor subject to decay, In happy Triumph shall for ever live, And endless good difuse, and endless praise receive.

As thro' the Artist's intervening glass, Our eye observes the distant Planets pass; A little we discover; but allow, That more remains unseen, than Art can show: So whilst our mind it's knowledge wou'd improve, is feeble Eye intent on things above, High as we may, we lift our Reason up, By Faith directed, and confirm'd by Hope; Yet are we able only to furvey lawnings of beams, and promises of day: www ns fuller effluence mocks our dazl'd fight; loogreatit's fwiftness, and too strong it's light.

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But foon the mediate clouds shall be dispell'd: The Sun shall soon be face to face beheld, nall his Robes, with all his Glory on, eated fublime on his meridian Throne.

Then constant Faith, and holy Hope shall dye, ne lost in Certainty, and one in Joy: Whilst thou, more happy pow'r, fair Charity. riumphant Sister, greatest of the three, ws; by office, and thy nature still the same, alting thy lamp, and unconfum'd thy flame, halt still furvive ---alt stand before the Host of Heav'n confest, ease: or ever bleffing, and for ever bleft.

Engraven on a Column, In the Church of Halstead in Essex.

The Spire of which, burnt down by lightning, was rebuilt at the expense of Mr. SAMUEL FISKE, 1717.

View not this Spire by Measure giv'n
To Buildings rais'd by common hands:
That Fabric rises high as Heav'n,
Whose Basis on Devotion stands.

While yet we draw this vital breath,
We can our Faith and Hope declare:
But Charity beyond our death,
Will ever in our works appear.

Best be he call'd among good Men, Who to his God this Column rais'd: Tho' lightning strike the Dome again; The Man who built it shall be prais'd.

Yet Spires and Towers in dust shall lye,
The weak efforts of human pains:
And Faith and Hope themselves shall dye;
While deathess Charity remains.



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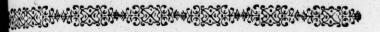
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Written in Montaignes Essays,

iven to the Duke of Shrewsbury in France, after the Peace 1713.

Of Cities, and of Courts, of Books, & Men; and deign to let thy Servant hold the pen.

Thro' Ages thus I may presume to live; adfrom the Transcript of thy Prose receive, What my own short-liv'd Verse can never give.

Thus shall fair Britain with a gracious smile mept the work; and the instructed Isle, mmore than Treaties made, shall bess my toil.

Nor longer hence the Gallic style preserr'd; Isdom in *English Idiom* shall be heard; hile Talbot tells the World, where Montaigne err'd.



EPISTLE, desiring the QUEEN'S Picture.

Written at PARIS 1714. But left unfinish'd, by the sudden News of her MAJESTY'S Death.

The train of Equipage and pomp of State,
The shining side-board, and the burnish'd Plate
tother Ministers; Great Anne, require;
d partial fall thy Gift to their desire.

Writt

To

To the fair Portrait of my Sov'reign Dame, To that alone eternal be my Claim.

My bright Defender, and my dread Delight, If ever I found favor in thy fight; If all the Pains that for thy Britain's fake My past has took, or future life may take, Be greateful to my QUEEN; permit my pray'r, And with this Gift reward my total care.

Will thy indulgent hand fair Saint, allow The Boon? and will thy ear accept the vow? That in despight of Age, of impious Flame, And eating Time, thy Picture, like thy Fame Entire may last; that as their eyes survey The semblant shade, Men yet unborn may say; Thus Great, thus Gracious look'd Britannia's Queen Her Brow thus sinooth, her look was thus serene; When to a low, but to a loyal hand The mighty Empress gave her high Command, That he to hostile Camps, and Kings shou'd hast To speak her Vengeance as their Danger past; To say, she Wills detested Wars to cease; She checks her Conquest, for her subjects ease; And bids the World attend her terms of Peace.

Thee, Gracious Anne, thee present I adore
Thee, Queen of Peace--- If Time and Fate ha
Higher to raise the Glories of thy Reign; [pow
In words sublimer, and a nobler strain,
May suture Bards the mighty Theme rehearse.
Here, Stator Jove, and Phoebus King of Ver
The votive Tablet I suspend * * * *

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IN THREE CANTOS.

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THE FIRST CANTO.

Atthew met Richard; when or where M From Story is not mighty clear:
Of many knotty Points they spoke;
And pro and con by turns they took.
Rats half the Manuscript have eat:

he horrors of so sad a feast.

It less our grief, if what remains, ear Jacob by thy care and pains hall be to suture times convey'd.

Thus begins

** * * Here Matthew faid.

Alma in Verse; in Prose the Mind,
Aristotle's pen desin'd,
broughout the body squat or tall,
bona side, all in all:
ad yet slap dash, is all again
every sinew, nerve, and vein.
ans here and there, like Hamlet's ghost;
hile every where she rules the roast.

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This System, Richard, we are told,
The Men of Oxford sirmly hold.
The Cambridge Wits, you know, deny
With ipse dixit to comply.
They say (for in good truth they speak
With small respect of that old Greek)
That, putting all his words together,
'Tis three blew beans in one blew bladder.

ALMA, they strenuously maintain,
Sits cock-horse on her Throne, the Brain;
And from that seat of thought dispenses
Her sov'reign pleasure to the Senses.
Two optic nerves, they say, she tyes
Like spectacles, a-cross the Eyes;
By which the Spirits bring her word,
Whene'er the balls are six'd, or stirr'd;
How quick at Park and Play they strike;
The Duke they court, the Toast they like,
And at St. James's turn their grace
From sormer Friends, now out of Place.

Without these aids, to be more serious, Her pow'r, they hold, had been percarious: The Eyes might have conspir'd her ruin; And she not known what they were doing. Foolish it had been, and unkind, That they shou'd see, and she be blind.

Wise Nature likewise, they suppose, Has drawn two conduits down our Nose: Cou'd Alma else with judgment tell, When Cabbage stinks, or Roses smell?

Or who wou'd ask for her opinion
Between an Oyster, and an Onion?
For from most bodies, Dick, you know,
Some little bits ask leave to flow;
And, as thro' these canals they roll,
Bring up a sample of the whole:
Like Footmen running before Coaches,
To tell the Inn, what Lord approaches.

By nerves about our palate plac'd,
She likewise judges of the Taste.
Else (dismal thought!) our warlike Men
Might drink thick Port for fine Champagne;
And our ill-judging Wives and Daughters,
Mistake small-beer for Citron-Waters.

Hence too, that she might better hear, he sets a drum at either ear;
And loud or gentle, harsh or sweet,
he but alarums which they beat.

Last, to enjoy her sense of feeling A thing she much delights to deal in) I thousand little nerves she sends juite to our toes, and singers ends; and these in gratitude again eturn their Spirits to the brain; which their sigure being printed As just before, I think, I hinted) Ima inform'd can try the case, she had been upon the place.

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Thus, while the Judge gives diffrent Journeys

country Counfel, and Attornies;

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He on the Bench in quiet fits,
Deciding, as they bring the writs.
The Pope thus prays and fleeps at Rome,
And very feldom fitrs from home:
Yet fending forth his holy Spies
And having heard what they advise,
He rules the Churches blest dominions;
And sets Men's faith by his opinions.

The Scholars of the Stagyrite, Who for the old opinion fight, Would make their modern Friends confess, The diffrence but from more to less. The Mind, fay they, while you fustain To hold her flation in the brain; You grant, at least, she is extended: Ergo the whole dispute is ended. For, till to-morrow shou'd you plead From form and structure of the head; The Mind as visibly is feen Extended thro' the whole Machine. Why shou'd all honor then be ta'en From lower parts to load the Brain; When other limbs we plainly fee, Each in his way, as brisk as he? For Music, grant the head receives it; It is the Artist's hand that gives it. And tho' the scull may wear the Laurel; The Soldier's arm fustains the quarrel. Besides, the Nostrils, Ears, and Eyes, Are not his parts, but his Allies.

Ev'n what you hear the Tongue proclaim, Comes ab origine from them.

What could the Head perform alone, If all their friendly aids were gone?

A foolish figure he must make;

Do nothing else, but sleep and ake.

Nor matters it, that you can show,
How to the Head the Spirits go.
Those Spirits started from some goal,
Before they thro' the veins coul'd roll.
Now we shou'd hold them much to blame,
If they went back, before they came.

If therefore, as we must suppose,
They came from singers, and from toes;
Or toes, or singers, in this case,
Of Num-scull's self shou'd take the place.
Disputing fair, you grant this much,
That all Sensation is but Touch.
Dip but your Toes into cold water,
Their correspondent Teeth will chatter:
and strike the bottom of your Feet,
Sou set your Head into a heat.
The Bully beat, and happy Lover
Conses, that Feeling lies all over.

Note here, Lucretius dares to teach,
As all our youth may learn from Creech)
That Eyes were made, but coul'd not view;
For Hands embrace, nor Feet pursue:
The Members first, and then the Use.

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What each must act, was yet unknown, 'Till all is mov'd by Chance alone.

A Man first builds a Country Seat, Then finds the Walls not good to eat. Another plants, and wond'ring sees Nor Books, nor Medals on his Trees. Yet Poet and Philosopher Was he, who durst such whims averr. Blest, for his sake, be human Reason, That came at all, tho' late, in season.

But no Man fure e'er left his House,
And sadd'd Ball, with thoughts so wild,
To bring a Midwise to his Spouse,
Before he knew she was with child.
And no Man ever reapt his corn,
Or from the oven drew his bread,
E'er Hinds and Bakers yet were born,
That taught him both to sow, and knead.
Before they're ask'd can Maids refuse?
Can---Pray, says Dick, hold in your Muse,
While you Pindaric Truths rehearse;
She hobbles in alternate Verse,
Verse Mat. reply'd: is that my care?
Go on, quoth Richard, soft and fair.

This looks, friend Dick, as Nature had But exercis'd the Salesman's trade:

As if she haply had fat down,

And cut out Cloaths for all the Town;

Then sent them out to Monmouth-street,

To try, what persons they wou'd sit.

But ev'ry free and licenc'd Taylor
Would in this Thesis find a failure.
Should whims like these his head perplex,
How could he work for either Sex?
His Cloaths, as Atomes might prevail,
Might sit a Pismire, or a Whale.
No, no: he views with studious pleasure
Your shape, before he takes your measure.
For real Kate he made the Boddice,
And not for an ideal Goddess.
No error near his Shop-board lurk'd;
He knew the Folks for whom he work'd:
Still to their size he aim'd his skill;
Else, pr'ythee, who wou'd pay his Bill?

Next, Dick, if Chance her felf shou'd vary;
Observe, how matters would miscarry:
Across your Eyes, Friend, place your Shoes,
Your spectacles upon your Toes;
Then you and Memmius shall agree,
How nicely Men would walk, or see.

But Wisdom, peevish and cross-grain'd, Must be oppos'd, to be sustain'd. And still your knowledge will increase, as you make other people's less. In Arms and Science 'tis the same:

Our Rival's hurts create our Fame.

A Faubert's if disputes arise Among the Champions for the Prize;

To prove, who gave the fairer butt, John shows the chalk on Robert's coat.

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It tells, where other folks mistook: And, as their notions you confound,

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Those you invent get farther ground.

The Commentators on old Aristotle ('tis urg'd) in judgment vary: They to their own conceits have brought The image of his general thought. Just as the Melancholic Eye Sees Fleets and Armies in the sky; And to the poor Apprentice ear The Bells found Whittington Lord May'r. The Conj'rer thus explains his scheme: Thus Spirits walk, and Prophets dream: North-Britons thus have fecond fight; And Germans free from Gunshot fight.

Theodoret, and Origen. And fifty other learned Men Attest, that if their Comments find The traces of their Master's mind; Alma can ne'er decay nor dye: This flatly t'other fect deny, Simplicius, Theophrast, Durand; Great Names, but hard in Verse to stand. They wonder Men should have mistook The tenets of their Master's book: And hold, that Alma yields her breath O'ercome by Age, and feiz'd by Death. Now which were Wife? and which were Fools? Poor Alma sits between two stools:

The more she reads, the more perplext;
The Comment ruining the Text.
Now sears, now hopes her doubtfull fate:
But Richard, let her look to that---Whilst we our own affairs pursue.

These diffrent Systems, old or new,
A Man with half an eye may see,
Were only form'd to disagree.
Now to bring things to fair conclusion,
And save much Christian ink's effusion;
Let me propose an healing scheme,
And sail along the middle stream:
For Dick, if we could reconcile
Old Aristotle with Gassendus;
How many would admire our Toil;
And yet how sew would comprehend us?

Here Richard, let my Scheme commence.

Oh! may my Words be lost in sense;

While pleas'd Thalia deigns to write

The slips and bounds of Alma's slight.

My simple System shall suppose,
That Alma enters at the Toes;
That then she mounts by just degrees
Up to the ancles, legs, and knees:
Next, as the sap of life does rise,
She lends her vigor to the thighs:
And, all these under-regions past,
She nessles somewhere near the waste:
Gives pain or pleasure, grief or laughter,
As we shall show at large hereaster.

s?

Ma-

Mature, if not improv'd, by time
Up to the heart she loves to climb:
From thence, compell'd by crast and age,
She makes the head her latest stage.

From the feet upward to the head, Pithy, and short, says Dick: proceed.

Dick, this is not an idle notion:
Observe the progress of the motion.
First I demonstratively prove,
That feet were only made to move;
And legs desire to come and go:
For they have nothing else to do.

Hence, long before the Child can crawl, He learns to kick, and wince, and sprawl: To hinder which, your Midwife knows To bind those parts extremely close; Lest Alma newly enter'd in, And stunn'd at her own Christ'ning's din, Fearful of suture grief and pain, Should silently sneak out again. Full piteous seems young Alma's case: As in a luckless Gamster's place, She would not play, yet must not pass.

Again as she grows something stronger, And Master's feet are swath'd no longer, If in the night too oft he kicks, Or shows his loco-motive tricks; These first assaults fat Kate repays him, When half asseep she overlays him. Th

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Now mark, dear Richard, from the age
That Children tread this wordly stage,
Broom-staf or Poaker they bestride,
And round the Parlor love to ride;
Till thoughtful Father's pious care
Provides his Brood, next Smithfield Fair,
With supplemental Hobby Horses:
And happy be their infant courses!

Hence for fome years they ne'er stand still:
Their legs, you see, direct their will.
From opening morn 'till setting sun,
A-round the sields and woods they run:
They srisk, and dance, and leap, and play;
Nor heed, what Friend or Snape can say.

To her next stage as Alma slies,
And likes, as I have said, the Thighs:
With sympathetic pow'r she warms,
Their good Allies and Friends, the Arms.
While Betty dances on the green;
And Susan is at Stool-ball seen:
While John for nine-pins does declare;
And Roger loves to pitch the bar;
Joth legs and Arms spontaneous move:
Which was the thing I meant to prove.

Another motion now she makes:
Inced I name the seat she takes?
His thought quite chang'd the stripling sinds;
The sport and Race no more he minds:
Reglected Tray and Pointer lye;
and Covies unmolested sty.

He ties the knot; and all goes well.

But O my Muse just distance keep:
Thou art a Maid, and must not peep.
In nine months time the boddice loose,
And petticoats too short, disclose,
That at this age the active Mind
About the Waste lies most consin'd;
And that young life, and quick'ning sense
Spring from his influence darted thence.
So from the middle of the World
The Sun's prolifick rays are hurl'd:
'Tis from that seat he darts those beams,
Which quicken Earth with genial slames.

Dick, who thus long had passive sat,
Here stroak'd his chin, and cock'd his hat;
Then slapp'd his hand upon the board;
And thus the Youth put in his word.
Love's Advocates, sweet Sir, would find him
A higher place, than you assign'd him.

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hen nd Loves Advocates, Dick, who are those? ---The Poets, you may well suppose. Im forry, Sir, you have discarded The Men, with whom 'till now you herded. Prose-Men alone, for private ends, Ithought forfook their ancient Friends. In cor stillavit, crys Lucretius; If he may be allow'd to teach us. The felf-same thing fost Ovid says (A proper Judge in fuch a case) Horace his phrase is torret jecur; and happy was that curious Speaker. Here Virgil too has plac'd this Passion: What fignifies too long quotation? n Ode and Epic plain the case is, That love holds one of these two places.

Dick, without passion or restection, Ill strait demolish this objection.

First Poets, all the world agrees,
Write half to profit, half to please.
Stater and figure they produce;
Or garnish this, and that for use;
and, in the structure of their Feasts,
they seek to feed, and please their Guests:
ut one may balk this good intent,
and take things otherwise than meant.
Thus, if you dine with Mylord May'r,
oast-Beef, and Ven'son is your fare;
thence you proceed to Swan, and Bustard,
and persevere in Tart, and Custard:

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oves

But

But Tulip-leaves, and Limon-peel
Help only to adorn the Meal;
And painted Flags, superb and neat,
Proclaim you welcome to the Treat.
The Man of sence his meat devou'rs,
But only smells the Peel, and Flow'rs.
And he must be an idle Dreamer,
Who leaves the Pie, and gnaws the streamer.

That Cupid goes with Bow and Arrows, And Venus keeps her Coach and Sparrows, 'Tis all but Emblem, to acquaint one, The Son is sharp, the Mother wanton. Such Images have sometimes shown A mystic sence, but often none. For who conceives, what Bards devise, That Heav'n is plac'd in Celia's Eyes? Or where's the sence, direct or moral. That teeth are Pearl, or lips are Coral?

Your Horace owns, he various writ,
As wild, or fober maggots bit:
And, where too much the Poet ranted,
The fage Philosopher recanted.
His grave Epifiles may disprove
The wanton Odes he made to Love.

Lucretius keeps a mighty pother
With Cupid, and his fancy'd Mother:
Calls her great Queen of Earth and Air,
Declares, that winds and feas obey her;
And, while her honor be rehearfes,
Implores her to inspire his Verses.

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Yet free from this Poetic madness; Next page, he says in sober sadness, That she and all her fellow-Gods Sit idling in their high abodes, Regardless of this world below, Our health or hanging, weal or woe; Nor once distrub their Heav'nly spirits With Scapin's cheats, or Casar's merits.

Nor e'er can Latin Poets prove. Where lies the real feat of Love. ecur they burn, and Cor they pierce, seither best supplies their Verse: nd if folks ask the reason for't: ay, one was long and t'other short. hus, I presume, the British Muse, lay take the freedom Strangers use. Profe our Property is greater: Why should it then be less in Metre? Cupid throws a fingle dart, Ve make him wound the Lover's heart: utif he takes his Bow and Quiver; is fure, he must transfix the Liver. or Rhime with Reason may dispense; nd Sound has right to govern Sense.

But let your Friend in verse suppose, hat ne'er shall be allow'd in prose; natomists can make it clear, he Liver minds his own affair: indly supplies our publick uses; and parts, and strains the vital juices:

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The like may of the Heart be said
Courage and Terror there are bred.
All those, whose Hearts are loose and low,
Start, if they hear but the Tattoo:
And mighty physical their fear is;
For, soon as noise of Combat near is,
Their Heart, descending to their breeches,
Must give their Stomach cruel twitches.
But Heroes who o'ercome or dye,
Have their Hearts hung extremely high;
The strings of which, in Battell's heat,
Against their very Corsets beat;
Keep time with their own Trumpet's measure
And yield 'em most excessive pleasure.

Now if 'tis chiefly in the Heart,
That Courage does it felf exert,
'Twill be prodigious hard to prove,
That this is eke the Throne of Love.
Would Nature make one place the feat
Of fond Desire, and fell Debate?

Must People only take delight in
Those hours, when they are tir'd with fighting?
And has no Man, but who has kill'd
A Father, right to get a Child?
These notions then I think but idle:
And Love, shall still possess the middle.

This truth more plainly to discover, Suppose your Hero were a Lover. Tho he before had gall and rage, Which Death, or Conquest must asswage; He grows dispirited and low: He hates the fight, and shuns the Foe.

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In scornful sloth Achilles slept;
And for his Wench, like Tall-Boy, wept:
Nor would return to war and slaughter,
Till they brought back the Parson's Daughter.

Antonius fled from Actium's coast, Augustus pressing Asia lost:
His fails by Cupid's hand unfurl'd;
To keep the Fair, he gave the World.

Edward our Fourth, rever'd and crown'd, lig'rous in youth, in Arms renown'd; While England's voice, and Warwick's care lefign'd him Gallia's beauteous Heir; hang'd Peace and Pow'r for Rage and Wars, only to dry one was tears.

France's fourth Henry we may see, Servant to the fair D'Estree;

V 2

When

The Progress
When quitting Coutras prosp'rous Field,
And Fortune taught at length to yield,
He from his Guards and mid-night Tent,
Disguis'd o'er hills and vallies went,
To wanton with the sprightly Dame;
And in his pleasure lost his Fame.

Bold is the Critic, who dares prove,
These Heroes were no Friends to Love;
And bolder he, who dares aver,
That they were Enemies to War.
Yet, when their thought should, now or never,
Have rais'd their Heart, or fir'd their Liver;
Fond Alma to those parts was gone,
Which Love more justly calls his own.

Examples I could cite you more;
But be contented with these four:
For when one's proofs are aptly chosen;
Four are as valid as four dozen.
One came from Greece, and one from Rome;
The other two grew nearer home.
For some in antient books delight:
Others preser what Moderns write:
Now I should be extremely loath.
Not to be thought expert in both.



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THE SECOND CANTO.

OUt shall we take the Muse abroad. DTo drop her idly on the road? and leave our subject in the middle; s Butler did his Bear and Fiddle? let he consummate Master, knew When to recede, and where purfue: lis noble negligences teach, What others Toils despair to reach. le, perfect Dancer, climbs the rope, and balances your Fear and Hope: fafter some distinguish'd leap, le drops his pole, and feems to flip; traight gath'ring all his active strength. le rifes higher half his length. Vith wonder you approve his flight; and owe your Pleafure to your Fright. ut, like poor Andrew, I advance, alle Mimic of my Matter's Dance: found the cord a while I sprawl; and thence, tho' low in earnest fall.

My Preface tells you, I digress'd:
le's half absolv'd who has confess'd.

T

V 3

I like

The Progress 206 I like, quoth Dick, your Simile: And in return, take two from me. As Masters in the Clair-obscure, With various light your Eyes allure: A flaming yellow here they spread; Draw off in blew, or charge in red: Yet from these colors odly mix'd, Your fight upon the whole is fix'd. Or as, again, your Courtly Dames, (Whose Cloaths returning Birth-Day claims.) By arts improve the stuffs they vary; And things are best, as most contrary: The Gown with stif Embroid'ry shining. Looks charming with a flighter lining: The Out, if Indian figures stain, The In-fide must be rich and plain. So you, great Authors, have thought fit, To make difgression temper wit. When Arguments too fiercely glare; You calm 'em with a milder air: To break their point, you turn their force, And furbelow the plain discourse.

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Richard, quoth Mat, these words of thine, Speak something sly, and something sine: But I shall e'en resume my Theme; However thou may'st praise, or blame.

As people marry now, and fettle; Fierce Love abates his usual mettle: Worldly defires, and household cares Disturb the Godhead's fost affairs: In larger compass Alma ranges,
This day below, the next above;
Is light, or solid whimsies move.
In Mand Country-seat near Bansted Down:
Is more one he dates his Foreign Letters,
Sends out his Goods, and duns his Debtors:
In tother, at his hours of leisure,
He smokes his pipe, and takes his pleasure.

And now your matrimonial Cupid, lash'd on by Time, grows tir'd and stupid. for flory and Experience tell us, That Man grows cold, and Woman Jealous. Both would their little ends secure: He fighs for Freedom, she for Pow'r. His wishes tend abroad to roam: And her's, to domineer at home. Thus Passion flags by slow degrees; And ruffll'd more, delighted less, The busy Mind does feldom go To those once charming seats below: But, in the breast incamp'd, prepares for well-bred Feints, and future wars. The Man suspects his Lady's crying, (When he last Autumn lay a dying) Was but to gain him to appoint her By Codicil a larger Jointure: The Woman finds it all a trick, That he could fwoon when the was fick;

V 4

bul

The Progress
And knows, that in that grief he reckon'd
On black-ey'd Susan for his second.

Thus having strove some tedious Years With seign'd Desires, and real Fears; And tir'd with answers, and replies, Of John affirms, and Martha lies; Leaving this endless altercation, The Mind affects a higher Station.

Poltis, that gen'rous King of Thrace, I think, was in this very cafe. All Asia now was by the ears: And Gods beat up for Voluntiers To Greece, and Troy; while Poltis fat In Quiet, governing his State. And whence, faid the pacific King, Does all this Noise, and Discord spring? Why, Paristook Atrides' Wife With ease I could compose this strife: The injur'd Hero should not lose. Nor the young Lover want a spouse: But Helen chang'd her first condition, Whithout her Husband's just permission. What from the Dame can Paris hope? She may as well from him elope. Again, how can her old Good-man With Honor take her back again? From hence I logically gather, The Woman cannot live with either. Now I have two right honest Wives, For whose Possession no Man strives: One to Atrides I will fend: And t'other to my Trojan Friend.

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Each Prince shall thus with honor have, What both so warmely seem to crave: The Wrath of Gods and Man shall cease; And Poltis live and die in Peace.

Dick, if this Story pleaseth thee, Fray thank Dan Pope, who told it me.

Howe'er fwift Alma's flight may vary; (Take this by way of Corollary) some Limbs she finds the very same, In place, and dignity, and name: These dwell at such convenient distance, That each may give his Friend affistance. Thus he who runs or dances, begs The equal vigor of two Legs: o much to both does Alma trust, the ne'er regards, which goes the first. league could make neither of them stay, When with with himself he ran away. The Man who struggles in the Fight, fatigues left arm, as well as right: for whilst one hand exalts the blow, and on the Earth extends the Foe; Tother would take it wond'rous ill, f in your Pocket he lay still. and when you shoot, and shut one Eye, ou cannot think, he would deny To lend the t'other friendly aid; or wink, as coward and affraid: o, Sir, whilst he withdraws his slame, lis Comrade takes the furer aim.

V 5

One

Each

'Tis thus, one Tradesman slips away, To give his Part'ner fairer play.

Some Limbs again in bulk or stature
Unlike, and not a-kin by nature,
In concert act, like modern Friends;
Because one serves the t'other's ends.
The Arm thus waits upon the Heart
So quick to take the Bully's part,
That one, tho' warm, decides more slow;
Than t'other executes the blow.
A Stander-by may chance to have it,
E'er Hack himself perceives he gave it.

The am'rous Eyes thus always go
A-stroling for their Friends below:
For long before the 'Squire and Dame
Have tête à tête reliev'd their slame;
E'er Visits yet are brought about,
The eye by Sympathy looks out;
Knows Florimel, and longs to meet her,
And, if he sees, is sure to greet her;
Tho' at Sash-window, on the stairs,
At Court, nay (Authors say) at Pray'rs.——

The Funeral of some valiant Knight May give this thing it's proper light

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View his two Gantlets: these declare,
That both his hands were us'd to War.
And from his two gilt Spurs, 'tis learn'd
His Feet were equally concern'd.
But have you not with thought beheld
The sword hang dangling o'er the shield?
Which shows the Breast, that plate was us'd to,
Had an Ally right Arm to trust to.
And by the peep-holes is his Crest,
Is it not virtually confest,
That there his Eye took distant aim,
And glanc'd Respect to that bright Dame,
In whose delight his hope was center'd,
And for whose Glove his Life he ventur'd?

Objections to my general System
May rise, perhaps, and I have mist them:
But I can call to my assistance
Proximity (mark that!) and Distance:
Can prove, that all things on occasion,
Love Union, and desire Adhesion:
That Alma merely is a Scale;
And Motives, like the Weights, pervail.
Is neither side turn down or up,
With Loss or Gain, with Fear or hope;
The Balance always would hang ev'n,
Like Mah'met's Tomb, 'twixt Earth and Heav'n,

This, Richard, is a curious case:
Suppose your Eyes sent equal rays
Upon two distant pots of Ale,
Not knowing which was mild or stale:

View

In this fad state your doubtful choice
Would never have the casting voice;
Which best, or worst, you could not think,
And die you must, for want of drink;
Unless some chance inclines your sight,
Setting one Pot in fairer light;
Then you prefer or A, or B,
As lines and angles best agree:
Your Sense resolv'd impells your Will.
She guides your hand, ---- So drink your fill.

Have you not feen a Baker's Maid Between two equal Panniers sway'd? Her Tallies useless lie, and idle, If plac'd exactly in the midle: But forc'd from this unactive state, By virtue of some casual weight; On either side you hear 'em clatter, And judge of right and lest-hand matter.

Now, Richard, this coercive force,
Without your choice, must take it's course.
Great Kings to Wars are pointed forth,
Like loaded Needles to the North.
And thou and I, by pow'r unseen,
Are barely passive, and suck'd in
To Henault's Vaults, or Celia's Chamber
As straw and paper are by Amber.
If we sit down to play or set
(Suppose at Ombre or Basset)
Let People call us Cheats, or Fools;
Our Cards and we are equal Tools.

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We fure in vain the Cards condemn:
Our felves both cut and shuffl'd them.
In vain on Fortune's aid rely:
She only is a stander-by.
Poor Men! poor Papers! We and they
Do some impulsive force obey;
And are but play'd with: --- Do not play.
But Space and Matter we should blame;
They palm'd the Trick that lost the Game.

3

Thus to fave further contradiction, Against what you may think but siction; Ifor Attraction, Dick, declare:
Deny it those bold Men that dare.
As well your motion, as your thought Is all by hidden impulse wrought:
Ev'n faying, that you think or walk, How like a Country 'Squire you talk!

Mark then; ---Where Fancy or Desire Collects the beams of vital Fire; Into that limb fair Alma slides, And there, pro tempore, resides. She dwells in Nicolini's Tongue, When Pyrrhus chants the heav'nly Song. When Pedro does the lute command, She guides the cunning Artist's hand. Thro' Macer's gullet she runs down, When the vile Glutton dines alone. And void of modesty and thought She follows Bibo's endless Draught. Thro' the soft Sex again she ranges; As Youth, Caprice, or Fashion changes.

We

Fair

Fair Alma careless and serene, In Fanny's sprightly eyes is seen; While they diffuse their infant beams, Themselves not conscious of their flames. Again fair Alma fits confest, On Florimel's experter Breaft; When she the rising sigh constrains, And by concealing speaks her pains. In Cynthia's Neck fair Alma glows; When the vain thing her Jewels shows. When Jenny's Stays are newly lac'd, Fair Alma plays about her Waste; And when the fwelling hoop fustains The rich Brocard, fair Alma deigns Into that lower space to enter, Of the large round, her felf the center.

Again: That fingle Limb or Feature (Such is the cogent force of Nature)
Which most did Alma's Passion move,
In the first object of her love,
For ever will be found confest,
And printed on the am'rous Breast.

O Abelard! ill-fated Youth,
Thy Tale will justify this truth:
But well I weet, thy cruel wrong
Adorns a nobler Poets Song.
Dan Pope for thy misfortune griev'd,
With kind concern, and skill, has weav'd
A filken web; and ne er shall fade
It's colors: gently has he laid

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The mantle o'er thy fad distress:
And Venus shall the texture bless.
He o'er the weeping Nun has drawn,
Such artful folds of facred Lawn,
That Love with equal grief and pride,
Shall see the crime, he strives to hide:
And softly drawing back the Veil,
The God shall to his Vot'ries tell
Each conscious fear, each blushing grace,
That deck'd dear Eloisa's face.

Happy the Poet, bleft the Lays, Which Buckingham has deign'd to praise.

Next, Dick, as Youth and Habit sways, A hundred gambols Alma plays. If whilst a Boy, Jack run from schole, Fond of his hunting-horn, and pole; Tho Gout and Age his Speed detain, Old John halloo's his Hounds again. By his fire-side he starts the Hare, And turns her in his Wicker-chair: His feet, however lame, you find, Have got the better of his mind.

If while the mind was in her leg,
The Dance affected nimble Peg;
Old Madge, bewitch'd at Sixty one,
Calls for Green fleeves, and Jumping Joan.
In public Mask, or private Ball,
From Lincoln's-Inn, to Goldsmith's Hall,
All Cristmas long away she trudges;
Trips it with Prentices and Judges:

She cheats her Son, to wed her Page.

If Alma, whilft the Man was young, Slip'd up too foon into his Tongue: Pleas'd with his own fantastic skill. He lets that weapon ne'er lie still. On any point if you dispute; Depend upon it, he'll confute: Change fides, and you increase your pain; For he'll confute you back again. For one may speak with Tully's tongue; Yet all the while be in the wrong. And 'tis remarkable, that they Talk most, who have the least to say. Your dainty Speakers have the curse, To plead bad Causes down to worse: As Dames, who native beauty want, Still uglier look, the more they paint.

Again, if in the Female-Sex

Alma should on this member fix;

(A cruel and a desp'rate case,

From which Heav'n shield my lovely Lass:)

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Interpretation of the patient, afflict our life, with that prime ill, a talking Wife, we must be patient, or be deaf.

You know, a certain Lady, Dick, Tho faw me, when I last was sick: he kindly talk'd, at least three hours, If Plastic Forms, and Mental Pow'rs: escrib'd our pre-existing station, esfore this vile Terrene Creation: and lest I should be weary'd, Madam to cut things short, came down to Adam; som whence, as fast as she was able, the drowns the World, and builds up Babel. The Syria, Persia, Greece she goes; and takes the Romans in the close.

But we'll descant on gen'ral Nature; his is a System not a Satyr.

Turn we this Globe, and let us see, ow diffrent Nations disagree, what we wear, or eat, and drink; by, Dick, perhaps in what we think.

X

In water as you fmell and tast
The soyls thro' which it rose and past;
In Alma's manner you may read
The place where she was born and bred.

One People from their fwadling bands Releas'd their Infants feet and hands: Here Alma to these limbs was brought; And Sparta's Offspring kick'd and sought.

Another taught their Babes to talk E'er they could yet in Goe-carts walk: There Alma fettl'd in the Tongue; And Orators from Athens sprung.

Observe but in these Neighb'ring Lands, The distrent use of Mouths and Hands; As Men repos'd their various hopes, In Battles those, and these in Tropes.

In Britain's Iles, as Heylyn notes,
The Ladies trip in Petticoats;
Which, for the honor of their Nation,
They quit but on some great occasion.
Men there in Breeches clad you view;
They claim that garment, as their due.
In Turkey the reverse appears;
Long Coats the haughty Husband wears,
And greets his Wife with angry speeches,
If she be seen without her Breeches.

In our fantastic Climes the Fair With cleanly Powder dry their hair; And round their lovely Breast and Head Fresh Flow'rs their mingl'd odors shed.

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Your nicer Hottentots think meet
With Guts and Tripe to deck their Feet.
With down-cast looks on Totta's Legs,
The ogling Youth most humbly begs,
The would not from his hopes remove
It once his Break-fast, and his Love:
And if the skittish Nymph should sly;
The in a double sense must die.

We simple Toasters take delight lo see our Women's Teeth look white; and ev'ry saucy ill-bred Fellow seers at a Mouth profoundly yellow. I China none hold Women sweet, accept their snags are black as jett. In China put nine Queens to death, sonvict on statute, Iv'ry Teeth.

As Jesuits write who never lye)
he Wise, and Counsellor, and Priest,
ho serv'd him most, and lov'd him best;
espare, and light his Fun'ral Fire,
and chearful on the Pile expire.

Europe 'twould be hard to find
each degree one half so kind.

Now turn we to the farthest East, at there observe the Gentry drest. ince Giolo, and his Royal Sisters, and with ten Thousand comely blisters; me marks remaining on the skin, tell the Quality within.

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Distinguish'd Slashes deck the Great:
As each excells in Birth, or State,
His Oylet-holes are more, and ampler:
The King's own body was a samplar.
Happy the Climate, where the Beau
Wears the same suit for use, and show:
And at a small expence your Wise,
If once well pink'd, is cloth'd for Life.

Westward again the Indian Fair,
Is nicely smear'd with Fat of Bear:
Before you see, you smell your Toast;
And sweetest she, who stinks the most.
The finest Sparks, and cleanest Beaux
Dip from the shoulders to the toes.
How sleek their skins, their joints how easy!
There Slovens only are not greasy.

I mention'd dif'rent ways of Breeding;
Begin we in our Children's Reading.
To Master John the English Maid
A Horn-book gives of Ginger-bread:
And that the Child may learn the better,
As he can name, he eats the Letter:
Proceeding thus with vast delight,
He spells, and gnaws, from left to right.
But shew a Hebrew's hopeful Son,
Where we suppose the Book begun;
The Child would thank you for your kindness,
And read quite backward from our Finis:
Devour he learning ne'er so fast
Great A would be reserv'd the last.

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An equal instance of this matter, in the Manners of a Daughter. Europe, if a harmless Maid, Nature and by Love betray'd, hould eer a Wife become a Nurse: Her Friends would look on her the worfe. India, Dampier's Travels tell ye; Look in his Index for Pagalli:) oon as the British Ships unmoore, and jolly long-boat rows to shore. lown come the Nobles of the Land, ach brings his Daughter in his hand, efeeching the imperious Tar To make her but one hour his care. he tender Mother stands affrighted. left her dear Daughter should be slighted: nd poor Miss Yava dreads the shame I going back the Maid she came.

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ness,

Observe how Custom, Dick, compells the Lady that in Europe dwells: ster her Tea she slips away and what to do, one need not say. Sow see how great Pomanque's Queen chav'd her self amongst the Men: leas'd with her Punch, the Gallant Soul inst drank, then water'd in the Bowl; and sprinkl'd in the Captain's Face the marks of her peculiar Grace——

To close this point, we need not roam or instances so far from home.

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He's the first Prince in Christendome. Choose then good Pope, at home to stay; Nor westward curious take thy way. Thy way unhappy should'st thou take From Tiber's bank to Leman-lake Thou art an aged Priest no more.

But a young flanting painted whore: Thy fex is loft, thy Town is gone; No longer Rome , but Babylon.

That some few Leagues should make this change, To Men unlearn'd feems mighty strange.

But need we, Friend, infift on this? Since in the very Cantons Swifs, All your Philosophers agree, And prove it plain, that one may be A Heretic, or true Believer On this, or t'other side a River.

Here with an artful fmile, quoth Dick, Your Proofs come mighty full, and thick---

The Bard on this extensive chapter, Wound up into Poetic Rapture, Continu'd: Richard, cast your eye By night upon a Winter-sky:

Cast in by day-light on the strand,
Which compasses fair Albion's Land:
If you can count the Stars that glow
Above, or sands that lie below;
Into those Common-places look,
Which from great Authors I have took;
Ind count the Proofs I have collected,
To have my Writing well protected:
These I lay by for time of need;
Ind thou may'st at thy leisure read.
For standing every Critic's rage,
Safely will to suture Age
System, as a gift bequeath,
Sistorious over Spight, and Death.

Wighth of the outpoint of the

THE THIRD CANTO.

Ichard, who now was half a fleep,
Rous'd; nor would longer filence keep:
and fense like this, in vocal breath
toke from his twofold hedge of Teeth.
low if this phrase too harsh be thought;
we tell the world, 'tis not my fault.
Id Homer taught us thus to speak:
I'tis not sense, at least 'tis Greek.

As Folks, quoth Richard, prone to leasing, by things at first because they're pleasing;

Then

X 4

The Progress 224 Then prove what they have once afferted. Nor care to have their lie deferted: 'Till their own Dreams at length deceive'em; And oft repeating, they believe 'em. Or as again those am'rous Blades, Who trifle with their Mother's Maids; Tho' at the first their wild defire. Was but to quench a present fire; Yet if the object of their Love Chance by Lucina's aid to prove They feldom let the Bantling roar In Basket at a Neighbour's door: But by the flatt'ring glass of Nature, Viewing themselves in Cake-bread's Feature; With ferious thought and care support, What only was begun in fport.

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Just so with you, my Friend, it sares, Who deal in Philosophic Wares:
Atoms you cut, and Forms you measure,
To gratiste your private pleasure;
'Till airy seeds of casual Wit
Do some fantastic birth beget:
And pleas'd to find your System mended,
Beyond what you at first intended,
The happy Whimsey you pursue;
'Till you at length believe it true.
Caught by your own delusive Art,
You sancy first, and then assert.

Quoth Matthew: Friend, as far as I Thro' Art or Nature cast my eye,

This Axiom clearly I difcern, That one must teach, and t'other learn. No Fool Pythagoras was thought: Whilst he his weighty Doctrines taught; He made his list'ning Scholars stand, Their mouth still cover'd with their hand: Elfe, may be, fome odd-thinking Youth, Less Friend to Doctrine than to Truth, Might have refus'd to let his ears Attend the Musick of the Spheres; Deny'd all transmigrating Scenes. And introduc'd the use of Beans. From great Lucretius take his Void: And all the World is quite destroy'd. Deny Des-Carte his fubtile Matter; You leave him neither Fire, nor Water. How odly would Sir Isaak look, If you, in Answer to his book, Say in the Front of your Discourse, That things have no elastic force? How could our Chymic Friends go on, To find the Philosophic stone; If you more pow'rful Reasons bring To prove, that there is no fuch thing?

Your Chiefs in Sciences and Arts, Have great contempt of Alma's parts. They find, she giddy is, or dull: She doubts, if things are void, or full: And who should be presum'd to tell, What she her self should see, or feel?

She

She doubts, if two and two make four, Tho' she has told them ten times o'er. It can't---it may be---and it must: To which of these must Alma trust? Nay, further yet they make her go, In doubting, if she doubts, or no. Can Syllogism fet things right? No; Majors foon with Minors fight: Or, both in friendly confort join'd The Consequence limps false behind. So to fome Cunning-Man she goes, And asks of him, how much she knows. With patience grave he hears her fpeak; And from his short Notes, gives her back What from her Tale he comprehended: Thus the dispute is wisely ended. From the account the lofer brings The Conj'ror knows, who stole the things.

'Squire (interrupted Dick) fince when Were you amongst these Cunning-Men!

Dear Dick, quoth Mat. let not thy force Of Eloquence spoil my Discourse. I tell thee, this is Alma's case, Still asking, what some Wise-man says, Who does his mind in words reveal, Which allmust grant, tho' sew can spell. You tell your Doctor, that y'are ill: And what does he, but write a Bill, Of which you need not read one letter; The worse the scrawl, the Dose the better.

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For if you knew but what you take; Tho' you recover, he must break.

Ideas, Forms and Intellects, Have furnish'd out three different Sects. Substance, or Accident divides All Europe into adverse sides.

Now, as engag'd in Arms or Laws
You must have Friends to back your Cause:
In Philosophic matters so
Your Judgment must with others go.
For as in Senates, so in Scholes,
Majority of Voices rules.

Poor Alma, like a lonely Deer,
0'er hills and dales does doubtful err:
Whith panting haste, and quick surprise,
From ev'ry leaf that stirs, she slies;
Till mingl'd with the neighb'ring herd,
She slights what erst she singly fear'd:
And now, exempt from doubt and dread,
She dares pursue; if they dare lead:
As their Example still prevails;
She tempts the stream, or leaps the Pales.

He then, quoth Dick, who by your rule Thinks for himself, becomes a Fool. As Party-Man, who leaves the rest, s call'd but Whimsical at best. Now, by your favor, Master Mat, Like Ralpho, here I smell a Rat. I must be listed in your Sect; Who, tho' they teach not, can protect.

Right

So Dick Adept, tuck back thy hair, And I will pour into thy Ear Remarks, which none did e'er disclose, In smooth-pac'd Verse, or hobling Prose. Attend, dear Dick, but don't reply; And thou may'st prove as wise as I. In

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When Alma now in diffrent ages, Has finish'd her ascending stages; Into the Head at length she gets, And there in public grandeur sits, To judge of things, and censure Wits,

Here, Richard, how could I explain,
The various lab'rinths of the brain?
Surprise my Readers, whilst I tell 'em
Of Cerebrum and Cerebellum?
How could I play the Commentator
On dura, and on pia Mater?
Where hot and cold, and dry and wet,
Strive each the t'other's place to get;

And with inceffant toil and strife Would keep possession during life. I could demonstrate every pore, Where Mem'ry lays up all her store; And to an inch compute the station, 'Twixt Judgment, and Imagination. O Friend! I could display much Learning, At least to Men of small discerning. The Brain contains ten thousand Cells: In each some active Fancy dwells; Which alway's is at work, and framing The feveral Follies I was naming. As in a Hive's vimineous dome. Then thousand Bees enjoy their home, Each does her studious action vary, To go and come, to fetch and carry: Each still renews her little labor. Nor justles her assiduous Neighbour: Each --- whilft this Thesis I maintain, I fancy, Dick, I know thy Brain. 0 with the mighty Theme affected, Could I but fee thy head diffected!

My head, quoth Dick, to ferve your whim, Spare that, and take some other limb. Sir, in your nice affairs of System, Wise Men propose, but Fools assist 'em.

Says Matthew: Richard, keep thy head, And hold thy peace; and I'll proceed.

Proced! quoth Dick: Sir, I aver, You have already gone too far.

When

When people once are in the wrong; Each line they add, is much too long. Who fastest walks, but walks astray, Is only furthest from his way. Bless your conceits! must I believe. Howe'er abfurd, what you conceive; And, for your Friendship, live and dye A Papist in Philosophy? I fay, whatever you maintain Of Alma in the Heart, or Brain; The plainest Man alive may tell ye, Her feat of Empire is the Belly: From hence she fends out those supplies, Which make us either frout, or wife: The strength of ev'ry other Member, Is founded on your belly-timber: The qualms or raptures of your blood Rife in proportion to your Food: And if you would improve your thought, You must be fed, as well as taught. Your Stomach makes your Fabric roll; Just as the biass rules the Bowl. That great Achilles might imploy The strength, defign'd to ruin Troy; He din'd on Lion's marrow, spread On toasts of ammunition-bread: But by his Mother fent away, Amongst the Thracian Girls to play. Effeminate he fat, and quiet: Strange product of a Cheefe-cake diet! Now give my Argument fair play, And take the thing the t'other way:

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The Youngster, who at Nine and Three, Drinks with his Sifters milk and tea. From break-fast reads, 'till twelve a clock, Burnet and Heylyn , Hobbes and Lock : He pays due visits after-noon To Coufin Alice, and Uncle John: At ten from Coffee-house or Play Returning finishes the day. But give him Port, and potent Sack; From Milk-sop he starts up Mohack: Holds that the happy know no hours: So thro' the street at midnight scow'rs; Breaks Watch-men's heads, & Chair-men's Glasses, And thence proceeds to nicking Sashes: Till by fome tougher hand o'ercome, And first knock'd down, and then led home; He damns the Foot-man, strikes the Maid, And decently reels up to bed.

Observe the various Operations
Of Food, and Drink in several Nations.
Was ever Tartar sierce or cruel,
Upon the strength of Water-gruel?
Out who shall stand his rage and sorce;
Is first he rides, then eats his Horse?
Oallads, and Eggs, and lighter fare
Tune the Italian Spark's Guitar.
Ind, if I take Dan Congreve right;
Oudding and beef make Britons sight.
Okay and Coffee cause this work,
Otherween the German and the Turk:
Ind both, as they Provisions want,
Unicane, avoid, retire, and faint.

Hunger and Thirst, or Guns and Swords, Give the same Death in diffrent words. To push this Argument no surther; To starve a Man, in law, is Murther.

As in a Watche's fine machine, Tho' many artful fprings are feen : The added movements, which declare, How full the Moon, how old the Year, Derive their fecondary pow'r From that which fimply points the Hour. For, tho' these Gim-cracks were away; (Quare would not swear, but Quare would say) However more reduc'd and plain, The Watch would fill a Watch remain: But if the Horal orbite ceases, The whole stands still, or breaks to pieces: 'Tis now no longer what it was; And you may e'en go fell the Cafe. So if unprejudic'd you fcan The goings of this Clock-work, Man: You find a hundred movements made By fine devices in his head: But 'tis the Stomach's folid stroke, That tells his Being, what's a clock. If you take off his Rhet'ric-Trigger He talks no more in Mood and Figure: Or clog his Mathematic-Wheel. His buildings fall, his ship stands still. Or lastly break his Politic-Weight: His Voice no longer rules the State.

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ight on't Yet if these finer whims were gone;
Your Clock, tho' plain, would still go on:
But spoil the Engine of Digestion;
And you entirely change the question;
Alma's affairs no Pow'r can mend,
The Jest, alas! is at an end:
Soon ceases all this wordly bustle;
And you consign the corps to Russel.

Now make your Alma come or go,
From leg to hand, from top to toe;
Your System, without my Addition,
Is in a very sad condition.
The Harlequin extoll'd his Horse,
The for the War, or Road, or Course;
This mouth was soft, his eye was good;
This Foot was sure as ever trod:
The fault he had, a fault indeed;
The Horse was dead.

Dick, from these instances and setches
Thou mak'st of Horses, Clocks, and Watches,
Quoth Mat. to me thou seem'st to mean,
That Alma is a mere Machine;
That telling others what's a clock,
the knows not what her self has struck;
the leaves to standers-by the tryal,
If what is mark'd upon her dial.

Here hold a blow, good Friend, quoth Dick; and rais'd his Voice exceeding quick:

Ight fair, Sir: what I never meant

On't you infer. In argument,

Smi-

334 The Progress
Similes are like Songs in love:
They much describe; they nothing prove.

Mat. who was here a little gravel'd, Tost up his Nose, and would have cavil'd: But calling Hermes to his aid, Half pleas'd, half angry, thus he said: Where mind ('tis for the Author's Fame) That Matthew call'd, and Hermes came. In danger Heroes, and in doubt Poets sind Gods to help 'em out.

Friend Richard, I begin to see, That you and I shall scarce agree. Observe how odly you behave: The more I grant, the more you crave. But, Comrade, as I said just now. I should affirm, and you allow. We System-makers can sustain The Thesis, which, you grant was plain; And with Remarks and Comments teaze ye; In case the thing before was easy. But in a point obscure and dark, We fight as Leibnits did with Clark; And when no Reasons we can show, Why matters this or that way go; The shortest way the things we try, And what we know not, we deny: True to our own o'erbearing Pride, And false to all the World beside.

That old Philosopher grew cross, Who could not tell what Motion was:

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Because he walk'd against his will He fac'd Men down, that he stood still. And he who reading on the Heart, (When all his Quodlibets of art Could not expound it's pulse and heat) Swore he had never felt it beat. Chrysippus, foil'd by Epicurus, Makes bold (Fove bless him!) to affure us. That all things, which our mind can view May be at once both false, and true. And Malbranch has an odd conceit, As ever enter'd Frenchman's pate: Says he, so little can our Mind Of Matter, or of Spirit find, That we by guess, at least, may gather Something, which may be both, or neither. Faith Dick, I must confess 'tis true But this is only entre nous) That many knotty Points there are, Which all discuss, but few can clear: As Nature flily had thought fit, for some by-ends, to cross-bite Wit. Circles to square, and Cubes to double, Would give a Man excessive trouble: The Longitude uncertain roams. n spite of Whiston and his Bombs. What System, Dick, has right averr'd he cause, why Woman has no beard? or why, as years our frame attack, our hair grows white, our teeth grow black? Points like these we must agree, Becat Dur Barber knows as much as we. Ycz Yet still unable to explain,
We must persist the best we can:
With care our Systems still renew,
And prove things likely, tho' not true,

I could, thou see'st, in quaint dispute By dint of Logic strike thee mute; With learned skill, now push, now parry, From Darii to Bocardo vary, And never yield; or what is worst, Never conclude the Point discours'd. Yet, that you hic or nane may know, How much you to my Candor owe; I'll from the Disputant descend, To shew thee, I assume the Friend: I'll take thy Notion for my own----(So most Philosophers have done) It makes my System more complete: Dick, can it have a nobler Fate? Take what thou wilt, faid Dick, dear Friend; But bring thy matters to an end.

I find, quoth Mat. Reproof is vain: Who first offend will first complain. Thou wishest, I should make to shoar; Yet still put it in thy thwarting oar. What I have told thee fifty times In Prose, receive for once in Rhimes: A huge sat Man in Countrey-Fair, Or City-Church, (no matter where) Labor'd and push'd amid'st the Croud, Still bauling out extremely loud;

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Lord fave us! why do People press? Another marking his diffress, Friendly repli'd, Plump Gentleman, Get out as fast as e'er you can: Or cease to push, or to exclaim: You make the very crowd you blame.

Says Dick, your Moral does not need The least return; so e'en proceed: Your Tale, howe'er apply'd, was short: So far, at least, I thank you for't. Mat. took his thanks, and in a tone More magisterial, thus went on.

Now Alma settles in the Head: As has before been fung, or faid: And here begins this Farce of Life; Enter Revenge, Ambition Strife: Behold on both fides Men advance To form in earnest Bays's Dance. L'Avare not using half his store, fill grumbles, that he has no more; trikes not the present Tun, for fear The Vintage should be bad next year: and eats to-day with inward forrow, and dread of fancy'd want to-morrow. broad if the Sur-tout you wear, epells the rigor of the air; Vould you be warmer, if at home ou had the fabric, and the loom? and if two boots keep out the weather; hat need you have two hides of leather?

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The Progress

Could Pedro, think you, make no tryal

Of a Sonata on his Viol,

Unless he had the total gut,

Whence every string at first was cut?

When Rarus shows you his Carton, He always tells you, with a groan, Where two of that same hand were torn, Long before you, or he were born.

Poor Vento's mind so much is crost, For part of his Petronius lost; That he can never take the pains To understand what yet remains.

What toil did honest Curio take? What strict enquiries did he make, To get one Medal wanting yet, And perfect all his Roman fett? 'Tis found: and O his happy lot! 'Tis bought, lock'd up, and lies forgot; Of these no more you hear him speak: He now begins upon the Greek. These rang'd and show'd, shall in their turns Remain obscure, as in their Urns. My Copper-Lamps at any rate, For being true Antique, I bought; Yet wifely melted down my Plate, On modern Models to be wrought: And Trifles I alike pursue; Because they're old; because they're new.

Dick, I have seen you with delight, For Georgy make a Paper-Kite.

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And simple Odes too many show ye,
My servile complaisance to Cloe.
Parents and Lovers are decreed
By Nature Fools----Thats brave indeed
Quoth Dick: such Truths are worth receiving:
Yet still Dick look'd as not believing.

Now, Alma, to Divines, and Profe leave thy Frauds, and Crimes, and Woes: Nor think to-night of thy ill-nature, But of thy Follies, idle Creature; The turns of thy uncertain wing, And not the malice of thy fting: Thy pride of being great and wife, do but mention, to despise. view with anger and disdain, low little gives thee joy, or pain: Print, a Bronze, a Flow'r, a Root Ishell, a Butter-fly can do't. lin a Romance, a Tune, a Rhime, delp thee to pass the tedious time, Which else would on thy hand remain: Tho' flown, it ne'er looks back again: and Cards are dealt, and Chess-boards brought; To ease the pain of Coward-Thought. lappy refult of human-Wit! That Alma may her felf forget.

Dick, thus we act; and thus we are, I toss'd by Hope, or funk by Care.
With endless pain this Man pursues
What, if he gain'd, he could not use:

Y

And

The Progress 340 And t'other fondly hopes to fee What never was, nor e'er shall be. We err by use, go wrong by rules; In gesture grave, in action Fools: We join Hypocrifie to Pride, Doubling the faults, we strive to hide. Or grant, that with extreme furprise, We find our felves at Sixty, wife; And twenty pretty things are known, Of which we can't accomplish one; Whilst, as my System says, the Mind Is to these upper rooms confin'd: Should I, my Friend, at large repeat Her borrow'd sense, her fond conceit; The Bede-roll of her vicious tricks; My Poem would be too prolix. For could I my Remarks fustain, Like Socrates, or Miles Montaigne; Who in these times would read my Books; But Tom o' Stiles, or John o' Nokes?

As Brentford Kings discrete and wise,
After long thought and grave advice,
Into Lardella's coffin peeping,
Saw nought to cause their Mirth or Weeping:
So Alma now to joy or Grief
Superior, finds her late relief:
Weary'd of being high, or Great;
And nodding in a Chair of State;
Stun'd and worn out with endless chat,
Of Will did this, and Nan said that;

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Thy and She finds, poor thing, fome little crack,
Which Nature, forc'd by Time, must make;
Thro' which she wings her destin'd way:
Upward she foars; and down drops clay:
While some surviving Friend supplies,
His Jacet, and a hundred lies.

O Richard, 'till that day appears. Which must decide our Hopes and Fears: Would Fortune calm her present rage. And give us Play things for our Age: Would Clotho wash her hands in milk. And twiff our thread with Gold and filke Would she in Friendship, Peace, and Plenty, spin out our years to four times Twenty: And should we both in this condition. Have conquer'd Love, and worse Ambition; Else those two Passions, by the way, May chance to flow us fcurvy play:) Then Richard, then should we sit down, far from the tumult of this Town: fond of my well-chosen Seat, My Pictures, Medals, Books compleat: Ir should we mix our friendly talk, Pershaded in that fav'rite Walk. Which thy own hand had whilom planted, oth pleas'd with all we thought we wanted: let then, ev'n then one cross Resection Would spoil thy Grove, and my Collection: lhy Son, and his, e'er that may die; nd time forme uncouth Heir supply; Who

:

Who shall for nothing else be known, But spoiling all that thou hast done. Who fet the Twigs, shall he remember, That is in hafte to fell the timber? And what shall of thy Woods remain, Except the Box that threw the Main?

Nay may not Time and Death remove The near Relations, whom I love! And my Coz Tom, or his Coz Mary (Who hold the plough, or skim the dairy) My fav'rite Books and Pictures fell To Smart, or Doiley by the ell? Kindly throw in a little Figure, And fet their price-upon the bigger? Those who could never read their Grammar, When my dear Volumes touch the hammer, May think Books best, as richest bound. My Copper Medals by the pound May be with learned justice weigh'd; To turn the Ballance, Otho's head May be thrown in; and for the mettle, The Coin may mend a Tinker's kettle----

Tir'd with these thoughts--- Less tir'd than I, Quoth Dick, with your Philosophy--That People live and dye, I knew An hour ago, as well as you. And if Fate spins us longer years, Or is in haste to take the shears; I know, we must both fortunes try, And bear our evil, wet or dry.

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Yet let the Goddess smile, or frown;
Bread we shall eat, or white, or brown:
And in a Cottage, or a Court,
Drink sine Champaigne, or muddl'd Port.
What need of Books these Truths to tell,
Which Folks perceive, who cannot spell?
And must we spectacles apply,
To view, what hurts our naked Eye!

Sir, if it be your Wisdom's aim, To make me merrier than I am; Ill be all night at your devotion----Come on, Friend; broach the pleasing Notion: But if you would depress my thought; Your System is not worth a groat---for Plato's fancies what care I? hope you would not have me die, Like simple Cato in the Play, for any thing that he can fay? Een let him of Ideas speak To Heathens in his native Greek. f to be fad is to be wife; do most heartily despise Whatever Socrates has faid, n I, Or Tully write, or Wanley read.

Dear Drift, to set our matters right, lemove these papers from my sight; lum Mat's Des-cart', and Aristotle. lere Jonathan, your Master's bottle.

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OLOMON:

ONTHE

VANITY

OF

THE WORLD.

A POEM,

In THREE BOOKS.

By MATTHEW PRIOR Efq.

ιίω ηδόνομέχει, πόνο δέςγα πέλα. Eurip.

iquis Deus mihi largiatur, ut ex hac ætate urajcam, & in cunis vagiam, valde recusem. Cicero de Senect.

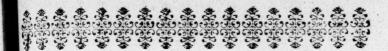
he bewailing of Mans Miseries, hath been elely & copiously set forth by many, in the writings ell of Philosophers as Divines: and it is both a sant and a prositable contemplation.

Bacon. Advanc. of Learning.

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THE

PREFACE.

T is hard for a Man to speak of himself with any tolerable satisfaction or succes: He can be no more lased in blaming himself, than in reading a Satyr ude on him by another: and though he may justly fire, that a Friend should praise him; yet if he makes sown Panegyric, he will get very sew to read it. It harder for him to speak of his own Writings. An Author in the condition of a Culprit: the Public are his udges: by allowing too much, and condescending too r, he may injure his own cause, and become a kind Felo de se; and by pleading and afferting too ldly, he may displease the Court that sits upon him : his plogy may only heighten his accusation. I would avoid ese Extremes: and though, I grant, it would not very civil to trouble the Reader with a long Preface, fre he enters upon an indifferent Poem; I would say mething to perswade him to take it as it is, or to excuse for not being better.

The noble Images and Reflections, the profound Reaings upon human actions, and excellent Precepts for egovernment of life, which are found in the Protibs, Ecclefiastes, and other Books commonly attrited to Solomon, afford subjects for finer Poems in ery kind, than have, I think, as yet appeared in the teck, Latin, or any modern Language. How sar ey were verse in their original, is a differtation not to smired into at present.

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Out

Out of this great Treasure, which lies heaped up together, in a confused Magnificence, above all order, I had a mind to collect and digest such Observations, and Apophthegms, as most particularly tend to the proof of that great Assertion, laid down in the beginning of the Ecclesiastes. All is Vanity.

Upon the Subject thus chosen, such various Images present themselves to a Writer's mind, that he must sind easier to judge, what should be rejected, than what ought to be received. The difficulty lies in drawing, and disposing; or (as the Painters term it) in grouping such a multitude of different objects, preserving still the justified and conformity of Style and Coloring; the simplex due taxat & unum, which Horace prescribes, as requisit to make the whole Picture beautiful and perfect.

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As Precept, however true in theory, or useful in pratice, would be but dry and tedious in Verse, especially the recital be long; I found it necessary to form some story and give a kind of Body to the Poem. Under what Species may be comprehended, whether Didascalic, or Heroid I leave to the judgment of the Critics; desiring them to favorable in their Censure; and not sollicitous what the Poem is called, provided it may be accepted.

The chief Personage or Charaster in the Epic, is alway proportioned to the design of the work, to carry on them ration, and the Moral. Homer intended to shew us in Iliad, that Dissentions amongst great Men obstruction of the noblest Enterprizes, and tend to the respection of the noblest Enterprizes, and tend to the respection of the noblest Enterprizes, and tend to the respection of the noblest Enterprizes, and tend to the respection of a State or Kingdom. His Achilles therefore is haugh and passionate, impatient of any restraint by Laws, a arrogant in Arms. In his Odysses the same Poetend vours to explain, that the hardest difficulties may be recome by labor, and our Fortune restored after the several afflictions. Ulysses therefore is valiant, virtuous and tient. Virgil's design was to tell us, how from a second colony established by the Trojans in Italy, the Rom

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Impire rose, and from what antient Families Augustus (who was his Prince and Patron) descended. His Hero therefore was to fight his way to the Throne, still distinwish'd and protected by the favor of the Gods. The Poet to this end takes off from the Vices of Achilles, and adds to the Virtues of Ulysses; from both perfecting a Character proper for his work in the Person of Æneas.

As Virgil copy'd after Homer, other Fpic Poets have wied after them both. Tasso's Gierusalemme Libeata is directly Troy Town Sacked, with this difference mly, that the two chief Characters in Homer, which he Latin Poet had joined in one, the Italian has searated in his Godfrey and Rinaldo: but he makes them oth carry on his work with very great Success. Ronfard's ranciade, (incomparably good as far as it goes) is again Virgil's Æneis. His Hero comes from a foreign country, titles a Colony, and lays the Foundation of a future impire. I instance in these, as the greatest Italian and french Poets in the Epic. In our Language Spencer has ut contented himself with this submissive manner of mitation; he lanches out into very flowery paths. which still seem to conduct him into one great Road. His airy Queen (had it been finished) must have ended in he account, which every Knight was to give of his Advantures, and in the accumulated praises of his Heome Gloriana. The whole would have been an Heroic om, but in another cast and figure, than any that had ver been written before. Yet it is observable, that every tero (as far as we can judge by the Books still remaining) ears his distinguished Character, and represents some articular Virtue conducive to the whole design.

Te bring this to our present subject: The Pleasures of te do not compensate the Miseries: Age steals upon us nawares, and Death, as the only cure of our ills, ought be expected, but not feared. This instruction is to be illusated by the Action of some great Person. Who therefore ore proper for the business, than Solomon himself? And

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And why may he not be supposed now to repeat what, we take it for granted, he acted almost three thousand Years since? If in the fair situation where this Prince was placed, he was acquainted with sorrows; if endowed with the greatest Perfections of Nature, and possess do fall the advantages of external condition, he could not find Happiness; the rest of Mankind may safely take the Monarch's word for the truth of what he asserts. And the Author who would persuade, that we should bear the ills of life patiently, meerly because Solomon felt the same, has a better argument than Lucretius had, when in his imperious way, he at once convinces and commands, that we ought to submit to Death without repining, because Epicurus died.

The whole Poem is a Soliloguy: Solomon is the Perfonthat speaks: He is at once the Hero and the Author but he tells us very often what others say to him. Those chiefly introduced are his Rabbies and Philosophers in the first Books, and his Women and their Attendants in the Second: With these the Sacred History mention him to have conversed; as likewise with the Angel brought down in the third Book, to help him out of his Difficulties; or a least to teach him how to overcome them.

Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus.

'I presume this poetical liberty may be very justly allowe me on so solemn an occasion.

In my Description I have endeavored to keep to them tions and manners of the Jewish Notion, at the time when Solomon lived; and where I allude to the Custom of the Greeks, I believe I may be justified by the strict Chronology; though a Poet is not obliged to the Rulthat confine an Historian. Virgil has anticipated two has dred Years; or the Trojan Hero and Carthaging Queen could not have been brought together: And with the same Anachronism several of the sinest parts of here

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Encis must have been omitted. Our Country-man Milton ves yet further. He takes up many of his material Imaessome Thousands of Years after the Fall of Man: Nor and he otherwise have written, or we read one of the sublimest pieces of Invention that was ever yet produced. This likewise takes off the Objection, that some Names of Countries, Terms of Art, and Notions in Natural Phiblophy, are otherwise expressed, than can be warranted by the Geography or Astronomy of Solomon's time. Poets are allowed the same liberty in their Descriptions and Comparisons, as Painters in their Draperies and Ornaments: Their Personages may be dress'd, not exactly in the same habits which they wore, but in such as make them appear most graceful. In this case Probability must attone for the want of Truth. This liberty has indeed been abused by eniment Masters in either Science. Raphael and Tasso have shewed their discretion, where Paul Veronese and Ariosto are to answer for their Extravagancies. It is the excess, not the thing it self, that is blameable.

I would say one word of the Measure, in which this, and most Poems of the Age are written. Heroic with untinued Rhime, as Donne and his Contemporaries used #, carrying the sense of one Verse most commonely into mother, was found too dissolute and wild, and came very often too near Prose. As Davenant and Waller wrrected, and Dryden perfected it, 'tis too confined: It cuts off the sense at the end of every first Line, which must always rhime to the next following; and consequently produces too frequent an identity in the sound, and brings every Couplet to the Point of an Epigram. It is indeed too brooken and weak, to convey the Sentiments and represent the Images proper for Epic. And as it tires the Writer while he composes, it must do the same to the Reader while he repeats; especially in a Poem of any considerable length.

If striking out into Blank Verse, as Milton did (and in this kind Mr. Philipps, had he lived, would have Aa a excell'd)

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excell'd) or running the thought into Alternate and Stanza, which allows a greater Variety, and still preferves the dignity of the verse, as Spencer and Fairfax bave done; if either of these, Isay, be a proper remedy for my poetical complaint, or if any other may be found, I dare not determine: I am only enquiring, in order to be better informed; without presuming to direct the jugement of others. And while I am speaking of the Verse is self, I give all just Praise to many of my Friends now living; who have in Epic carried the Harmony of their Numbers as far as the nature of this measure will permit. But once more; he that writes in Rhimes, dances in Fetters: And as his Chain is more extended, he may certainly take larger steps.

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I need make no Apology for the short disgressive Panc gyric upon Great Britain, in the sirst Book: I am glas to have it observed, that there appears throughout all m verses, a zeal for the Honor of my Country: and I have rather be thought a good English Man, than the best Poet, or greatest Scholar that ever wrote.

And now, as to the publishing of this Piece, though I hav in alitteral sense observ'd Horace's nonum prematu in annum; yet have I by no means obeyed our Poetica Lawgiver, according to the Spirit of the Precept. The Poem has indeed been written and laid aside much longer than the term prescribed; but in the mean time I had little leisure, and less inclination to revise or print it. The fro quent interruptions I have met with in my private Studies and great variety of Public life, in which I have been im ployed; my thoughts (such as they are) having generally been expressed in Foreign Language, and even formed by a habitude very different from what the Beauty and Ele gance of English Poetry requires: All these, and som other circumstances, which we had as good pass by a present, do justly contribute to make my excuse in this behalf very plausible. Far indeed from designing to print I had locked up these Papers in my Scritoire, there to the

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in peace, 'till my Executors might have taken them out. What altered this design; or how my Scritoire came to be unlocked before my Coffin was nailed, is the question. The true reason I take to be the best: Many of my Friends of the first Quality, finest Learning, and greatest Understanding, have wrested the Key from my hands, by a very kind and irresistible violence: And the Poem is published, not without my consent indeed, but a little against my minion; and with an implicite submission to the partiality of their judgment. As I give up here the fruits of many of my vacant hours to their amusement and pleasure; I shall always think my self happy, if I may dedicate my most frious endeavors to their interest and service. And I am proud to finish this Preface by saying, that the violence of many Enemies, whom I never justly offended, is abundantly recompensed, by the goodness of more Friends, whom I can never sufficiently oblige. And if I here assume the liberty of mentioning My Lord Harley and Lord Bathurst, as the Authors of this amicable confederacy, among all those, whose Names do me great Honor in the beginning of my Book; these two only ought to be angry with me; for I disobey their positive order, whilf Imake even this small acknowledgment of their particulas, kindne [s.



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TEXTS cheifly alluded to in the first Book.

He Words of the Preacher, the Son of David King of Jerusalem.

Vanity of Vanities, faith the Preacher, Vanity of Vanities, all is Vanity. Ecclesiastes, Chap. Vers 1. 2.

I communed with mine own heart, faying, lot I am come to great estate, and have gotten more Wisdom, than all they that have been before me in Jerusalem: Yea my heart had great experience of Wisdom and Knowledge. Vers. 16.

He spake of Trees, from the Cedar-tree that is in Lebanon, ev'n unto the Hyssop that springeth ou of the wall: he spake also of Beasts, and of Fowl and of creeping things, and of Fishes I Kings Chap. IV. Vers. 33.

know, that what foever God doeth, it shall be for ever: nothing can be put to it, nor any thing taken from it: and God doeth it, that Mer should fear before him. Ecclesiastes, Chap. III Verf. 14.

He hath made every thing beautiful in his time: Al fo he hath fet the World in their heart, fo that n Man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end. Verf. 11.

For in much Wisdom is much Grief: and he that increafeth Knowledge, increafeth Sorrow Chap. I. Vers. 18.

And further, by these, my Son, be admonished of making many Books there is no end; an That much Study is a weariness of the flesh. Cha XII, Verf. 12.

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THE FIRST BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Colomon feeking happiness from Knowledge, convenes the Learned Men of his Kingdom; requires them to explain to him the various Operations and Effects of Nature; discourses of Vegetables, Animals, and Man; proposes some questions concerning the Origin, and Situation of the habitable Earth: proceeds to examine the System of the visible Heav'n; doubts if there may not Mer he a Plurality of Worlds; enquires into the nature of Spirits and Angels: and wishes to be more fully informed, as to the Attributs of the Supreme Being. He is imperfectly answered by the Rabbins, and Doctors; blames his wn Curiofity; and concludes, that as to Human Science, All is Vanity.

VE Sons of Men, with just regard attend, I Observe the Preacher, and believe the Friend, shed Whose serious Muse inspires him to explain, ; an That all we act, and all we think is Vain. Cha That in this Pilgrimage of seventy Years, O'er Rocks of perils, and thro' Vales oftears Destin'd

Destin'd to march, our doubtful steps we tend. Tir'd with the toil, yet fearful of it's end. That from the womb we take our fatal shares Of Follies, Passions, Labors, Tumults, Cares: And at approach of Death shall only know [flow, > The truths which from these pensive numbers That we pursue false joy, & suffer real woe.

Happiness, object of that waking Dream, Which we call Life, mistaking; Fugitive Theme Of my purfing Verse; ideal shade; Notional Good, by Fancy only made, And by Tradition nurs'd, fallacious fire, Whose dancing beams mis-lead our fond desire, Cause of our Care, and Error of our Mind: 20 O! had'ft thou ever been by Heav'n defign'd To Adam, and his mortal Race; the Boon Entire, had been referv'd for Solomon: On me the partial Lot had been bestow'd; And in my Cup the golden draught had flow'd. But O! e'er yet original Man was made; E'er the Foundations of this Earth were laid; It was, opponent to our fearch, ordain'd, That Joy, still fought, should never be attain'd. This, fad Experience cites me to reveal; And what I dictate, is from what I feel.

Born as I was, great David's fav'rite Son, Dear to my People, on the Hebrew Throne Sublime, my Court with Ophir's Treasures blest Wan My Name extended to the farthest East: My Body cloth'd with ev'ry outward grace, Strength in my Limbs, and Beauty in my Face;

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My shining thought with fruitful notions crown'd,
Quick my Invention, and my Judgment sound.
Arise (I commun'd with my self) arise,
Think, to be Happy; to be Great, be Wise:
Content of Spirit must from Science slow;
For 'tis a Godlike Attribute, to know.
Isaid; and sent my Edict thro' the Land:
Around my Throne the Letter'd Rabbins stand,
Historic leaves revolve, long Volumes spread,
The Old discoursing, as the younger read:
Attent I heard, propos'd my Doubts, and said:

The Vegetable world, each Plant, and Tree, It's Seed, it's Name, it's Nature, it's Degree, 50 lam allow'd, as Fame reports, to know, From the fair Cedar, on the craggy brow Of Lebanon nodding fupremely tall, To creeping Moss and Hyssop on the wall: Yet just and conscious to my self I find 55 A thousand doubts oppose the searching mind. Iknow not why the Beach delights the glade With boughs extended, and a rounder shade; Whilst tow'ring Firrs in conic forms arise, And with a pointed spear divide the skies: 60 Nor why again the changing Oak should shed The yearly honour of his stately head; Whilst the distinguish'd Yew is ever seen, Unchang'd his branch, and permament his green. olest Wanting the Sun why does the Caltha fade? 69 Why does the Cypress flourish in the shade? The Fig and Date why love they to remain In middle station, and an even plain? While

While in the lower marsh the Gourd is found: And while the Hill with Olive-shade is crown'd. Why does one Climate, and one foil endue The blushing Poppy with a crimsom hue; Yet leave the Lilly pale, and tinge the Violet blue? Why does the fond Carnation love to shoot A various colour from one Parent root: While the fantastic Tulip strives to break In two-fold Beauty, and a parted ffreak? The twining Jasmine, and the blushing Rose, With lavish grace their morning scents disclose. The fmelling Tub'rose and Jonquile declare, The stronger impulse of an evening air. Whence has the Tree (refolve me) or the Flow'r A various instinct, or a diff'rent pow'r? [breath Why should one Earth, one clime, one stream, one Raise this to strength, and sicken that to death? 85 Whence does it happen, that the Plant which well We name the Sensitive, should move and feel? Whence know her Leaves to answer her command. And with quick horror fly the neighb'ring hand? Along the funny Bank, or wat'ry Mead, Ten thousand stalks their various Blossoms spread: Peaceful and lowly in their native foil, They neither know to spin, nor care to toil; Yet with confess'd magnificence deride Our vile Attire, and Impotence of Pride. The Cowslip smiles, in brighter yellow dress'd Than that which veils the nubile Virgins breaft. A fairer Red stands blushing in the Rose, Than that which on the Bridegroom's vestmen

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Take but the humblest Lilly of the field;
And if our Pride will to our Reason yield,
It must by sure comparison be shown,
That on the Regal Seat great David's Son,
Aray'd in all his Robes, and Types of Pow'r,
Shines with less Glory, than that simple Flow'r.

Of Fishes next, my Friends, I would enquire;
How the mute Race engender, or respire;
From the small Fry that glide on Jordan's stream
Unmark'd, a multitude without a name,
To that Leviathan, who o'er the Seas 110
Immense rolls onward his impetuous ways,
And mocks the Wind, and in the Tempest plays.
How they in warlike Bands march greatly forth
From freezing waters, and the colder North,
To southern Climes directing their career,
Their Station changing with th'inverted Year.
How all with careful Knowledge are indu'd
To chuse their proper bed, and wave, and food:
To guard their spawn, and educate their Brood.

Proper materials for her Nest can find;
And build a Frame, which deepest thought in Man Would or amend, or imitate in vain.
How in small slights they know to try their young,
And teach the callow Child her Parent's Song. 125
Why these frequent the Plain, and those the Wood:
Why ev'ry Land has her specific brood.
Where the tall Crane, or winding Swallow goes,
Fearful of gathering Winds, and falling snows:

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If into rocks, or hollow trees they creep, In temporary death confin'd to sleep; Or conscious of the coming evil, sly To milder Regions, and a Southern sky.

Of Beasts and creeping Insects shall we trace The wond'rous nature, and the various Race; 135 Or wild or tame, or Friend to Man or Foe, Of us what they, or what of them we know?

Tell me, ye studious, who pretend to see

Far into Nature's bosom, whence the Bee

Was first inform'd her vent'rous slight to steer

Thro' tractless paths, and an abyss of air.

Whence she avoids the slimy marsh, and knows

The fertile hills, where sweeter herbage grows,

And hony making Flow'rs their opening buds

disclose

How from the thicken'd Mist, and setting Sun 145
Finds she the labor of her day is done?
Who taught her against Winds and Rains to strive,
To bring her burden to the certain Hive;
And thro' the liquid fields again to pass,
Duteous, and hark'ning to the sounding brass? 150

And, O thou Sluggard, tell me why the And 'Midst Summer's plenty thinks of Winters want:

By constant Journeys careful to prepare

Her stores; and bringing home the corny ear,

By what instruction does she bite the grain,

Lest hid in Earth, and taking root again,

It might elude the foresight of her care?

Distinct in either Insect's deed appear

The marks of thought, contrivance, hope, & fear.

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of KNOWLEDGE. 361 Fix thy corporeal, and internal Eve 160 On the young Gnat, or new-engender'd Fly; On the vile Worm, that yesterday began To crawl; thy fellow-creatures, abject Man! Like thee they breath, they move, they tast, they see, They show their Passions by their acts like thee: 165 Darting their Stings, they previously declare Defign'd revenge, and fierce intent of War: laying their eggs, they evidently prove The genial pow'r, and full effect of Love. each then has organs to digest his food, 170 One to beget, and one receive the Brood: Has Limbs and Sinews, Blood and Heart, & Brain, Life, and her proper functions to sustain; the whole fabric smaller than a grain. What more can our penurious Reason grant to the large Whale, or castled Elephant; 145 to those enormous terrors of the Nile, he crested Snake, and long-tail'd Crocodile, e, han that all differ but in shape and name, ach destin'd to a less, or larger Frame? 185 150 For potent Nature loves a various act, one to enlarge, or studious to contract: Ans ow forms her work too small, now too immense; nd scorns the measures of our feeble sense. he object spread too far, or rais'd too high, 185 enies it's real image to the Eye: 00 little, it eludes the dazl'd fight; 2 comes mixt blackness, or unparted light. ater and Air the varied form confound; lestrait looks crooked, & the square grows round. Fix Thus Bb

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Thus while with fruitlesshope, and weary pain, We feek great Nature's pow'r, but feek in vain; Safe sits the Goddess in her dark Retreat; Around her Myriads of Ideas wait, And endless shapes, which the mysterious Queen 19 Can take or quit, can alter or retain: As from our lost pursuit she wills to hide Her close decrees, and chasten human Pride.

Untam'd and fierce the Tiger still remains:

He tires his life in biting on his chains:

For the kind gifts of water, and of food,

Ungrateful, and returning ill for good,

He seeks his Keeper's slesh, and thirsts his blood:

While the strong Camel, and the gen'rous Horse,

Restrain'd and aw'd by Man's inferior force,

20

Do to the Rider's will their rage submit,

And answer to the spur, and own the bit;

Streech their glad mouths to meet the Feeder's han

Pleas'd with his weight, and proud of his comman

Again: the lonely Fox roams far abroad, 2 On fecret rapin bent, and midnight fraud; Now haunts the cliff, now traverses the lawn; And flies the hated neighborhood of Man: While the kind Spaniel, and the faithful Hound, Likest that Fox in shape and species found; 2 Refuses thro' those cliffs and lawns to roam, Pursues the noted path, and covets home; Does with kind joy domestic faces meet; Takes what the glutted Child denies to eat; And dying, licks his long-lov'd Master's feet.

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Forward she strives, averse to be with-held; From nobler objects, and a larger field.

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Consider with me this Ætherial space,
Yielding to Earth and Sea the middle place.
Anxious I ask ye, how the pensile Ball
Should never strive to rise, nor fear to fall.
When I reslect, how the revolving Sun
Does round our Globe his crooked journies run;
I doubt of many lands, if they contain
Or Herd of Beast, or Colony of Man:
If any Nations pass their destin'd Days
Beneath the neighb'ring Sun's directer rays:
If any suffer on the Polar coast,
The rage of Arstos, and eternal Frost.

May not the pleasure of Omnipotence To each of these some secret good dispense? Those who amidst the torrid Regions live. May they not Gales unknown to us receive; See daily show'rs rejoice the thirsty Earth. And bless the flow'ry Buds succeeding birth? May they not pity us, condemn'd to bear The various heav'n of an obliquer fphere; While by fix'd Laws, and with a just return, [but They feel twelve hours that shade, for twelvet And praise the neighb'ringSun, whose constant flan Enlightens them with Seafons still the fame? And may not those, whose distant Lot is cast North beyond Tartary's extended waite; Where thro' the plains of one continual Day Six shinning Months pursue their even way;

OL,

And fix fucceeding urge their dusky flight, Obscur'd with vapors and o'erwhelm'd in night; May not, I ask, the Natives of these Climes (As Annals may inform fucceeding Times) To our quotidian change of Heav'n prefer Their one Vicissitude, and equal share Of Day and Night, disparted thro' the Year? May they not scorn our Sun's repeated race To narrow bounds prescrib'd, and little space, 290 Half'ning from Morn, & headlong driv'n from Noon, Half of our daily toil yet scarcely done? May they not justly to our Climes upbraid hortness of night, and penury of shade; That e'er our weary'd Limbs are justly blest 295 With wholesom sleep and necessary rest, nother Sun demands return of care, The remnant toil of yesterday to bear? Whilft, when the Solar Beams falute their fight, old and fecure in half a Year of Light, Ininterrupted Voyages they take to the remotest Wood, and farthest Lake; lanage the Fishing, and pursue the Course ith more extended nerves, & more continu'd force ad when declining Day forfakes their sky; [but Then gath'ring Clouds speak gloomy Winter nigh, veth lith Plenty for the coming Season blest, t flam Isolid Months (an Age) they live, releas'd om all the Labor, Process, Clamor, Woe, hich our fad scenes of daily action know: bey light the shining Lamp, prepare the Feast, nd with full Mirth receive the welcome Guest;

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Or tell their tender Loves (the only care Which now they fuffer) to the lift'ning Fair; And rais'd in Pleasure, or repos'd in Ease 315 (Greateful alternates of substantial Peace) They bless the long nocturnal influence shed On the crown'd Goblet, and the genial bed. In foreign Isles which our Discov'rers find, Far from this length of Continent disjoin'd, The rugged Bears, or spotted Lynx's brood; Frighten the Vallies, and infest the Wood: The hungry Crocodile, and hiffing Snake Lurk in the troubl'd Stream and fenny Brake: And Man untaught, and rav'nous as the Beaft, 32 Does Vally, Wood, and Brake, and stream infest. Deriv'd these Men and Animals their birth From trunk of Oak, or pregnant womb of Earth? Whence then the old belief, that all began In Eden's shade, and one created Man? 33 Or grant, this Progeny was wafted o'er By coasting Boats from next adjacent shoar: [spring Would those, from whom we will suppose the Slaughter to harmless lands, and Poyson bring? Would they on board, or Bears, or Lynxes take, 33 Feed the she-Adder, and the brooding Snake? Or could they think the new discover'd Isle Pleas'd to receive a pregnant Crocodile?

And fince the favage lineage we must trace From Noah fav'd, and his distinguish'd Race; How should their Fathers happen to forget. The Arts which Noah taught, the Rules he set, And Whi Unp

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Obsc And To fow the glebe, to plant the gen'rous Vine, And load with grateful flames the holy Shrine? While the great Sire's unhappy Sons are found 345 Unpress'd their Vintage, and untill'd their ground, stragling o'er dale and hill in quest of food, And rude of Arts, of Virtue, and of God.

How shall we next o'er Earth and Seas pursue The vary'd forms of ev'ry thing we view; That all is chang'd, tho' all is still the same, fluid the parts, yet durable the frame? Ofthose materials, which have been confess'd The pristine Springs, and Parents of the rest, 32 Each becomes other; water stop'd gives birth 355 To Grass and Plants, and thickens into Earth: Diffus'd it rifes in a higher Sphere, Dilates it's drops, and foftens into Air: Those finer parts of Air again aspire; Move into warmth, and brighten into fire: That Fire once more by thicker air o'ercome, and downward forc'd, in Earth's capacious womb Alters it's particles; is Fire no more, g? But lies resplendent dust, and shining oar:
, 33 Orrunning thro' the mighty Mother's veins, 365 Changes it's shape, puts off it's old remains; With wat'ry parts it's lessen'd force divides; lows into Waves, and rifes into Tides.

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> Disparted streams shall from their chanels fly, and deep furcharg'd by fandy Mountainslye, 370 Obscurely sepulcher'd. By eating rain, and furious wind, down to the distant Plain,

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The Hill, that hides his head above the skies. Shall fall: The Plain by flow degrees shall rife Higher than erst had stood the summit-Hill: 375 For Time must Nature's great Behests fulfill.

Thus by a length of Years, and change of Fate. All things are light or heavy, fmall or great: Thus Jordan's waves shall future Clouds appear, And Egypt's Pyramides refine to Air. 380 Thus later Age shall ask for Pison's Flood: And Travellers enquire, where Babel stood.

Now where we fee these Changes often fall, Sedate we pass them by, as natural: Where to our eye more rarely they appear, 38 The pompous name of Prodigy they bear. Let active Thought these close meanders trace: Let Human Wittheir dubious bound'ries place. Are all things Miracle; or nothing fuch? And prove we not too little, or too much? 390 For that a Branch cut off, a wither'd Rod Should at a word pronounc'd revive and bud; Is this more strange, than that the Mountain's brow, Strip'd by December's frost, and white with snow, Should puth, in Spring, ten thousand thousand buds; And boast returning leaves, & blooming woods? 300 That each fuccessive Night from opening Heav'n, The Food of Angels should to Man be giv'n; Is this more strange, than that with common bread Our fainting bodies every day are fed; Than that each Grain and feed consum'd in Earth, Raises it's store, and multiplies it's birth; And An of KNOWLEDGE. 369

And from the handful, which the Tiller fows, The labour'd Fields rejoice, & future Harvest slows?

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Then from whate'er we can to sense produce, 405 Common and plain, or wond'rous and abstruse, From Nature's constant or excentric Laws, The thoughtful Soul this gen'ral influence draws, That an Effect must presuppose a Cause. And while she does her upward flight fustain. Touching each link of the continu'd chain: At length she is oblig'd and forc'd to see A First, a Source, a Life, a Deity; What has for ever been, and must for ever be.

This great Existence thus by Reason found, 415 Bleft by all pow'r, with all perfection crown'd: How can we bind or limit his Decree, By what our ear has heard, or eye may fee? Say then: Is all in heaps of water loft Beyond the Islands, and the mid-land coast? 420 Or has that God, who gave our World its birth. Sever'd those Waters by some other Earth: Countries by future plow-shares to be torn, And Cities rais'd by Nations yet unborn? Ere the progressive course of restiess Age 396 Performs three thousand times it's annual stage; May not our Pow'r and Learning be supprest; And Arts and Empire learn to travel west?

Where, by the strength of this Idea charm'd. Lighten'd with Glory, and with Rapture warm'd, Ascends my Soul? what sees she white & Great 431 And Amidst subjected seas? An Isle, the seat Of Of Pow'r and Plenty; Her Imperial Throne, For Justice and for Mercy sought and known; Virtues sublime, great Attributes of Heaven, 435 From thence to this distinguish'd Nation given. Yet farther west the Western Isle extends Her happy Fame; her armed Fleets she sends To Climates solded yet from human Eye, And Lands, which we imagine wave and sky. 440 From Pole to Pole she hears her Acts resound; And rules an Empire by no Ocean bound; Knows her Ships anchor'd, and her sails unfurl'd In other Indies, and a second world.

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Long shall Britannia (that must be her Name) 445
Be first in Conquest, and preside in Fame:
Long shall her favor'd Monarchy engage
The Teeth of Envy, and the Force of Age:
Rever'd and happy she shall long remain
Of human things least changeable, least vain.

450
Yet all must with the gen'ral Doom comply;
And this Great Glorious Pow'r, tho' last, must dye.

Now let us leave this Earth, and lift our eye
To the large convex of yon' azure sky:
Behold it like an ample Curtain spread,
Now streak'd and glowing with the morning red;
Anon at noon in slaming yellow bright,
And chusing sable for the peaceful Night.
Ask Reason now, whence light & shade were giv'n
And whence this great variety of Heav'n:

Reason our Guide, what can she more reply,
Than that the Sun illuminates the sky,

Than that Night rifes from his absent ray, And his returning luftre kindles Day?

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But we expect the morning red in vain; 465 'Tis hid in Vapors, or obscur'd by Rain. The noon-tyde yellow we in vain require; 'Tis black in Storm, or red in light'ning Fire. Pitchy and dark the Night fometimes appears, Friend to our Woe, and Parent of our Fears: 470 Our Joy and wonder fometimes she excites, With Stars unnumber'd, and eternal lights. Send forth, yeWife, fend forth your lab'ring Thought; Let it return with empty notions fraught, Of airy Columns every moment broke, Of circling whirlpools, and of spheres of smoke: Yet this folution but one more affords New change of terms, and scaffolding of words: In other garb my Question I receive; And take the Doubt the very fame I gave.

Lo! as a Giant strong the lusty Sun Multiply'd rounds in one great round does run, Twofold his course, yet constant his career, Changing the Day, and finishing the Year. Again when his descending orb retires, 485 And Earth perceives the absence of his fires; The Moon affords us her alternate ray, And with kind beams distributes fainter day. Yet keeps the stages of her monthly race, Various her beams, and changeable her face. Each Planet shining in his proper sphere, Does with just speed his radiant Voyage steer: Each Than

Each fees his lamp with diffrent lustre crown'd;
Each knows his course with diffrent periods bound
And in his passage thro' the liquid space,
Nor hastens, nor retards his Neighbor's race.
Now shine these Planets with substantial Rays?
Does innate lustre gild their measur'd days?
Or do they (as your Schemes I think have shown)
Dart surtive beams, and glory not their own, 500
All Servants to that source of light, the Sun?

Again I fee ten thousand thousand Stars,
Nor cast in lines, in circles, nor in squares:
(Poor Rules, with which our bounded Mind is sill'd,
When we would plant or cultivate, or build)
But shining with such vast, such various light,
As speaks the hand, that form'd them, infinite:
How mean the Order and Perfection sought
In the best product of the human thought,
Compar'd to the great Harmony that reigns
In what the Spirit of the World ordains!

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Now if the Sun to Earth transmits his ray,
Yet does not scorch us with too sierce a day;
How small a portion of his pow'r is giv'n
To Orbs more distant, and remoter Heav'n? 515
And of those Stars, which our imperfect eye
Has doom'd, and six'd to one Eternal sky,
Each by a native stock of Honor great
May dart strong insluence, and dissusse kind heat,
It self a Sun; and with transmissive light
Enliven Worlds deny'd to human sight:
Around the circles of their ambient skies
New Moons may grow or wane, may set or rise;
And

And other Stars may to those Suns be Earths;
Give their own Elements their proper Births;
Divide their Climes, or elevate their Pole;
See their Lands flourish, and their Oceans roll;
Yet these great Orbs thus radically bright,
Primitive Founts, and Origins of Light,
May each to other (as their diffrent sphere 530
Makes or their distance, or their height appear)
Be seen a nobler, or inferior star;
And in that space, which we call air and sky,
Myriads of Earths, and Moons, and Suns may lye
Unmeasur'd, and unknown by human Eye. 535

In vain we measure this amazing sphere,
And find and fix it's Centre here or there;
Whilst it's Circumfrence, scorning to be brought
Ev'n into fancy'd space, illudes our vanquish'd
thought.

Where then are all the radiant Monsters driv'n, 540 With which your guesses fill'd the frighten'd Heav'n? Where will their sictious Images remain? In paper Schemes, and the Chaldean's brain.

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This Problem yet, this offspring of a guess, Let us for once a Child of Truth confess; 545 That these fair Stars, these objects of delight, And terror, to our searching dazl'd sight, Are Worlds immense, unnumber'd, infinite.

But do these Worlds display their beams, or guide Their orbs, to serve thy use, to please thy Pride? Thy self but dust, thy stature but a span, 551 A moment thy duration; soolish Man !

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As well may the minutest Emmet say,
That Caucasus was rais'd, to pave his way:
The Snail, that Lebanon's extended Wood
555
Was destin'd only for his walk, and food:
The vilest Cockle, gaping on the coast
That rounds the ample Seas, as well may boast,
The craggy Rock projects above the sky,
That he in safety at its foot may lye;
560
And the whole Ocean's confluent waters swell,
Only to quench his thirst, or move & blanch his shell

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A higher Flight the vent'rous Goddess tries,
Leaving material Worlds, and local skies:
Enquires, what are the Beings, where the Space, 565
That form'd and held the Angels ancient Race.
For Rebel Lucifer with Michael fought:
(I offer only what Tradition taught:)
Embattl'd Cherub against Cherub rose;
Did shield to shield, and Pow'r to Pow'r oppose:
Heav'n rung with Triumph: Hell was fill'd with
Woes?

What were these Forms of which your volumes tell, How some sought great, and others recreant sell? These bound to bear an everlasting Load, Durance of chain, and banishment of God: 575 By satal turns their wretched strength to tire; To swim in sulph'rous Lakes, or land on solid sire: While those exalted to primæval light, Excess of Blessing, and supreme Delight, Only perceive some little Pause of Joys In those great moments, when their God imploys Their

Their Ministry, to pour his threaten'd Hate
On the proud King, or the Rebellious State:
Or to reverse Jehovah's high Command,
And speak the Thunder falling from his hand,
When to his Duty the proud King returns;
And the Rebellious State in ashes mourns.
How can good Angels be in Heav'n confin'd;
Or view that presence, which no space can bind?
Is God above, beneath, or yon', or here!

So dabove, beneath, or yon', or here!
Ohow can wicked Angels find a Night
So dark, to hide'em from that piercing light,
Which form'd the Eye, & gave the pow'r of fight?

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What mean I now, of Angel when I hear, 595 Firm Body, Spirit pure, or fluid Air? Spirits to action spiritual confin'd, Friends to our thought, and kindred to our Mind. Should only act and prompt us from within, Nor by external eye be ever feen. Was it not therefore to our Fathers known, That these had Appetite, and Limb, and Bone? Else how could Abram wash their weary'd feet: Or Sarah please their taste with fav'ry meat? Whence should they fear? or why did Lot engage 605 To fave their Bodies from abusive rage? And how could Jacob, in a real fight, Feel or refift the wreftling Angel's might? How could a Form it's strength with Matter try? Orhow a Spirit touch a Mortal's thigh? 610

Now are they Air condens'd, or gather'd Rays?
How guide they then our Pray'r, or keep our ways,
By

By ftronger blafts ftill fubject to be toft; By Tempests scatter'd, and in whirlwinds lost?

Have they again (as facred Song proclaims) 618 Substances real and existing Frames? How comes it, fince with them we jointly share The great effect of one Creator's care; That whilst our Bodies sicken, and decay, Their's are for ever healthy, young, and gay? 620 Why, whilst we strugle in this vale beneath; With want and forrow, with disease and death; Do they more bless'd perpetual life employ On Songs of Pleasure, and in Scenes of Joy?

Now when my Mind has all this World furvey'd, And found, that nothing by it self was made; When thought has rais'd it felf by just degrees, From Vallies crown'd with Flow'rs, and Hills with Trees :

From smoaking min'rals, and from rising streams; From fatt'ning Nilus, or Victorious Thames; From all the living, that four-footed move Along the shoar, the Meadow, or the Grove; From all that can with Finns, or Feathers fly Thro' the aerial, or the wat'ry sky; 635 From the poor Reptile with a reas'ning Soul, That miserable Master of the whole; From this great object of the Body's eye, This fair half-round, this ample azure sky, Terribly large, and wonderfully bright With stars unnumber'd, and unmeasur'd light, 640 and in From Essences unseen, Celestial Names, Enlight'ning Sp'irits, and ministerial Flames, Angels

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Angels, Dominions, Potentates, and Thrones, All that in each degree the name of Creature owns: Lift we our Reason to that Sov'reign Cause, 645 Who bleft the whole with Life, and bounded it with

Laws ; Who forth from nothing call'd this comely Frame, His Will and Acts, his word and work the same; To whom a thousand Years are but a day, Who bad the Light her genial beams display; 650 And fet the Moon, and taught the Sun his way: Who waking Time, his Creature, from the Source Primæval, order'd his predestin'd course: Himself, as in the hollow of his hand, Holding, obedient to his high Command, The deep Abyss, the long continu'd store, Where Months, & Days, & Hours, & Minutes pour Their floating parts, & thence forth are no more. ith This Alpha and Omega, first and last, 660 Who like the Potter in a mould has cast IS; 630 The World's great Frame, commanding it to be, uch as the Eyes of Sense and Reason see; letishe wills, may change or spoil the whole; May take yon' beauteous, mistic, starry roll, and burn it, like an useless parchement scroll 635 lay from it's Basis in one moment pour This melted Earth ---ike liquid Metal, and like burning Oar: Wao fole in pow'r, at the beginning faid et Sea, and Air, & Earth, and Heav'n be made: 670

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640 and it was so ---- and when he shall ordain other fort, has but to speak again, and they shall be no more: Of this great Theme, This ngels

This glorious hallow'd everlasting Name. This God, I would discourse ----

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The learned Elders fat appall'd, amaz'd And each with mutual look on other gaz'd. Nor speech they meditate, nor answer frame: Too plain, alas! their filence spake their shame: 'Till one, in whom an outward mien appear'd, 680 And turn fuperior to the vulgar Herd, Began; that Human Learning's furthest reach Was but to note the Doctrines I could teach; That mine to speak, and their's was to obey: For I in Knowledge more, than pow'r did fway, 68 And the aftonish'd World in me beheld Moses eclips'd, and Jesse's Son excell'd. Humble a Second bow'd, and took the word: Forefaw my Name by future Age ador'd. O live, faid he, thou Wifest of the Wife! 69 As none has equall'd, none shall ever rife Excelling thee ----

Parent of wicked, bane of honest deeds, Pernicious Flatt'ry! thy malignant feeds In an ill hour, and by a fatal hand. Sadly diffus'd o'er Virtue's gleby land, With rifing Pride amidst the Corn appear, And choak the hopes and harvest of the Year.

And now the whole perplex'd ignoble Crowd Mute to my Questions, in my Praises loud, Echo'd the word: whence things arose, or how 79 They thus exist, the aptest nothing know:]

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What yet is not, but is ordain'd to be, All Veil of doubt apart, the dullest see.

My Prophets, and my Sophists, finish'd here Their civil efforts of the Verbal war: Not fo my Rabbins, and Logicians yield: Retiring still they combat: from the field Of open Arms unwilling they depart, And sculk behind the subterfuge of Art. To speak one thing mix'd Dialect's they join; 710 Divide the fimple, and the plain define; Fix fancy'd Laws, and form imagin'd Rules. Terms of their Art, and Jargon of their schools. Ill grounded Maxims by false Gloss enlarg'd, And captious Science against Reason charg'd, 715 boon their crude Notions with each other fought: The adverse Sect deny'd, what this had taught: And he at length the amplest Triumph gain'd. Who contradicted what the last maintain'd.

O wretched Impotence of human Mind! 720 We erring still excuse for Error find; and darkling grope, not knowing we are blind. lain Man! fince first thy blushing Sire eslay'd his Folly with connected leaves to shade; low does the crime of thy refembling Race With like attempt that pristine Error frace? 00 plain thy Nakedness of Soul espy'd Why dost thou strive the conscious shame to hide y Masks of Eloquence, and Veils of Pride: W 70

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With outward fmiles their Flatt'ry I receiv'd; 730 wn'd my fick Mind by their discourse reliev'd;

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But bent and inward to my self again
Perplex'd, these matters I revolv'd in vain.
My search still tir'd, my labor still renew'd,
At length I Ignorance and knowledge view'd, 735
Impartial, both in equal balance laid: [weigh'd,
Light slew the knowing Scale; the doubtful heavy

Fo

Forc'd by reflective Reason I confess That human science is uncertain Guess. Alas! We grasp at clouds, and beat the air, 740 Vexing that Spirit we intend to clear. Can Thought beyond the bounds of Matter climb Or who shall tell me, what is Space or Time? In vain we lift up our presumptuous Eyes To what our Maker to their ken denies: 745 The fearcher follows fast, the object fatter flies, The little which imperfectly we find . Seduces only the bewilder'd mind To fruitless search of something yet behind. Various discussions tear our heated brain: 750 Opinions often turn; still doubts remain: And who indulges thought, increases pain.

How narrow limits were to Wisdom giv'n?

Earth she surveys: she thence would measureHeav!

Thro' mists obscure, now wings her tedious way;

Now wanders dazl'd with too bright a day;

And from the summit of a pathless coast

Sees Infinite, and in that sight is lost.

Remember that the curs'd defire to know, Off-spring of Adam, was thy source of woe.

of KNOWLEDGE.

why wilt thou then renew the vain pursuit,
And rashly catch at the forbidden fruit?
with empty labor and eluded strife
Seeking, by Knowledge, to attain to life;
For ever from that fatal Tree debarr'd,

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Which flaming fwords and angry Cherubs guard.



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TEXTS chiefly alluded to in the fecond Book.

Said in my own heart, go to now, I will prove thee with Mirth, therefore enjoy Pleasure. Enclesiastes, Cap. II. Vers. 1.

I made me great works, I builded me houses, I

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planted me Vineyards, Vers. 4.

I made me Gardens and Orchards; and planted Trees in them of all kind of Fruits. Vers. 5.

I made me Pools of water, to water therewith the Wood that bringeth forth trees. Verf. 6.

Then I looked on all the works that my handshad wrough, and on the labour that I had laboured to do: And behold, all was Vanity, and vexation of Spirit; and there was no profit under the Sun. Vers. 11.

I got me Men-Singers and Women-Singers, and the Delights of the Sons of Men, as Musical In-

struments, and that of all forts. Vers. 8.

I fought in mine heart to give my felf unto Wine (yet acquainting mine heart with wifdom) and to lay hold on Folly, 'till I might fee what was that Good for the Sons of Men, which they should do under Heaven, all the days of their Life. Vers 3.

Then I faid in my heart as it happens unto the Fool, fo it happeneth even unto me, and why was I then more wife? Then I faid in my heart, that

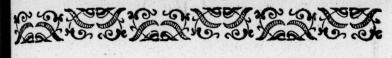
also is Vanity. Vers. 15.

Therefore I hated Life, because the work that is wrought under the Sun is grievous unto me. Chap.

II. Vers. 27.

Dead Flies cause the Oyntment to send forth a stinking savour: So doth the little Folly him that is in Reputation for wisdom and honour. Chap. X. Vers. 1.

The Memory of the Just is blessed, but the Momory of the wicked shall rot. Proverbs, Chap. X. Vers. 7. PLEA



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PLEASURE

T H E SECOND BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Solomon again seeking Happiness, enquires if Wealth and Greatness can produce it: begins with the Magniscence of Gardens and Buildings, the Luxury of Music and Feasting; and proceeds to the Hopes and Desires of Love. In two Episodes are shewn the follies and troubles of that Passion. Solomon still disappointed, falls under the Temptations of Libertinism and Idolatry; recovers' his thought, reasons aright, and concludes, that as to the pursuit of Pleasure, and sensual delight, All is Vanity and Vexation of Spirit.

That from the womb attend thee to the Grave:
For wear'y'd Nature find fome apter Scheme:
Health be thy hope; and Pleasure be thy Theme:
From the perplexing and unequal ways,
Where Study brings thee; from the endless maze,
Which Doubt persuades to run, forwarn'd recede,
To the gay field, and flow'ry path, that lead
Cc4

To jocund Mirth, fost joy, and careless Ease: Forsake what may instruct, for what may please: 10 Essay amusing Art, and proud Expence; And make thy Reason subject to thy Sense.

I commun'd thus: the pow'r of Wealth I try'd And all the various Luxe of costly Pride. Artists and Plans reliev'd my folemn hours: I founded Palaces, & planted Bow'rs. Birds Fishes, Beasts of each exotic kind I to the limits of my Court confin'd. To Trees transferr'd I gave a second birth; And bid a foreign shade grace Judah's earth. 20 Fish-ponds were made, where former Forrests grew; And Hills were levell'd to extend the view. Rivers diverted from their native course, And bound with chains of artificial force, From large Cascades in pleasing tumult roll'd; Or rose thro' figur'd Stone, or breathing Gold. From furthest Africa's tormented womb The Marble brought erects the spacious Dome; Or forms the Pillars long-extended Rows, [grows. On which the planted Grove, and penfile Garden

The Workmen here obey the Master's call, 31
To gild the Turret, and to paint the wall;
To mark the pavement there with various stone;
And on the jasper Steps to rear the Throne.
The spreading Cedar, that an Age had stood, 35
Supreme of Trees, and Mistress of the Wood,
Cut down and carv'd, my shining Roof adorns;
And Lebanon his ruin'd honor mourns.
Athousand Artists shew their cunning pow'r
To raise the wonders of the iv'ry Tow'r.

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Athousand Maidens ply the purple Loom
To weave the Bed, and deck the Regal Room:
"Till Tyre confesses her exhausted store,
That on her coast the Murex is no more;
'Till from the Parian Isle, and Lybia's coast,
The Mountains grieve their hopes of Marble lost;
And India's Woods return their just complaint,
Their Brood decay'd, and want of Elephant.

My full Defign with vast expence atchiev'd,
I came, beheld, admir'd, reslected, griev'd. 50
I chid the folly of my thoughtless hast:
For, the work perfected, the joy was past.
To my new Courts sad Thought did still repair;
And round my gilded Roofs hung hov'ring Care.
In vain on silken Beds I sought repose;
And restless ost' from purple Couches rose:
Vexations Thought still sound my slying Mind
Nor bound by limits, nor to place consin'd;
Haunted my Nights, and terrify'd my Days;
Stalk'd thro' my Gardens, & pursu'd my ways, 60
Nor shut from artful Bow'r, nor lost in winding
Maze.

Yet take thy bent, my Soul; another Sense Indulge; add Music to Magnisicence:

Essay, if Harmony may Grief controul,

Or Pow'r of Sound prevail upon the Soul.

Often our Seers and Poets have confest,

That Music's force can tame the surious Beast;

Can make the Wolf, or foaming Boar restrain

His Rage; the Lion drop his crested Mane,

Cc 5

Attentive to the Song; the Lynx forget His wrath to Man, and lick the Minstrel's feet. Are we, alas! more savage yet than these? Else Music sure may human cares appease.

I spake my purpose; and the chearful Choir Parted their shares of Harmony: the Lyre Soften'd the Timbrel's noise: the Trumpet's found Provok'd the Dorian Flute (both sweeter found When mix'd:) the Fife the Viol's notes refin'd; And ev'ry strength with ev'ry grace was join'd. Each morn they wak'd me with a sprightly lay: 80 Of opening heav'n they fung, and gladfome day. Each evening their repeated skill express'd Scenes of repose, and images of rest: Yet still in vain: for Music gather'd thought: But how unequal the effects it brought? 85 The foft ideas of the chearful note, Lightly receiv'd, were eafily forgot. The folemn violence of the graver found Knew to strike deep, and leave a lasting wound.

And now reflecting, I with grief descry 90 The fickly Lust of the fantastic Eye; How the weak Organ is with seeing cloy'd, Flying ere night what it at noon enjoy'd. And now (unhappy search of thought!) I found The fickle Ear soon glutted with the sound; 95 Condemn'd eternal changes to pursue, Tir'd with the last, and eager of the new.

I bad the Virgins and the Youth advance, To temper Music with the sprightly Dance.

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In vain! too low the Mimic-Motions feem: What takes our Heart, must merit our Esteem. Nature, I thought, perform'd too mean a part, Forming her movements to the rules of Art: And vex'd I found, that the Musician's hand Had o'er the Dancer's mind too great command. 105

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I drank; I lik'd it not: 'twas rage; 'twas noise; An airy Scene of transitory joys. In vain I trusted, that the flowing Bowl Would banish forrow, and enlarge the Soul. To the late Revel, and protracted Feast Wild Dreams succeeded, and disorder'd Rest; And as to dawn of morn, fair Reason's Light Broke thro' the fumes and phantoms of the night. What had been faid, I ask'd my Soul, what done; 114 How flow'd our Mirth, & whence the Source begun? Perhaps the jeft that charm'd the sprightly Croud. And made the jovial Table laugh fo loud, To some false notion ow'd it's poor pretence, To an ambiguous word's perverted fense, To a wild Sonnet, or a wanton Air, 120 90 Offence and torture to the fober Ear. Perhaps, alas! the pleafing fiream was brought From this Man's Error, from another's Fault; From Topics which Good-nature would forget. And Prudence mention with the last regret. 95

Add yet unnumber'd Ills, that lye unfeen In the pernicious Draught; the word obscene, Or harsh, which once clane'd must ever fly Irrevocable; the too prompt Reply,

Seed

Seed of severe Distrust, and sierce Debate; 130 What we should shun, and what we ought to hate. Add too the Blood improverish'd, and the course Of Health suppress'd, by Wine's continu'd force.

Unhappy Man! whom forrow thus and rage
To diffrent ills alternately engage. 135
Who drinks, alas! but to forget; nor fees,
That melancholy Sloath, fevere Difease,
Mem'ry confus'd, and interrupted thought,
Death's Harbingers, lye latent in the Draught:
And in the Flow'rs that wreath the sparkling Bowl,
Fell Adders hiss, and poys'nous Serpents roll. 141

Remains there ought untry'd that may remove Sickness of Mind, and heal the Bosom?---Love, Love yet remains: Indulge his genial fire, Cherish fair Hope, solicit young Desire; 145 And boldly bid thy anxious Soul explore This last great remedy's mysterious pow'r. Why therefore hefitates my doubtful Breast? Why ceases it one moment to be bleft? Fly fwift, my Friends; my Servants fly; imploy 150 Your instant pains to bring your Master joy. Let all my Wives and Concubines be dress'd: Let them to-night attend the Royal Feaft: All Ifrael's Beauty, all the foreign Fair The Gifts of Princes, or the spoils of War. 155 Before their Monarch they shall fingly pass; And the most Worthy shall obtain the grace.

I said: the Feast was serv'd; the Bowl was crown'd; To the King's Pleasure went the mirthful round:

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The Women came: as Custom wills, they past: 160
On one (O that distinguish'd one!) I cast
The fav'rite Glance: O! yet my mind retains
That fond beginning of my infant pains.
Mature the Virgin was, of Egypts Race,
Grace shap'd her limbs, & Beauty deck'd her Face:
Easy her motion seem'd, serene her air; 166
Full, tho' unzon'd, her Bosom rose: her Hair
Unty'd, and ignorant of artful aid,
Adown her shoulders loosely lay display'd; 170
And in the jetty curls ten thousand Cupid's play'd.

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l: The Fix'd on her Charms, & pleas'd that I could love, Aid me my Friends, contribute to improve Your Monarch's Blifs, I faid; fresh Roses bring Tostrow my Bed; 'till the impov'rish'd Spring 175 Confess her want; around my am'rous Head Be dropping Myrrhe, and liquid Amber shed, 'Till Arab has no more. From the soft Lyre Sweet Flute, and ten-string'd Instrument, require Sounds of delight: and thou fair Nymph, draw nigh, Thou, in whose graceful Form, & potent Eye 181 Thy Master's joy long sought at length is sound; And as thy Brow, let my Desires be crown'd; Ofav'rite Virgin, that hast warm'd the breast, Whose Sov'reign Dictates subjugate the East! 185

I faid; and fudden from the golden Throne
With a fubmiffive step I hasted down.
The glowing Garland from my Hair I took
Love in my Heart, obedience in my look;
Prepar'd to place it on her comely Head:

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O fav'rite Virgin! (yet again I faid)
Receive the Honors destin'd to thy Brow;
And O above thy Fellows happy thou!
Their Duty must thy sov'reign Word obey.
Rise up, my Love; my Fair-one, come away. 195

What Pangs, alas! what extafy of smart
Tore up my senses, and transfix'd my Heart;
When she with modest scorn the Wreath return'd,
Reclin'd her beauteous Neck, and in ward mourn'd?
Forc'd by my Pride, I my concern suppress'd 200
Pretended Drowsiness, and wish of Rest:
And sullen I forsook th' impersect Feast:
Ordering the Eunuch, to whose proper care,
Our Eastern Grandeur gives th' imprison'd Fair,
To lead her forth to a distinguish'd Bow'r, 205
And bid her dress the Bed, and wait the hour.

Reftless I follow'd this obdurate Maid: (Swift are the steps that Love and Anger tread:) Approach'd her Person, courted her Embrace, Renew'd my Flame, repeated my Difgrace: 210 By turns put on the Suppliant and the Lord; Threaten'd this moment, and the next implor'd; Offer'd again the unaccepted Wreath, And choise of happy Love, or instant Death. Averse to all her am'rous King desir'd, 215 Far as she might, she decently retir'd; And darting fcorn, and forrow from her Eyes, What means, faid the, King Solomon the Wife? This wretched Body trembles at your Pow'r: Thus far could Fortune: but the can no more. Free

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Free to her felf my potent mind remains; Nor fears the Victor's rage, nor feels his chains.

'Tis faid, that thou can'ft plaufibly difpute, Supreme of Seers, of Angel, Man, and Brute: Can'ft plead, with fubtil Wit and fair Discourse, 225 Of Passion's folly, and of Reason's force. That to the Tribes attentive thou can'ft show. Whence their Misfortunes, or their Bleffings flow. That thou in Science, as in Pow'r art great: And Truth and Honor on thy Edicts wait. Where is that Knowledge now, that regal thought, With just advice, and timely counsel fraught? Where now, O Judge of Israel, does it rove? What in one moment dost thou offer? Love----Leve? why 'tis joy or forrow, peace or strife: Tis all the color of remaining life: 236 And human mis'ry must begin or end. As he becomes a Tyrant, or a Friend. Would David's Son, religious, just, and grave. To the first Bride-bed of the World receive A Foreigner, a Heathen, and a Slave? Orgrant, thy Passion has these names destroy'd; That Love, like Death, makes all distinction void: Yet in his Empire o'er thy abject breast, His flames and torments only are exprest: 245 His Rage can in my smiles alone relent; And all his joy folicit my confent.

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Soft Love, spontaneous tree, it's parted root
Must from two Hearts with equal vigour shoot:
Whilst each delighted, and delighting, gives
The pleasing ecstasy, which each receives.

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Cherish'd with hope, and fed with joy it grows: It's chearful buds their opening bloom disclose: And round the happy foil diffusive odor flows. If angry Fate that mutual care denies; The fading plant bewails it's due supplies: Wild with Despair, or fick with Grief; it dies.

By force Beafts act, and are by force restrain'd: The human Mind by gentle means is gain'd. Thy useless strength, mistaken King, employ: 260 Sated with Rage, and ignorant of joy. Thou shalt not gain what I deny to yield; Nor reap the Harvest, tho' thou spoil'st the field. Know Solomon, thy poor extent of fway; Contract thy Brow, and Israel shall obey: 265 But wilful Love thou must with smiles appease; Approach, his awful Throne by just degrees; And if thou would'ft be happy, learn to please.

Not that those Arts can here successful prove: For I am destin'd to another Love. 270 Beyond the cruel bounds of thy command, To my dear Equal, in my native Land, My plighted Vow I gave; I his receiv'd: Each fwore with truth; with pleasure each believ'd. The mutual Contract was to Heav'n convey'd: In equal scales the busy Angels weigh'd 276 ofen It's lasting force, and clap'd their wings, and spread o La The lasting Roll, recording what we said.

Now in my heart behold thy Poynard stain'd: 280 Fant Take the sad life which I have long disdain'd:

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tha rwl End, in a dying Virgin's wretched Fate,
Thy ill-starr'd Passion, and my steadsast Hate.
For long as blood informs these circling veins,
Or sleeting breath it's latest pow'r retains;
Hear me to Egypt's vengeful Gods declare, 285
Hate is my part; be thine, O King, Despair.
Now strike, she said, and open'd bare her Breast:
Mand it in Judah's Chronicles confest,
That David's Son, by impious Passion mov'd,
Minote a She-Slave, and murder'd what he lov's.

Asham'd, confus'd, I started from the Bed; 291 and to my Soul yet uncollected said:
no thy self, fond Solomon, return;
lestect again, and thou again shalt mourn.
When I thro' number'd years have Pleasure sought;
and in vain hope the wanton Phantom caught, 296 to mock my sense, and mortisy my pride,
lis in another's pow'r, and is deny'd.
In I a King, great Heav'n! does Life or Death
lang on the wrath, or mercy of my breath; 300
Thile kneeling I my Servant's smiles implore;
and one mad Dam'sel dares dispute my pow'r?

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'd. To ravish her? That thought was soon despress'd,
bich must debase the Monarch to the Beast.
276 of send her back? O whither, and to whom? 305
read o Lands where Solomon must never come;
that insulting Rival's happy arms,
whom, disdaining me, she keeps her Charms.

280 Fantastic Tyrant of the am'rous Heart; End, by hard thy Yoke! how cruel is thy Dart! 310 Dd Those

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Those 'scape thy anger, who refuse thy sway: And those are punish'd most, who most obey. See Judah's King revere thy greater Pow'r: What can'ft thou covet, or how triumph more? Why then, O Love, with an obdurate ear Does this proud Nymph reject a Monarch's Pray'r? Why to some simple Shepherd does she run. From the fond arms of David's fav'rite Son? Why flies she from the Glories of a Court, Where Wealth and Pleafure may thy Reign support To fome poor Cottage on the mountain's brow, Now bleak with Winds, & cover'd now with fnow Where pinching Want must curb her warm desires, And household cares suppress thy genial fires?

Too aptly the afflicted Heathens prove The force, while they erect the shrines of Love. His mystic Form the Artizans of Greece In wounded stone, or molten Gold express: And Cyprus to his God-head pays her Vow: Fast in his hand the Idol holds his Bow: A Quiver by his fide fustains a store Of pointed Darts; fad Emblems of his Pow'r; A pair of Wings he has, which he extends Now to be gone; which now again he bends Prone to return, as best may serve his wanton ends. Entirely thus I find the Fiend pourtray'd, 3 nd la Since first, alas! I saw the beauteous Maid: I felt him strike; and now I see him sly: Curs'd Dæmon! O! for ever broken lye Those fatal shafts, by which I inward bleed! O! can my wishes yet o'ertake thy speed! Ti

of PLEASURE

395

Tir'd may'ft thou pant, and hang thy flagging wing. Except thou turn'ft thy course, resolv'd to bring The Dam'fel back, and fave the love-fick King.

My Soul thus strugling in the fatal net, 345 Inable to enjoy, or to forget, reason'd much alas! but more I lov'd; ent and recall'd, ordain'd and disaprov'd. Till hopeless plung'd in an abyss of grief, from necessity receiv'd relief: 350 ort. w, imegently aided to asswage my pain; ow; and Wisdom took once more the flacken'd rein.

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But O how short my Interval of Woe! or Griefs how swift; our Remedies how flow! nother Nymph (for fo did Heav'n ordain, o change the manner, but renew the pain) nother Nymph, amongst the many Fair, hat made my foster hours their solemn care, efore the rest affected still to stand; ad watch'd my Eye, preventing my Command. bra, she so was call'd, did soonest hast grace my presence: Abra went the last: bra was ready eer I call'd her name; nd tho' I call'd another, Abra came. nds. er Equals first observ'd her growing zeal; and laughing gloss'd, that Abra ferv'd so well. me her actions did unheeded dye; were remark'd but with a common eye; more appris'd of what the rumor faid, ed! ore I observ'd peculiar in the Maid. 370

Dd 2

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The Sun declin'd had shot his western ray; When tir'd with bus'ness of the solemn Day, I purpos'd to unbend the evening hours," And banquet private in the Women's Bow'rs. I call'd, before I fat, to wash my hands: 375 For fo the Precept of the Law commands. Love had ordain'd, that it was Abra's turn To mix the Sweets and minister the Urn. With awful Homage, and fubmissive dread The Maid approach'd, on my declining Head 380 To pour the Oyls: she trembled as she pour'd; With an unguarded look she now devour'd My nearer face; and now recall'd her eye, And heav'd, and strove to hide a sudden figh. And whence, faid I, canst thou have dread, or pain What can thy imag'ry of forrow mean? Secluded from the World, and all it's care, Hast thou to grieve or joy, to hope or fear? For fure, I added, fure thy little Heart Ne'er felt Love's anger, or receiv'd his dart. 39 For

Abash'd she blush'd, and with disorder spoke: Her rifing shame adorn'd the words it broke. If the great Master will descend to hear The humble feries of his Hand-maid's Care; O! while she tells it, let him not put on The Look, that awes the Nations from the Throng on m O! let not Death severe in glory lye In the King's frown, and terror of his Eye. Mine to obey, thy part is to ordain: And tho' to mention, be to fuffer pain.

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If the King smiles, whilft I my Woe recite; If weeping I find favour in his fight; Flow fast my Tears full rising his Delight.

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O! Witness Earth beneath, and Heav'n above; For can I hide it? I am fick of Love: 405 If Madness may the name of Passion bear; Or Love be call'd, what is indeed Despair.

Thou Sov'reign Pow'r, whose secret will controls The inward bent and motion of our Souls! Why hast thou plac'd such infinite degrees Between the cause and cure of my Disease? The mighty object of that raging fire, In which unpity'd Abra must expire, Had he been born some simple Shepherd's Heir, The lowing Herd, or fleecy sheep his care; 38 At morn with him I o'er the hills had run, Scornful of Winter's frost, and Summer's Sun, still asking, where he made his Flock to rest at Noon.

39 For him at night, the dear expected Guest; had with hasty joy prepar'd the Feast, And from the Cottage, o'er the distant plain, ent forth my longing eye to meet the Swain; Way'ring, impatient, tofs'd by hope and fear I'll he and joy together should appear; and the lov'd Dog declare his Master near. hrom on my declining neck, and open breaft 426 should have call'd the lovely Youth to rest: and from beneath his head, at dawning day, Vith fostest care have stol'n my arm away;

Dd 3

To

To rise, and from the Fold release the sheep, 430 Fond of his Flock, indulgent to his sleep.

Or if kind Heav'n propitious to my Flame (For fure from Heav'n the faithful Ardor came) Had bleft my life, and deck'd my natal hour With height of Title, and extent of Pow'r: 435 Without a crime my Passion had aspir'd, Found the lov'd Prince, and told what I defir'd. Then I had come, preventing Sheba's Queen, To see the comliest of the Sons of Men: To hear the charming Poet's am'rous Song, And gather honey falling from his tongue; To take the fragant kisses of his mouth, Sweeter than breezes of her native South; Likening his Grace, his Person, and his Mien To all that great or beauteous I had feen. Serene and bright his Eyes, as folar beams Reflecting temper'd light from crystal streams; Ruddy as Gold his cheek; his Bosom fair As Silver, the curl'd ringlets of his hair Black as the Raven's wing; his Lip more red, 450 Than eaftern Coral, or the scarlet thread; Even his Teeth, and white, like a young Flock Coeval, newly shorn, from the clear brook Recent, and blanching on the funny rock. Iv'ry with Saphirs interspers'd, explains How white his hands, how blue the manly veins. Columns of polish'd Marble firmly fet On golden Bases, are his legs, and feet. His stature all majestic, all divine, Straight as the Palmtree, strong as is the Pine. 46

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Saffron and Myrrhe are on his Garments shed: And everlafting Sweets bloom round his head. What utter I? where am I? wretched Maid Dye, Abra, dye: too plainly hast thou said Thy Soul's defire to meet his high Embrace, 465 And bleffings stamp'd upon thy future Race; To bid attentive Nations bless thy Womb, [come, With unborn Monarchs charg'd, and Solomons to

Here o'er her Speech her flowing eyes prevail. 0 foolish Maid; and O unhappy Tale! 470 My fuff'ring Heart for ever shall defy New wounds, and danger from a future Eye. 0! yet my tortur'd fenses deep retain The wretched mem'ry of my former pain The dire affront, and my Egyptian Chain.

445 As Time, I faid, may happlily efface That cruel Image of the King's difgrace; mperial Reason shall resume her Seat Ind Solomon once fall'n, again be great. letray'd by Passion, as subdu'd in War, We wisely should exert a double care, for ever ought a fecond time to err.

This Abra then ---faw her; 'twas Humanity: it gave ome respite to the sorrows of my Slave. 485 45 der fond Excess proclaim'd her Passion true, and generous Pity to that truth was due. Vell I intreated her, who well deferv'd; call'd her often; for the always ferv'd. se made her Person easy to my sight; 490 and ease insensibly produc'd delight. affro

Dd 4

When e'er I revell'd in the Women's Bow'rs; (For first I sought her but at looser hours) The Apples she had gather'd smelt most sweet; The Cake she kneaded was the sav'ry meat: 495 But Fruits their odor loft, and Meats their tafte, If gentle Abra had not deck'd the Feast. Dishonor'd did the sparkling Goblet stand Unless receiv'd from gentle Abra's hand: And when the Virgins form'd the evening Choir, Raifing their Voices to the mafter-Lyre; 501 Too flat I thought this Voice, and that too shrill; One show'd too much, and one too little skill: Nor could my Soul approve the Music's tone; 'Till all was hush'd, and Abra sung alone. Fairer she seem'd, distinguish'd from the rest, And better mein disclos'd, as better drest. A bright Tiara round her forehead ty'd. To juster bounds confin'd it's rising pride: The blushing Ruby on her snowy breast 510 Render'd it's panting whitness more confess'd: Bracelets of Pearl gave roundness to her arm, And ev'ry Gem augmented ev'ry Charm. Her fenses pleas'd, her Beauty still improv'd; And she more lovely grew, as more belov'd. sig

And now I could behold, avow, and blame The several follies of my former flame; Willing my heart for recompence to prove The certain joys that lye in prosp'rous Love. For what, said, I, from Abra can I fear 52 Too humble to insult, too soft to be severe? The Dam'sel's sole ambition is to please: With freedom I may like, and quit with eafe: She fooths, but never can enthrall my mind: Why may not Peace and Love for once be join'd?

Great Heav'n! how frail thy Creature Man is made! How by himfelf infenfibly betray'd ! In our own strengh unhappily secure, Too little cautious of the adverse Pow'r; And by the blast of self-opinion mov'd, We wish to charm, and seek to be belov'd. On Pleasure's flowing brink we idly stray, Masters as yet of our returning way: Seeing no danger, we disarm our mind; And give our conduct to the waves and wind: 535 Then in the flow'ry Mead, or verdant shade To wanton dalliance negligently laid, We weave the Chaplet, and we crown the Bowl: And fmiling fee the nearer Waters roll; 'Till the strong gusts of raging Passion rise; 'Till the dire Tempest mingles Earth and Skies; And fwift into the boundless Ocean born. Our foolish considence too late we mourn: Round our devoted Heads the Billows beat; And from our troubl'd view the leffen'd lands retreat

O mighty Love! from thy unbounded pow'r How shall the human bosom rest secure? How shall our thought avoid the various snare? Or Wisdom to our caution'd Soul declare The diffrent shapes thou pleasest to imploy. 550 When bent to hurt, and certain to destroy?

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The haughty Nymph in open beauty dreft, To-day encounters our unguarded breast: She looks with Majesty, and moves with State: Unbent her Soul, and in misfortune great 555 She scorns the World, and dares the rage of Fate. 3 Her whilst we take stern Manhood for our Guide And guard our conduct with becoming pride; Charm'd with the courage in her action shown, We praise her mind, the Image of our own. She that can please, is certain to persuade: To-day belov'd, to-morrow is obey'd. We think we fee thro' Reason's optics right; Nor find, how Beauty's rays elude our fight: Struck with her eye whilft we applaud her mind; And when we speak her great, we wish her kind. To-morrow cruel Pow'r, thou arm'st the Fair With flowing Sorrow, and dishevel'd hair: Sad her Complaint, and humble is her Tale, Her fighs explaining where her accents fail. Here gen'rous fortness warms the honest breast: We raise the sad, and succour the distress'd: And whilst our wish prepares the kind relief, Whilst Pity mitigates her rifing Grief, We ficken foon from her contagious care, Grieve for her Sorrows, groan for her Despair; And against Love too late those bosoms arm, Which Tears can foften, and which fighs can warm.

Against this nearest cruelest of Focs, What shall Wit meditate, or Force oppose? 580 Whence, feeble Nature, shall we summon aid, If by our Pity, and our Pride betray'd?

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External remedy shall we hope to find, [mind; When the close Fiend has gain'd our treach'rous Insulting there does Reason's Pow'r deride, 585 And blind himself, conducts the dazl'd Guide?

My Conqueror now, my lovely Abra held
My freedom in her chains: my Heart was fill'd
With her, with her alone; in her alone
It fought it's peace and joy: while she was gone,
It sigh'd and griev'd, impatient of her stay: 591
Return'd, she chas'd those sighs, that grief away:
Her absence made the night; her presence brought
the day.

The Ball, the Play, the Mask by turns succeed; 594
For her I made the Song: the Dance with her I lead.
I court her various in each shape and dress,
That Luxury may form, or thought express.
To-day beneath the Palm-tree on the plains,
In Deborah's Arms and habit Abra reigns:
The Wreath denoting Conquest girds her Brow; 600
And low, like Barak at her feet I bow.
The mimic Chorus sings her prosp'rous Hand;
As she had slain the Foe, and sav'd the Land.

To-morrow she approves a softer air;
Forsakes the Pomp and Pageantry of War; 605
The form of peaceful Abigail assumes;
And from the Village with the Present comes:
The youthful Band depose their glitt'ring Arms,
Receive her Bounties, and recite her Charms;
Whilst I assume my Father's step and mein, 610
To meet with due regard my suture Queen.

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If hap'ly Abra's will be now inclin'd To range the Woods, or chace the flying Hind; Soon as the Sun awakes, the sprightly Court Leave their repose, and hasten to the sport. In leffen'd Royalty, and humble State, Thy King, Jerusalem, descends to wait, 'Till Abra comes. She comes: a milk-white Steed, Mixture of Persia's and Arabia's breed, Sustains the Nymph: her Garments slying loose 620 (As the Sydonian Maids, or Thracian use) And half her knee, and half her Breast appear, By Art, like Negligence, discloss'd, and bare. Her left hand guides the hunting Courser's flight; A Silver-Bow she carries in her right: 625 627 And from the golden Quiver at her fide Rustles the Ebon Arrow's feather'd pride. Saphirs and Diamonds on her Front display An artificial Moon's increasing ray. Diana, Huntress, Mistress of the Groves, 630 The fav'rite Abra speaks, and looks, and moves. Her, as the present Goddess, I obey: Beneath her feet the captive Game I lay. The mingl'd Chorus fings Diana's Fame: Clarions and Horns in louder peals proclaim Her mystic praise: the vocal Triumphs bound Against the Hills; the Hills reslect the found.

If tir'd this evening with the hunted Woods, To the large Fish-pools, or the glassy Floods Her mind to-morrow points; a thousand hands 640 To-night employ'd, obey the King's commands. Upon the wat'ry beach an artful Pile Of planks is join'd, and forms a moving Isle.

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A golden Chariot in the midst is set;
And silver Cygnets seem to seel it's weight. 645
Abra, bright Queen, ascends her gaudy Throne,
In semblance of the Gracian Venus known:
Tritons and sea-green Naiads round her move;
And sing in moving strains the force of Love:
Whilst as th' approaching l'ageant does appear, 650
And echoing crowds speak mighty Venus near,
I her Adorer, too devoutly stand
Fast on the utmost margin of the land,
With arms and hopes extended, to receive
The fancy'd Goddess rising from the wave. 655

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O subject Reason! O imperious Love! Whither yet further would my Folly rove? Is it enough, that Abra should be great In the wall'd Palace, or the Rural feat? That masking Habits, and a borrow'd Name 660 Contrive to hide my plenitude of shame? No, no: Jerusalem combin'd must see My open Fault, and Regal Infamy. Solemn a Month is destin'd for the Feast: 665 Abra invites; the Nation is the Guest. To have the honor of each day fustain'd, The Woods are travers'd, and the Lakes are drain'd: Arabia's Wilds, and Egypt's are explor'd: The edible creation decks the Board: Hardly the Phanix 'scapes ----670 The men their Lyres, the Maids their Voices raise, To fing my happiness, and Abra's praise. And flavish Bards our mutual Loves rehearse, In lying strains, and ignominious Verse: While While from the Banquet leading forth the Bride, Whom prudent Love from public Eyes should hide; I show her to the World, confess'd and known, Queen of my Heart, and Part'ner of my Throne.

And now her Friends and Flatt'rets fill the Court: From Dan, and from Beersheba they resort: They barter Places, and dispose of Grants, Whole Provinces unequal to their wants. They teach her to recede, or to debate; With toys of Love to mix affairs of State; 685 By practis'd rules her Empire to fecure; And in my pleafure make my ruin fure. They gave, and she transferr'd the curs'd advice, That Monarchs should their inward' foul disguise, Diffemble, and command; be false, and wise: By ignominious Arts for fervile ends 690 Should compliment their Foes, & shun their Friends. And now, I leave the true and just supports Of legal Princes, and of honest Courts; Barzillai's, and the fierce Benaiah's Heirs, Whose Sires, great Part'ners in my Father's cares, Saluted their young King at Hebron crown'd, 696 Great by their toil, and glorious by their wound. And now, unhappy counsel, I prefer Those whom my Follies only made me fear, Old Corah's Brood, & taunting Shimeis Race; 700 Miscreants who ow'd their lives to David's grace; Tho they had fpurn'd his Rule, and curs'd him to his face.

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Stil Abra's pow'r, my scandal still increas'd;
Justice submitted to what Abra pleas'd:
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Her will alone could fettle or revoke; And Law was fix'd by what she latest spoke. Israel neglected, Abra was my care: I only acted, thought, and liv'd for her. I durst not reason with my wounded Heart; Abra posses'd; she was it's better part. 710 O! had I now review'd the famous Cause. Which gave my righteous youth fo just applause; In vain on the diffembl'd Mother's tongue Had cunning Art, and fly Perswasion hung; And real care in vain, and native Love 715 In the true Parent's panting Breast had strove; While both deceiv'd, had feen the destin'd Child Or flain, or fav'd, as Abra frown'd or smil'd.

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Unknowing to command, proud to obey, Alife-less King, a Royal shade I lay. 720 Unhear'd the injur'd Orphans now complain: The Widow's griefs address the Throne in vain. Causes unjudg'd disgrace the loaded File; And fleeping Laws the King's neglect revile. No more the Elders throng'd around my Throne, To hear my Maxims, and reform their own. No more the young Nobility were taught, How Moses govern'd, and how David fought. Loofe and undisciplin'd the Soldier lay; Or loft in drink and game, the folid day: Porches and Scholes, defign'd for public good, Uncover'd, and with Scaffolds cumber'd itood; Or nodded, threatening ruin----Half Pillars wanted their expected height; And Roofs imperfect prejudic'd the fight. 735 The The Vanity
The Artists grieve; the lab'ring People droop:
My Father's Legacy, my Country's hope,
God's Temple lies unfinish'd---

The Wife and Grave deplor'd their Monarch's Fate, And future mischiefs of a finking State. 740 Is this, the Serious faid, is this the Man, Whose active Soul thro' every Science ran? Who by just rule and elevated skill Prescrib'd the dubious bounds of Good and ill? Whosen golden Sayings, and immortal Wit, On large Phylacteries expressive writ, 746 Were to the forehead of the Rabbins ty'd, Our Youth's instruction, and our Age's pride? Could not the Wife his wild defires restrain? Then was our hearing, and his preaching vain: What from his Life and Letters were we taught, But that his Knowledge aggravates his fault? 752

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In lighter mood the Humorous and the Gay, As crown'd with Roses at their Feasts they lay; Sent the full Goblet, charg'd with Abra's name, And charms superior to their Master's Fame. 756 Laughing some praise the King, who let'em see, How aptly Luxe and Empire might agree: Some gloß'd, how Love and Wisdom were at strife; And brought my Proverbs to confront my Life. However, Friend, here's to the King, one cries: 761 To him who was the King, the Friend replies. The King, for Judah's, and for Wisdom's curse, To Abra yields; could I or thou do worse? Our loofer lives let chance or Folly steer; 765 If thus the Prudent and Determin'd err. Let

Let Dinah bind with flowers her flowing hair,
And touch the Lute, and found the wanton Air:
Let us the Bliss without the sting receive,
Free, as we will, or to injoy, or leave.
Pleasures on Levity's smoth surface flow:
Thoughtbrings the weight that sinks the Soul to woe.
Now be this Maxim to the King convey'd.
And added to the Thousand he has made.

Sadly, O Reason, is thy pow'r express'd,
Thou gloomy Tyrant of the frighted breast!

And harsh the Rules, which we from thee receive;

If for our Wisdom we our Pleasure give;
And more to think be only more to grieve.

If Judah's King at thy Tribunal try'd,
Forsakes his joy to vindicate his Pride;
And changing forrows, I am only found
Loos'd from the chains of Love, in thine more
ftrictly bound.

but do I call thee Tyrant, or complain,
How hard thy Laws, how absolute thy Reign?
While thou, alas! art but an empty Name, 785
To no two Men, who e'er discours'd, the same:
The idle product of a troubled thought,
I borrow'd shapes, and airy colors wrought;
I sancy'd line, and a reflected shade,
I chain which Man to fetter Man has made, 790
Y artisice impos'd, by fear obey'd.

Yet, wretched Name, or arbitrary thing, hence ever I thy cruel essence bring, own thy influence; for I feel thy sting.

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Reluctant I perceive thee in my Soul, 795 Form'd to command, and destin'd to controul, Yes: thy infulting dictates shall be heard: Virtue for once shall be her own Reward. Yes, Rebel Israel, this unhappy Maid Shall be difmis'd: the Crowd shall be obey'd: 800 The King his Passion and his Rule shall leave, No longer Abra's, but the People's Slave. My coward Soul shall bear it's wayward Fate: I will, alas! be wretched, to be great; And figh in Royalty, and grieve in State. Sor

I faid: refolv'd to plunge into my grief At once so far, as to expect relief From my despair alone ----I chose to write the thing I durst not speak, To her I lov'd; to her I must forsake. The harsh Epistle labour'd much to prove. How inconfistent Majesty and Love. I always should, it said, esteem her well; But never see her more. It bid her feel No future pain for me; but instant wed A Lover more proportion'd to her bed; And quiet dedicate her remnant life To the just duties of an humble Wife.

She read; and forth to me she wildly ran, To me, the ease of all her former pain; She kneel'd intreated, ftruggl'd, threaten'd, cry's ofre And with alternate passion liv'd, and dy'd: 'Till now deny'd the liberty to mourn, And by rude fury from my presence torn,

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This only object of my real care, 825 Cut off from Hope, abandon'd to Despair, In some sew posting satal hours is hurl'd [World. From Wealth, from Pow'r, from Love & from the

Here tell me, if thou dar'st, my conscious Soul, What diff'rent forrows did within thee roll: What pangs, what fires, what racks didft thou fuftain, What fad viciffitudes of fmarting pain? How oft from Pomp and State did I remove, To feed despair, and cherish hopeless Love? How oft, all day, recall'd I Abra's charms, 835 Her beauties prefs'd, and panting in my arms? How oft, with fighs, view'd every female Face, Where mimic Fancy might her likeness trace? How oft, defir'd to fly from Israel's Throne, And live in shades with her and Love alone? How oft, all night, purfu'd her in my Dreams, O'er flow'ry Vallies, and thro' Crystal streams; And waking view'd with grief the rifing Sun, And fondly mourn'd the dear delusion gone? 81

When thus the gather'd ftorms of wretched Love
Inmy fwoln bosom, with long war had strove; 846
At length they broke their bounds: at length their
lore down whatever met it's stronger course [force
in, Laid all the civil bonds of Manhood waste;
and scatter'd ruin as the torrent past.

Story'd from the Hills, whose hollow caves contain
The congregated snow, and swelling rain;
Till the full stores their antient bounds disdain;

recipitate the furious Torrent slows;
a vain would speed avoid, or strength oppose: 855

Towns, Forests, Herds, and Men promiscuous drown'd,

With one great death deform the dreary ground; The echo'd Woes from distant Rocks resound.

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And now what impious ways my wishes took; How they the Monarch, and the Man forfook; 860 And how I follow'd an abandon'd Will, Thro' crooked paths, and fad retreats of ill. How Judah's Daughters now, now foreign Slaves, By turns my profituted Bed receives. Thro' Tribes of Women how I loofely rang'd 866 Impatient; lik'd to-night, to-morrow chang'd; And by the instinct of capricious lust, Enjoy'd, disdain'd, was grateful, or unjust. O, be these Scenes from human eyes conceal'd, In clouds of decent filence justly veil'd! 870 O, be the wanton Images convey'd To black Oblivion, and eternal shade! Or let their fad Epitome alone, And outward lines to future Age be known? Enough to propagate the fure belief, 875 [Grief] That Vice engenders Shame; and Folly broods o'er

Bury'd in floth, and lost in ease I lay:
The night I revell'd; and I slept the day.
New heaps of fewel damp'd my kindling fires;
And daily change extinguish'd young desires.
By it's own force destroy'd, Fruition ceas'd;
And always weary'd, I was never pleas'd.
No longer now does my neglected Mind
It's wonted stores, and old Ideas sind.
Fix'd judgment there no longer does abide,
To take the true, or set the salse aside.

No longer does fwift Mem'ry trace the cells, Where springing Wit, or young Invention dwells. Frequent Debauch to Habitude prevails: Patience of toil, and love of Virtue fails.

By sad degrees impair'd my Vigor dyes;
Till I command no longer ev'n in Vice.

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The Women on my Dotage build their fway: They ask; I grant: they threaten; I obey. In Regal Garments now I gravely stride, Aw'd by the Persian Dam'sel's haughty pride: Now with the loofer Syrian dance and fing, In Robes tuck'd up, opprobrious to the King. Charm'd by their Eyes, their Manners I acquire; And shape my foolishness to their desire. 900 Seduc'd and aw'd by the Philistine Dame, At Dagon's shrine I kindle impious flame. With the Chaldean's Charms her Rites prevail; And curling Frankincense ascends to Baal. To each new Harlot I new Altars dress; 905 And ferve her God, whose person I cares.

Where, my deluded Sense, was Reason flown?
Where the high Majesty of David's Throne?
Where all the Maxims of eternal Truth,
With which the living God inform'd my Youth?
When with the lewd Egyptian I adore
Vain Idols, Deities that ne'er before
In Israel's land had fix'd their dire abodes,
Beastly Divinities, and droves of Gods:
Osiris, Apis, Pow'rs that chew the cud,
And Dog Anubis, Flatt'rer for his food:
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When in the woody Hill's forbidden shade I carv'd the Marble; and invok'd it's aid:
When in the fens to Snakes and Flies, with zeal
Unworthy human thought, I prostrate fell; 920
To Shrubs and Plants my vile Devotion paid;
And set the bearded Leek, to which I pray'd:
When to all Beings facred Rites were giv'n;
Forgot the Arbiter of Earth and Heav'n.

Thro' these fad shades, this Chaos in my Soul. Some feeds of light at length began to roll. 926 The rifing motion of an infant ray Shot glimm'ring thro' the cloud, and promis'd day. And now one moment able to reflect, I found the King abandon'd to neglect, 930 Seen without awe, and ferv'd without respect. I found my Subjects amicably joyn, To lessen their defects, by citing mine. The Priest with pity pray'd for David's Race: And left his Text, to dwell on my difgrace. 935 The Father, whilst he warn'd his erring Son. The fad Examples which he ought to fhun, Describ'd, and only nam'd not Solomon. Each Bard, each Sire did to his Pupil fing, A wife Child better than a foolish King.

Into my felf my Reason's eye I turn'd; And as I much reflected, much I mourn'd. A mighty King I am, an earthly God: Nations obey my Word, and wait my Nod. I raise or sink, imprison or set free; And life or death depends on my decree.

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Fond the Idea, and the thought is vain:
O'er Judah's King ten thousand Tyrants reign.
Legions of Lusts, and various pow'rs of ill
Insult the Master's tributary Will:

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And he, form whom the Nation should receive
Justice and Freedom, lyes himself a Slave,
Tortur'd by cruel change of wild desires,
Lash'd by mad Rage, and scorch'd by brutal Fires.

O Reason! once again to thee I call:
Accept my forrow, and retrieve my fall.
Wisdom, thou say'st, from Heav'n receiv'd her birth;
Her beams transmitted to the subject Earth:
Yet this great Empress of the human Soul
Does only with imagin'd pow'r controul;
If restless Passion, by rebellious sway,
Compells the weak Usurper to obey.
O troubled, weak and coward, as thou art!
Without thy poor advice the lab'ring heart
To worse extreames with swifter steps would run,
Not sav'd by Virtue, yet by Vice undone.

Ofthave I faid, the Praise of doing well is to the ear, as oyntment to the smell.

Now if some Flies perchance, however small, into the Alabaster Urn should fall;

The odors of the sweets inclosed would dye;

And stench corrupt (sad change!) their place supply. So the least saults, if mix'd with fairest deed,

Of suture ill become the satal seed:

Into the balm of purest Virtue cast,

Annoy all life with one contagious blast.

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Lost Solomon! pursue this thought no more:
Of thy past Errors recollect the store:
And silent weep that while the deathless Muse
Shall sing the Just; shall o'er their heads diffuse 980
Persumes with lavish hand; she shall proclaim
Thy crimes alone; and to thy evil Fame
Impartial, scatter damps, & poysons on thy Name.

Awaking therefore, as who long had dream'd, Much of my Women, and their Gods asham'd, 985 From this abyss of exemplary Vice Resolv'd, as time might aid my thought, to rise, Again I bid the mournful Goddess write The fond pursuit of fugitive Delight:
Bid her exalt her melancholy wing, 990 And rais'd from Earth, and sav'd from passion sing Of human Hope by cross event destroy'd; Of useless Wealth, and Greatness unenjoy'd; Of Lust and Love, with their fantastic train, Their wishes, smiles & looks, deceitful all, & vain.



TEXTS

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TEXTS chiefly alluded to in the third Book.

R ever the Silver cord be loosed, or the Golden bowl be broken, or the Pitcher be broken at the Fountain, or the Wheel broken at the Cistern. Ecclesiastes, Chap. XII. Vers. 6.

The Sun ariseth, and the Sun goeth down, and hasteth to his place where he arose. Ecclesiastes, Chap. I. Vers. 5.

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The Wind goeth towards the South, and turneth about unto the North. It whirleth about continually; and the Wind returneth again according to his circuit. Vers. 6.

All the Rivers run into the Sea: yet the Sea is not full. Unto the place from whence the Rivers come, thither they return again. Verf. 7.

Then shall the Dust return to the Earth, as it was: and the Spirit shall return unto God who gave it. Ecclesiastes, Chap. XII. Vers. 7.

Now when Solomon had made an end of praying, the Fire came down from Heaven, and confumed the Burnt-offering, and the Sacrifices; and the Glory of the Lord filled the house. II. Chronicles, Chap. VII. Vers. 1.

By the Rivers of Babylon, there we fat down; yea we wept, when we remembred Sion &c. Pfalm CXXXVII. Verf. 1.

Ec 5

- I faid of Laughter, it is mad; and of Mirth; what doeth it? Ecclesiastes, Chap. II. Vers 2.
- --- No Man can find out the work that God maketh, from the beginning to the end. Ecelesiastes. Chap. III. Vers. 11.
- Whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever: nothing can be put to it, nor any thing taken from it: and God doeth it, that Men should fear before him. Vers. 14.
- Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter; Fear God, and keep his Commandements; for this is the whole duty of Man. Ecclesiastes. Chap. XII. Vers. 13.



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POWER THE THIRD BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Solomon considers Man through the several stages and conditions of Life; and concludes in general, that we are all miserable. He restects more particulary upon the trouble and uncertainty of Greatness and Power; gives some Instances thereof from Adam down to himself; and still concludes that all is Vanity. He reasons again upon Life, Death, and suture being; finds Human Wisdom too imperfect to resolve his doubts; has recourse to Religion; is informed by an Angel, what shall happen to himself, his Family, and his Kingdom, 'till the Redemption of Israel: and upon the whole, resolves to submit his Enquiries and Anxieties to the Will of his Creator.

Ome then my Soul: I call thee by that Name,
Thou busie thing, from whence I know I am:
For knowing that I am, I know thou art;
Since that must needs exist, which can impart.
But how thou cam'st to be, or whence thy spring: 5
For various of thee Priests and Poets sing.

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Hear'st thou submissive, but a lowly birth;
Some sep'rate particles of siner earth;
A plain effect, which Nature must beget,
As Motion orders, and as Atoms meet;
Companion of the Body's good or ill,
From sorce of Instinct more than choice of Will;
Conscious of Fear or Valor, Joy or Pain,
As the wild courses of the blood ordain;
Who as degrees of heat and cold prevail,
In Youth dost flourish, and with Age shalt fail;
'Till mingl'd with thy Part'ner's latest breath
Thou sly'st, dissolv'd in Air, and lost in Death?

Or if thy great Existence would aspire To Causes more sublime; of Heav'nly Fire Wer't thou a Spark struck off, a sep'rate Ray, Ordain'd to mingle with Terrestrial Clay; With it condemn'd for certain years to dwell, To grieve it's frailties and it's pain to feel; Toteach it good and ill, disgrace or fame; 25 Pale it with rage, or redden it with shame: To guide it's actions with informing care, In Peace to judge, to conquer in the War; Render it agile, witty, valiant, fage, As fits the various course of human age; 30 Till as the early part decays and falls, The Captive breaks her prison's mould'ring walls; Hovers a-while upon the fad Remains, Which now the Pile, or Sepulchre contains; And thence with liberty unbounded flies, 35 Impatient to regain her native skies.

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Whate'er thou art, where'er ordain'd to go:
(Point which we rather may dispute, than know)
Come on, thou little inmate of this breast,
Which for thy sake from Passions I divest:
For these, thou say'st raise all the stormy strife,
Which hinder thy repose, and trouble Life.
Be the fair level of thy actions laid,
As Temp'rance wills, and Prudence may persuade;
Be thy affections undisturb'd and clear,
Guided to what may great or good appear;
And try if Life be worth the Liver's care.

Amass'd in Man there justly is beheld What thro' the whole Creation has excell'd: The life and growth of Plants, of Beafts the fense, The Angel's forecast and intelligence: Say from these glorious Seeds what harvest flows; Recount our Bleffings, and compare our Woes. In it's true light let clearest Reason see The Man dragg'd out to act, and forc'd to be: Helpless and naked on a Woman's knees To be expos'd or rear'd as she may please; Feel her neglect, and pine from her disease. His tender Eye by too direct a ray Wounded, and flying from unpractis'd day; His Heart affaulted by invading air, And beating fervent to the vital war; To his young fense how various forms appear; That strike his wonder, and excite his fear? 65 By his diffortions he reveals his pains; He by his tears, and by his fighs complains; 'Till Time and Use assist the infant Wretch, By broken words, and rudiments of speech, His

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His wants in plainer characters to show. And paint more perfect figures of his woe. 70 Condemn'd to facrifice his childish years To babling ign'rance, and to empty fears; To pass the riper period of his age, Acting his part upon a crowded Stage: To lasting toils expos'd, and endless cares, 75 To open dangers, and to fecret fnares; To malice which the vengeful Foe intends, And the more dangerous love of feeming Friends. His deeds examin'd by the People's will, Prone to forget the good, and blame the ill: 80 Or fadly cenfur'd in their curs'd debate, Who in the Scorner's, or the Judge's feat Dare to condemn the Virtue which they hate. Or would he rather leave this frantic fcene: 85 And Trees & Beafts prefer to Courts and Men? In the remotest Wood and lonely Grott Certain to meet that worst of evils, Thought; Diffrent Ideas to his Mem'ry brought: Some intricate, as are the pathless Woods; Imperious fome, as the descending Floods: 90 With anxious doubts, with raging Passions torn, No fweet Companion near with whom to mourn, He hears the echoing Rock return his fighs; And from himself the frighted Hermit flies.

Thus, thro' what path foe'er of life we rove, 95
Rage companies our Hate, and Grief our Love:
Vex'd with the prefent moment's heavy gloom,
Why feek we brightness from the years to come?
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Diffurb'd and broken like a fick Man's fleep. Our troubl'd thoughts to distant prospects leap; 100 Defirous still what flies us to o'ertake: For Hope is but the dream of those that wake: But looking back, we fee the dreadful train Of Woes, a-new which were we to fuftain. We should refuse to tread the path again. Still adding grief, still counting from the first; Judging the latest evils still the worst: And fadly finding each progressive hour Heighten their number, and augment their pow'r: Till by one countless sum of woes opprest. Hoary with cares, and ignorant of rest, We find the vital springs relax'd and worn: Compell'd our common impotence to mourn, Thus, thro' the round of age, to child hood we return:

Reflecting find, that naked from the womb
We yesterday came forth; that in the Tomb
Naked again we must to-morrow lye,
Born to lament, to labor, and to dye.

Pass we the ills, which each Man feels or dreads,
The weight or fall'n, or hanging o'er our heads; 120
The Bear, the Lyon, Terrors of the plain,
The sheepfold scatter'd, and the Shepherd slain;
The frequent errors of the pathless Wood,
The giddy precipice, and the dang'rous flood:
The noisom Pest'lence, that in open War
125
Terrible, marches thro' the mid-day Air,
And scatters Death; the Arrow that by night
Cuts the dank mist, and satal wings it's slight;
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The billowing fnow, and violence of the show'r,
That from the hills disperse their dreadful store,
And o'er the Vales collected ruin pour; 131
The Worm that gnaws the ripening fruit, sad Guest,
Canker or Locust hurtful to insest
The blade, while husks elude the Tillers care,
And eminence of want distinguishes the Year.

Pass we the slow disease, and subtil pain, 136 Which our weak Frame is destin'd to sustain; The cruel stone, with congregated war Tearing his bloody way; the cold Catarrh, With frequent impulse, and continu'd strife, 140 Weakning the wasted seats of irksom life; The Gout's sierce rack, the burning Feaver's rage The sad experience of Decay; and Age, Her self the sorest ill; while Death, and Ease, Oft and in vain invok'd, or to appease, 145 Or end the grief with hasty wings recede From the vext Patient, and the sickly Bed.

Nought shall it profit that the charming Fair,
Angelic, softest work of Heav'n, draws near
To the cold shaking paralitic hand
Senseles of Beauty's touch, or Love's command,
Nor longer apt, or able to fulfil
The dictates of it's feeble Master's will.
Nought shall the Pfaltry, and the Harp avail,
The pleasing Song, or well repeated Tale,
The pleasing Song, or well repeated Tale,
And numbing coldness has unbrac'd the Ear.
The verdant rising of the slow'ry Hill;
The Vale enamel'd, and the crystal Rill;

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The Ocean rolling, and the shelly shoar;
Beautiful objects, shall delight no more;
When the lax'd sinews of the weaken'd Eye
Im wat'ry damps, or dim suffusion lye.
Day follows night; the Clouds return again
After the falling of the later rain:
But to the Aged-blind shall ne'er return
Grateful Vicissitude: He still must mourn
The Sun, and Moon, and ev'ry starry Light,
Eclips'd to him, and lost in everlasting Night.

Behold where Age's wretched Victim lies: 170
See his Hand trembling, and his half-clos'd Eyes:
Frequent for breath his panting bosom heaves:
To broken sleeps his remnant sense he gives;
And only by his Pains, awaking finds he lives.

Loos'd by devouring Time the filver cord 175
Dissever'd lies: unhonor'd from the board
The crystal Urn, when broken is thrown by;
And apter utenfils their place supply.
These things and thou must share one equal lot;
Dye and be lost, corrupt and be forgot; 180
While still another, and another Race
Shall now supply, and now give up the place.
From Earth all came, to Earth must all return;
Frail as the cord, and brittle as the urn.

But be the Terror of these ills suppress'd: 185 And view we Man with Health and Vigor blest. Home he returns with the declining Sun, His destin'd task of labor hardly done:

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Goes

Hap'ly at night he does with horror shun A widow'd Daughter, or a dying Son:

426

His Neighbor's Off-spring he to-morrow sees;

And doubly feels his want in their increase: The next day, and the next, he must attend

His Foe triumphant, or his buried Friend.

In ev'ry act and turn of life he feels Public calamities, or household ills:

The due reward to just desert refus'd;

The Trust betray'd; the Nuptial Bed abus'd:

The Judge corrupt; the long depending Cause, And doubtful iffue of misconstru'd Laws:

The crafty turns of a dishonest State,

And violent will of the wrong-doing Great: 205

The venom'd tongue injurious to his Fame,

Which nor can Wisdom shun, nor fair Advice reclaim

Esteem we these my Friends, Event and Chance, Produc'd as Atoms form their flutt'ring dance? Or higher yet their effence may we draw 210 From destin'd Order, and eternal Law? Again, my Muse, the cruel doubt repeat: Spring they, I fay, from Accident, or Fate? Yet fuch, we find, they are, as can controll The fervile actions of our wav'ring Soul:

Can fright, can alter, or can chain the Will; Their ills all built on Life, that fundamental Ill.

O fatal Search! in which the lab'ring Mind, Still press'd with weight of Woe, still hopes to find And M

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A shadow of delight, a dream of peace, 220 From years of pain, one moment of release:
Hoping at least she may her self deceive;
Against Experience willing to believe;
Desirous to rejoice, condemn'd to grieve.

Happy the Mortal Man who now at last Has thro this doleful Vale of mis'ry past; Who to his destin'd Stage has carry'd on The tedious load, and laid his burden down: Whom the cut Brass, or wounded Marble shows Victor o'er Life, and all her train of Woes. He happyer yet, who privileg'd by Fate To shorter labor, and a lighter weight, Receiv'd but yesterday the gift of breath, Order'd to-morrow to return to Death. But O! beyond description happyest he, 235 Who ne'er must roll on Life's tumultuous Sea; Who with bless'd freedom from the gen'ral Doom Exempt, must never force the teeming Womb, Nor fee the Sun, nor fink into the Tomb. 230 mourn,

Who breaths, must suffer; and who thinks, must And he alone is bless'd, who ne'er was born.

"Yet in thy turn, thou frowning Preacher, hear:
"Are not these general Maxims too severe?
"Say; cannot Pow'r secure it's owner's Bliss?
"And is not Wealth the potent Sire of Peace? 245
"Are Victors bless'd with Fame, or Kings with sease?

I tell thee, Life is but one common care; and Man was born to suffer, and to fear.

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", But is no Rank, no Station, no Degree ", From this contagious taint of forrow free? 250

None, Mortal, none: Yet in a bolder strain Let me this melancholy truth maintain. But hence, ye Wordly, and Prophane retire, For I adapt my Voice, and raise my Lyre To Notions not by vulgar ear receiv'd: 255 Ye still must covet Life, and be deceiv'd. Your very fear of Death shall make ye try To catch the shade of Immortality; Wishing on Earth to linger, and to fave Part of it's Prey from the devouring Grave; To those who may survive ye, to bequeath Something entire, in spight of Time, and Death; A fancy'd kind of being to retrieve, And in a Book, or from a Building live. False hope! vain labor! let some Ages fly, 265 The Dome shall moulder, and the Volume dye. Wretches, still taught, still will ye think it strange That all the parts of this great Fabric change; Quit their old flation, and primæval frame; And lose their shape, their essence, & their name? 270

Reduce the Song: our Hopes, our Joys are vain: Our Lot is Sorrow, and our Portion Pain.

[bring, What pause from woe, what hopes of Comfort The name of Wise or Great, of Judge or King? What is a King? A Man condemn'd to bear 275 The public burden of the Nation's care:
Now crown'd some angry Faction to appease;
Now falls a Victim to the People's ease.

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From the first blooming of his ill-taught youth,
Nourish'd in Flatt'ry, and estrang'd from Truth: 280
At home surrounded by a service crowd,
Prompt to abuse, and in Detraction loud.
Abroad begirt with Men, and swords, and spears;
His very State acknowledging his Fears:
Marching amidst a thousand Guards, he shows 285
His secret terror of a thousand Foes.
In War however Prudent, Great, or Brave,
To blind Events, and sickle Chance a Slave:
Seeking to settle what for ever slies;
Sure of the Toil, uncertain of the Prize.

But he returns with Conquest on his Brow; Brings up the Triumph, and absolves the Vow: The Captive Generals to his Carrs are ty'd: The joyful Citizens tumultuous tyde Echoing his Glory, gratify his Pride. What is this Triumph? Madness, shouts, and noise, One great collection of the People's voice. The Wretches he brings back, in chains relate What may to-morrow be the Victor's Fate. The spoils and Trophies born before him, show National Loss, and epidemic Woe, Various diffress which he and his may know. Does he not mourn the valiant Thousands slain; The Heroes, once the Glory of the plain, Left in the conflict of the fatal Day, Or the Wolve's portion, or the Vulture's prey? Does he not weep the Lawrel, which he wears, Wet with the Soldier's blood, and Widow's tears?

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See, where he comes, the Darling of the War! See Millions crowding round the gilded Car! 310 In the vast joys of this Extatic hour And full fruition of fuccessful pow'r, One moment and one thought might let him fcan The various turns of life, and fickle state of Man.

Are the dire Images of fad Distrust, 315 And popular change, obscur'd a-mid the dust, That rifes from the Victor's rapid Wheel? Can the loud Clarion, or shrill Fife repel The inward cries of Care? can Nature's voice Plaintive be drown'd, or lessen'd in the noise; 320 Tho' shouts as thunder loud afflict the Air, Stun the Birds now releas'd, & shake the Iv'ry Chair?

Yon' Crowd (he might reflect) yon' joyful Crowd, Pleas'd with my Honors, in my Praises loud, (Should fleeting Vict'ry to the Vanquish'd go; 325 Should she depress my Arms, and raise the Foe;) Would for that Foe with equal ardor wait At the high Palace, or the crowded Gate; With reftless rage would pull my Statues down; And cast the Brass a-new to his Renown. 330

O impotent defire of wordly fway! That I, who make the Triumph of to-day, May of to-morrow's Pomp one part appear, Ghaftly with wounds, and lifeless on the Bier: Then (vileness of Mankind!) then of all these, 335 Whom my dilated Eye with labor fees, Would one, alas! repeat me good, or great? Wash my pale Body, or bewail my Fate? Or;

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Or, march'd I chain'd behind the hostile Carr,
The Victor's passime, and the sport of war; 340
Would one, would one his pitying sorrowlend,
Or be so poor, to own he was my Friend?
Avails it then, O Reason, to be wise?
To see this cruel Scene with quicker eyes?
To know with more distinction to complain, 345
And have superior sense in feeling pain?

Let us revolve that Roll with strictest eye, Where safe from Time distinguish'd Actions lye; And judge if Greatness be exempt from Pain, Or Pleasure ever may with Power remain. 350

Adam, great Type, for whom the World was made, The fairest Blessing to his arms convey'd, A charming Wife, and Air, and Sea, and Land, And all that move therein, to his command Render'd obedient: fay, my pensive Muse, 355 What did these golden promises produce? Scarce tasting life, he was of joy bereav'd: One day, I think, in Paradise he liv'd; Destin'd the next his journey to pursue, Where wounding thorns, & curfed thiftles grew. 360 E'er yet he earns his bread, a-down his brow. Inclin'd to Earth, his lab'ring sweat must flow: His limbs must ake, with daily toils oppress'd: E'er long-wish'd Night brings necessary rest. Still viewing with regret his darling Eve, 365 He for her follies, and his own must grieve: Bewailing still a-fresh their hapless choice; His Ear oft frighted with the imag'd voice

Of Heav'n, when first it thunder'd; oft his View
A-ghast, as when the infant Light'ning slew; 370
And the stern Cherub stop'd the fatal road,
Arm'd with the Flames of an avenging God.
His younger Son on the polluted ground,
First fruit of Death, lies plaintif of a wound
Giv'n by a Brother's hand: his eldest birth 375
Flies, mark'd by Heav'n, a Fugitive o'er Earth.
Yet why these forrows heap'd upon the Sire,
Becomes nor Man, nor Angel to enquire.

Each Age finn'd on; & guilt advanc'd with time:
The Son still added to the Father's crime; 380
'Till God arose, and great in anger said:
Lo! it repenteth me, that Man was made.
Withdraw thy light, thou Sun! be dark, ye skies!
And from your deep abys, ye Waters, rise!

The frighted Angels heard th' Almighty Lord;
And o'er the Earth from wrathful viols pour'd
Tempests and storms, obedient to his word.
Mean time, his Providence to Noah gave
The guard of all that he design'd to save.
Exempt from general doom the Patriarch stood; 390
Contemn'd the Waves, and triumph'd o'er the Flood.

The Winds fall filent; and the Waves decrease;
The Dove brings Quiet, and the Olive Peace:
Yet still his Heart does inward forrow feel,
Which Faith alone forbids him to reveal.
395
If on the backward World his views are cast
'Tis Death disfus'd, and universal waste.

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Present (sad prospect!) can he ought descry,
But (what affects his melancholy eye)
The beauties of the antient Fabric lost
In chains of craggy Hill, or lengths of dreary Coast!
While to high Heav'n his pious breathings turn'd,
Weeping he hop'd, and sacrificing mourn'd;
When of God's Image only eight he found
Snatch'd from the wat'ry grave, and sav'd from
Nations drown'd;

And of three Sons, the future Hopes of Earth,
The feed, whence Empires must receive their birth,
One he foresees excluded Heavinly Grace,
And mark'd with Curses, fatal to his Race.

Abraham, Potent Prince, the Friend of God, 410
Of human Ills must bear the destin'd load;
By Blood and Battles must his pow'r maintain,
And slay the Monarchs, e'er he rules the Plain:
Must deal just portions of a servile life
To a proud Handmaid, and a peevish Wise: 415
Must with the Mother leave the weeping Son,
In want to wander, and in Wilds to groan:
Must take his other Child, his Age's hope
To trembling Moriah's melancholy top,
Order'd to drench his knife in silial blood;
Destroy his Heir, or disobey his God.

Moses beheld that God; but how beheld?
The Deity in radiant beams conceal'd,
And clouded in a deep abys of Light;
While present, too severe for human fight, 425
Norstaying longer than one swift-wing'd night.

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The following Days, and Months, and Years decreed To fierce encounter, and to toil some deed. His Youth with wants and hardships must engage: Plots and Rebellions must disturb his age. 430 Some Corab still arose, some rebel Slave, Prompter to sink the State, than he to save. And Israel did his rage so far provoke, That what the God-head wrote, the Prophet broke. His voice scarce heard, his dictates scarce believ'd, In Camps, in Arms, in Pilgrimage, he liv'd; 436 And dy'd obedient to severest Law, Forbid to tread the promis'd Land he saw.

My Father's life was one longline of care. A scene of danger, and a state of War. 440 Alarm'd, expos'd, his childhood must engage The Bear's rough gripe, and foaming Lion's rage. By various turns his threaten'd Youth must fear Goliah's lifted Sword, and Saul's emitted Spear. Forlorn he must, and persecuted fly; Climb the steep Mountain, in the Cavern lye; And often ask, and be refus'd to dye. For ever, from his manly toils, are known The weight of Pow'r, and anguish of a Crown. What tongue can speak the restless Monarch's Woes; When God, and Nathan were declar'd his Foes: 451 When ev'ry object his offence revil'd. The Husband murder'd, and the Wife defil'd. The Parent's fins impress'd upon the dying Child? What Heart can think the Grief which he fustain'd, When the King's Crime brought Vengeance on the Land;

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Doub! Purpo And the inexorable Prophet's Voice GaveFamine, Plague, or war, & bid him fix his choice.

He d'y'd; and Oh! may no Reflection shed It's poys'nous Venom, on the Royal dead: 460 Yet the unwilling truth must be express'd, Which long has labor'd in this pensive breast. Dying he added to my weight of care; He made me to his Crimes undoubted Heir: Lest his unfinish'd Murder to his Son, 465 And Joab's blood intail'd on Judah's Crown.

Young as I was, I hasted to fulfill The cruel dictates of my Parent's will. Of his fair deeds a distant view I took: But turn'd the tube upon his Faults to look: Forgot his Youth, fpent in his Country's Cause, His care of Right, his rev'rence to the Laws: But could with joy his years of folly trace. Broken and old in Bathsheba's embrace: Could follow him, where e'er heftray'd fromgood, And cite his fad example; whilft I trod Paths open to deceit, and track'd with blood. Soon docile to the fecret acts of ill . With smiles I could betray, with temper kill: Soon in a Brother could a Rival view; 480 Watch all his Acts, and all his Ways purfue. In vain for life he to the Altar fled: Ambition and Revenge have certain speed. Ev'n there, my Soul, ev'n there he should have fell But that my Interest did my Rage conceal. Doubling my Crime, I promise, and deceive; Purpose to slay, whilst swearing to forgive. Trea Treaties, persuasions, sighs, and tears are vain:
With a mean lie curs'd Vengence I sustain;
Joyn Fraud to Force, and Policy to Pow'r; 490
'Till of the destin'd Fugitive secure,
In solemn State to Parricide I rise;
And, as God lives, this day my Brother dies.

Be witness to my Tears, Celestial Muse!
In vain I would forget, in vain excuse
Fraternal blood by my direction spilt;
In vain on Joab's head transfer the guilt:
The Deed was acted by the Subjects hand;
The Sword was pointed by the King's command.
Mine was the Murder: it was mine alone;
Years of contrition must the Crime attone:
Nor can my guilty Soul expect relief,
But from a long sincerity of grief.

With an imperfect hand, and trembling heart, Her love of Truth superior to her Art, 505 Already the reflecting Muse has trac'd The mournful figures of my action past. The penfive Goddess has already taught, How vain is Hope, and how vexatious Thought: From growing Childhood to declining Age, 510 How vedious ev'ry step, how gloomy ev'ry stage. This course of Vanity almost compleat, Tir'd in the field of Life, I hope Retreat In the Aill shades of Death: for Dread and Pain, And Grief will find their shafts elanc'd in vain, 475 And their points broke, retorted from the head, Safe in the Grave, and free among the Dead.

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Yet tell me, frighted Reason! what is Death?
Blood only stopp'd, and interrupted breath?
The utmost limit of a narrow span, 520
And end of motion which with life began?
As smoke that rises from the kindling sires
Is seen this moment, and the next expires:
As empty Clouds by rising Winds are tost, 524
Their sleeting forms scarce sooner sound than lost:
So vanishes our state; so pass our days:
So Life but opens now, and now decays:
The Cradle and the Tomb, alas! so nigh;
To live is scarce distinguish'd from to dye. 530

Cure of the Miser's wish, and Coward's fear, Death only shews us, what we knew was near. With Courage therefore view the pointed hour; Dread not Death's anger; but expect his pow'r: Nor Nature's law with fruitless forrow mourn; 535 But dye, O Mortal Man! for thou wast born.

Cautious thro' doubt; by want of courage, wife,
To fuch advice the Reas'ner still replies.
Yet measuring all the long continu'd space,
Ev'ry successive day's repeated race,
Since Time sirst started from his pristin goal,
'Tillhe had reach'd that hour, wherein my Soul
Joyn'd to my body swell'd the womb; I was,
(At least I think so) nothing: must I pass
Again to nothing, when this vital breath
Ceasing, consigns me o'er to rest and death?
Must the whole Man, amazing thought! return
To the cold marble, or contracted urn?
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And never shall those particles agree,

That were in life this individual He?

But sever'd, must they join the general mass,
Thro' other forms, and shapes ordain'd to pass;
Nor thought nor image kept of what he was?

Does the great Word that gave him sense, ordain,
That Life shall never wake that sense again?

And will no Pow'r his sinking Spirits save
From the dark caves of Death, and chambers of the
[Grave?

Each evening I behold the fetting Sun With down-ward speed into the Ocean run: Yet the same Light (pass but some fleeting hours) 560 Exerts his vigor, and renews his pow'rs; Starts the bright race again: His conftant flame Rifes and fets, returning still the same. I mark the various fury of the Winds: These neither Seasons guide, nor Order binds: 565 They now dilate, and now contract their force; Various their speed, but endless is their course. From his first fountain and beginning ouze, Down to the Sea each Brook, and Torrent flows: Tho' fundry drops or leave, or swell the stream, 570 The whole still runs, with equal pace, the same. Still other waves supply the rising Urns; And the eternal floud no want of water mourns. Why then must Man obey the sad Decree, Which subjects neither Sun, nor Wind, nor Sea? 575

A Flow'r, that does with opening morn arise, And sourishing the day, at evening dyes; A V
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A winged eastern blast, just skimming o'er
The Ocean's brow, and sinking on the shore:
A Fire, whose slames thro' crackling stuble sly;
A Meteor shooting from the summer sky;
A bowl a-down the bending mountain roll'd;
A buble breaking, and a Fable told;
A noon-tide shadow, and a mid-night Dream;
Are Emblems, which with semblance apt proclaim
Our earthly course: But, O my Soul! so fast
Must Life run off; and Death for ever last?

This dark opinion, fure, is too confin'd; Else whence this hope and teror of the mind? Does formething still, & somewhere yet remain; 590 Reward or Punishment, Delight or Pain? Say: shall our relicks second birth receive? Sleep we to wake, and only dye to live? When the fad Wife has clos'd her Husband's eyes And pierc'd the echoing Vault with doleful cries; Lyes the pale Corps not yet entirely dead? The Spirit only from the Body fled, The groffer part of heat and motion void, To be by fire, or worm, or time destroy'd; The Soul, immortal substance to remain, Conscious of joy, and capable of pain? And if her Acts have been directed well. While with her friendly clay she deign'd to dwell, Shall she with safety reach her pristine Seat; Find her rest endless, and her bliss compleat? And while the buried Man we idly mourn, Do Angels joy to see his better half return? But if the has deform'd this earthly Life With murd'rous Rapine, and feditious strife; Amaz'd:

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Amaz'd, repuls'd, and by those Angels driv'n 616
From the Ætherial Seat, and blissful Heav'n,
In everlasting darkness must she lye,
Still more unhappy, that she cannot dye?

Amid two Seas on one small point of land,
Weary'd, uncertain, and amaz'd we stand: 615
On either side our thoughts incessant turn:
Forward we dread; and looking back we mourn.
Losing the present in this dubious hast;
And lost our selves betwixt the suture and the past.

These cruel Doubts contending in my breast, 620 My Reason stagg'ring, and my Hopes oppress'd, Once more I said: once more I will enquire, What is this little agile, pervious Fire This flutt'ring motion, which we call the Mind? How does she act? and where is she confin'd? 625 Have we the pow'r to guide her as we please? Whence then those evils, that obstruct our case? We Happiness pursue, we fly from Pain; Yet the pursuit, and yet the flight is vain: 630 And while poor Nature labors to be bleft, By day with pleasure, and by night with rest, Some fironger Pow'r eludes our fickly will; Dashes our rising hope with certain Ill; And makes us with reflective trouble fee, That all is destin'd, which we fancy free. 635

That Pow'r superior then, which rules our Mind, Is his Decree by human Pray'r inclin'd? Will he for Sacrifice our forrows ease? And can our tears reverse his firm Decrees?

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Then let Religion aid, where Reason fails: 640
Throw loads of Incense in, to turn the scales:
And let the filent Sanctuary show,
What from the babling Scholes we may not know
How Man may shun, or bear his destin'd part of
woe.

What shall amend, or what absolve our Fate? 645
Anxious we hover in a mediate state,
Betwixt Infinity and Nothing, Bounds,
Or boundless terms, whose doubtful sense confounds
Unequal thought; whilst all we apprehend,
Is, that our Hopes must rise, our Sorows end;
As our Creator deigns to be our Friend.

I faid; --- and instant bad the Priest prepare
The ritual Sacrifice and solemn Pray'r.
Select from vulgar Herds, with garlands gay,
A hundred Bulls ascend the facred way.

The artful Youth proceed to form the Choir;
They breath the Flute, or strike the vocal wire.
The Maids in comely order next advance;
They beat the Tymbrel, and instruct the Dance.
Follows the chosen Tribe from Levi sprung, 660
Chanting by just return the holy Song.
Along the choir in solemn state they past;
---- - - The anxious King came last.
The Sacred Hymn perform'd, my promis'd Vow
I paid; and bowing at the Altar low;

625

Father of Heav'n! I faid, and Judge of Earth! Whose Word call'd out this Universe to birth; By whose kind pow'r and influencing care The various Creatures move, and live, and are; But, ceasing once that care, withdrawn that pow'r, They move (alas!) and live, and are no more: 671

Gg Omi

Omni-scient Master, Omni-present King, To thee, to thee my last distress I bring.

Thou, that can'ft still the raging of the Seas, 674 Chain up the Winds, and bid the Tempests cease; Redeem my ship-wreck'd Soul from raging gusts Of cruel Passion, and deceitful Lusts; From storms of rage, & dang'rous rocks of pride, Let thy strong hand this little Vessel guide (It was thy hand that made it) thro' the Tide 680 Impetuous of this Life: let thy Command Direct my Course, and bring me safe to land.

If, while this weary'd Flesh draws fleeting breath, Not fatisfy'd with Life, afraid of Death, It hap'ly be thy will, that I should know Glimpse of delight, or pause from anxious woe; From Now, from inflant Now, great Sire, dispell The clouds that press my Soul; from Now reveal A gracious beam of light; from Now inspire My Tongue to fing, my Hand to touch the Lyre; My open'd thought to joyous prospects raise, 691 And, for thy Mercy, let me fing thy Praise. Or, if thy Will ordains, I still shall wait Some new here-after, and a future state; Permit me strength my weight of woe to bear; 695 And raise my Mind superior to my care. Let me, howe'er unable to explain The fecret lab'rynths of thy ways to Man, With humble zeal confess thy awful Pow'r; Still weeping hope, and wond'ring still adore. 700 So in my conquest be thy Might declar'd: And, for thy Justice, be thy Name rever'd. My

My Darke To th An av Sudde The f Unto Ambre Form Does The l Celest Such 1 Strike With And le My w An H With

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My Pray'r fcarce ended, a stupendous gloom Darkens the Air; loud Thunder shakes the Dome. To the beginning Miracle succeed An awful filence, and religious dread. Sudden breaks forth a more than common Day: The facred wood which on the Altar lay, Untouch'd, unlighted glows----Ambrofial odor, fuch as never flows 710 Form Arab's gum, or the Sabaan Rose, Does round the Air evol'ving scents diffuse: The holy ground is wet with heav'nly dews: Celestial Music (such Jessides' Lyre, such Miriam's Timbrel would in vain require) strikes to my thought thro' my admiring Ear, With extafy too fine and pleasure hard to bear. And lo! what fees my ravish'd Eye? what feels My wond'ring Soul? an opening Cloud reveals An Heav'nly Form embody'd and array'd With Robes of light. I heard: the Angel faid:

Cease, Man of Woman born, to hope relief from daily trouble, and continu'd grief.
Thy Hope of joy deliver to the wind:
Suppress thy Passions, and prepare thy Mind: 725
Free and familiar with Missortune grow;
Be us'd to Sorrow, and inur'd to Woe.
By weak'ning Toil, and hoary Age o'ercome,
See thy decrease, and hasten to thy Tomb.
Leave to thy Children tumult, strife and War,
Portions of toil, and Legacies of care.

Portions of toil, and Legacies of care.

731
Send the successive ills thro' Ages down;
And let each weeping Father tell the Son,

Gg 2

That deeper struck, and more distinctly griev'd, He must augment the sorrows he receiv'd. 735

The Child to whose success thy hope is bound. E'er thou art scarce interr'd, or he is Crown'd: To lust of Arbitrary sway inclin'd, That curfed poyfon to the Prince's mind! Shall from thy Dictates and his Duty rove, And lose his great defence, his People's love. Ill-counsell'd, vanquish'd, fugitive, disgrac'd, Shall mourn the fame of Jacob's strength effac'd: Shall figh the King diminish'd, and the Crown With leffen'd rays descending to his Son: Shall fee the Wreaths, his Grandfire knew to reap By active toil, and military fweat, Pining incline their fickly leaves, and shed Their falling Honors from his giddy Head. By Arms, or Pray'r unable to affwage 750 Domestic horror, and intestine rage, Shall from the Victor, and the vanquish'd fear; From Israel's arrow, and from Judah's spear: Shall cast his weary'd limbs on Jordan's floud, [blood. By Brother's Arms disturb'd, & stain'd with kindred

Hence labring Years shall weep their destin'd race, Charg'd with ill Omens, sully'd with disgrace.

Time by necessity compell'd, shall go
Thro' Scenes of War, and Epochas of Woe.
The Empire lessen'd in a parted stream,
Shall lose it's Course --- 760
Indulge thy Tears: the Heathen shall blaspheme:
Judah shall fall, oppress'd by grief and shame;
And Men shall from her ruins know her Fame.

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New Ægypts yet, and second Bonds remain,
A harsher Pharash, and a heavyer Chain. 765
Again obedient to a dire Command,
Thy Captive Sons shall leave the promis'd Land.
Their Name more low, their Servitude more vile.
Shall, on Euphrates' bank, renew the grief of Nile.

These pointed Spires that wound the ambient sky Inglorious change! shall in destruction lye 77 r. Low, levell'd with the dust; their heights unknown, Or measur'd by their ruin. Yonder Throne, For lasting Glory built, design'd the seat Of Kings for ever blest, for ever great, 775 Remov'd by the Invader's barb'rous hand, Shall grace his Triumph in a foreign Land. The Tyrant shall demand yon' facred load Of Gold and Vessels set a-part to God, Then by vile hands to common use debas'd; 780 Shall send them slowing round his drunken Feast, With sacrilegious taunt, and impious jest.

Twice fourteen Ages shall their way complete:
Empires by various turns shall rise and set;
While thy abandon'd Tribes shall only know 78;
A diff'rent Master, and a change of Woe;
With down cast eye-lids, and with looks a-ghast,
Shall dread the future, or bewail the past.

Afflicted Israel shall sit weeping down
Fast by the streams, where Babel's waters run; 790
Their Harps upon the neighb'ring Willows hung,
Nor joyous Hymn encouraging their tongue,
Nor chearful Dance their feet; with toil oppress'd,
Their weary'd Limbs aspiring but to rest.
In the reslective stream the sighing Bride, 795
Viewing her Charms impair'd, abash'd shall hide

Gg 3

Her

Her pensive head, and in her languid face The Bridegroom shall fore-see his fickly Race; While pon'drous fetters vex their close embrace. With irksome anguish then your Priests shall mourn Their long-neglected Feasts despair'd return, And fad oblivion of their folemn Days. Thenceforth their voices they shall only raise Louder to weep. By day your frighted Seers Shall call for fountains to express their tears; And wish their eyes wereflouds: by nightfromdreams Of opening gulphs, black florms, and raging Flames, Starting amaz'd, shall to the People show Emblems of Heav'nly wrath, and mystic Types of

The Captives, as their Tyrant shall require 810 That they should breath the Song, & touch the Lyre, Shall fay: can Jacob's fervile Race rejoice, Untun'd the Music, and disus'd the Voice? What can we play? (they shall discourse) how sing In foreign Lands, and to a Barb'rous King? We and our Fathers from our childhood bred To watch the cruel Victor's eye, to dread The arbitrary Lash, to bend, to grieve; (Out-cast of Mortal Race!) can we conceive Image of ought delightful, foft or gay? 820 Alas! when we have toyl'd the longfome day, The fullest blifs our hearts aspire to know Is but some interval from active woe; In broken rest, and startling sleep to mourn, 'Till Morn, the Tyrant, and the scourge return. Bred up in grief, can pleasure be our Theme? Our endless anguish does not Nature claim? Reason, and sorrow are to us the same. Alas!

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Alas! with wild amazement we require, If idle Folly was not Pleafure's Sire? 830 Madness, we fancy, gave an ill-tim'd birth To grinning Laughter, and to frantic Mirth.

This is the feries of perpetual Woe, Which thou, alas! and thine are born to know. Illustrious Wretch, repine not, nor reply: 835. View not what Heav'n ordains with Reason's eye; Too bright the objects is, the distance is too high. The Man who would resolve the work of Fate. May limit Number, and make crooked firait. Stop thy enquiry then, and curb thy fense; Nor let Dust argue with Omnipotence. "Tis God who must dispose, and Man sustain, Born to endure, forbidden to complain. Thy fum of Life must his Decrees fulfill: What derogates from his Command, is ill; 845 And that alone is good, which centers in his will.

Yet that thy lab'ring Senses may not droop, Loft to delight, and destitute of hope; Remark what I, God's Messenger, aver From him, who neither can deceive nor err. The Land at length redeem'd, shall cease to mourn, Shall from her fad Captivity return: Sion shall raise her long-dejected head; And in her Courts the Law again be read: Again the glorious Temple shall arise, 855 And with new lustre pierce the neighb'ring skies: The promis'd Seat of Empire shall again Cover the mountain, and command the plain: And from thy Race diffinguish'd, One shall spring, Greater in act than Victor; more than King 860 In Gg4

In Dignity and Pow'r; fent down from Heav'n, To fuccour Earth. To Him, to him 'tis giv'n, Passion, and Care, and Anguish to destroy: Thro' him soft Peace, and plenitude of joy Perpetual o'er the World redeem'd shall flow. 865 No more may Man inquire, nor Angel know.

Now, Solomon, rememb'ring who thou art,
Act thro' thy remnant life the decent part.
Go forth: be strong: With patience, and with care
Perform, and suffer: To thy self severe,
Gracious to others, thy desires suppress'd,
Dissu'd thy Virtues, first of Men, be best.
Thy sum of duty let two words contain;
O may they graven in thy heart remain:
Be Humble, and be Just. The Angel said:
With upward speed his agile wings he spread;
Whilst on the holy ground I prostrate lay,
By various doubts impell'd, or to obey,
Or to object: at length (my mournful look
Heav'n-ward errect) determin'd, thus I spoke: 886

Supreme, Allwise, Eternal Potentate!

Sole Author, sole Disposer of our Fate!

Enthron'd in Light, and Immortality,

Whom no Man fully sees, and none can see!

Original of Beings! Pow'r Divine!

Since that I live, and that I think, is thine;

Benign Creator, let thy plastic hand.

Dispose it's own effects. Let thy Command

Restore, Great Father, thy instructed Son;

And in my Act may thy great Will be done.

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ADDITION.

Part of a Letter, sent to the Publisher of this new Edition.

He sheets you have sent me of the new Edi-tion of Prior's Poems please me mightily; & if the whole large volume in folio, can be reduced into one fizeable pocket volume in this character, it will certainly please every body. Mr. Prior's Poems are generally & most deservedly esteemed; but every one cannot spare a Guiney to buy the folio Edition: beside that its bulk makes it unfit to carry about either in Town or Country; which yet one would be desirous to doe, because many of his pieces are so pretty & diverting. So this Edition will please as well those that have the large Edition, as those that have it not; & the character, besides its beauty & neatness, is large enough to be read by old people as well as wheras the pocket Editions we have lately had of Waller, Milton, Hudibras & others, are printed on so small a letter, that they cannot be read by any one above forty, without great pain & fatigue to the eyes, which every wise man will shun as much as possible. I have Gg 5

I have compared with this Edition such Pieces of Mr. Prior as have been printed before, & have found many little alterations which tend to make the Verse run smoother, & the diction & sense more distinct & clear. This is an advantage which every Author should endeavour to procure to his Works, by examining & revising them carefully for a new Edition. The generality of our English Writers have great need of such a revision; because they are very inacurate in their stile & diction. Our Neighbors the French are much more careful in this matter; being of opinion that any man that publishes his thoughts without putting them in a handsom dress, whether thro' carelesness, or want of capacity, dues not deserve that the Public should have the least regard to them. So you'l jee when a French-man looks into a book, if on running over a few periods he finds the stile bad, he'l presently throw the book away, & pronounce it not worth reading. And I must own, to our shame, that the more I examine, the more I find true what you have sometimes told me, that a very indifferent French Writer would be ashamed to publish such inacurate pieces as the best of our Writers very often doe.

I know some, who find fault with Mr. Prior for having imitated some French Authors, without naming them; but I think they are in the wrong: because among the generality of English Readers, tis enough to make a thing despised, however pretty in it self, to put on the title that it is an Imitation of a French Author: and I know some very ingenious men, who have been obliged, only on this consideration, not to publish the name of the Authors they have imitated, or sometimes rather translated; tho they make no difficulty to

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tell it to their Friends. Besides, Mr. Prior needs not to be affraid that any of the pieces he has written will appear worse by being compared with the Authors he has imitated. The three little French pieces at the end of this Letter will justify what I have here said. They are of Bonnesons an old french Poet, very litle known or minded even by those of his own Nation, tho' he has written several pretty Love songs & verses both in Latin & French. Hans Carvel, every body knows is taken from La Fontaine, the Mr. Prior has very much enlarged it, & made his Lass of London mould, as he terms it, which no doubt is right for his English Readers. But for Hans, I don't know of what Country or opinion he makes him: his Dialogue with Satan is too far beyond the rules of probability, even the' Hans had been a Freethinker; & I think La Fontaine much more judicious, who makes Hans & Satan only difcourse in a dream.

There has been some more pieces attributed to Mr. Prior, but I believe, without reason, since he has given us in this Collection all that he has written in this kind worth publishing under his name; & in my opinion tis a great fault to print under a man's name, any thing that he

disowns, whether good or bad

The three pieces attributed to Bonnesons in this Letter are these following. Mr. Menage sets a great value on the Latin pieces of this Author, but Mr. de la Monnoie, is of another opinion, & tells us that we have no French verses of Bonnesons. See Menagiana Tom. I. p. 186. & Tom. III. p. 465. &c. Edit. Amsterd.

ODE

Compare this with Love Disarmed p. 65.

A Mour tout las de voler, L'autre jour au haut de l'air, S'élança d'une furie Dedans le sein de Marie.

Trouvant l'endroit à propos Pour y prendre son repos, Il ageance ses deux aisses, Et s'endort sur ses mamelles.

Aussi tost qu'elle le vit, Toute joyeuse elle en rit; Lors, accorte, elle s'avise D'une gentille entreprise.

D'un petit las rondelet, Griz, orengé, violet, Elle l'arrefte, cruelle, Par les bras dans sa cordelle.

Amour s'éveille, étonné, Se trouvant emprisonné, Il souspire, il pleure, il crie; He! laschez moy, je vous prie!

Voudriez-vous (dit-elle) ainsi Le beau-fils coucher icy, Et vous en aller si viste, Sans avoir payé le giste?

Le pauvre Enfant retenu, Regarde & se voit-tout nu : Lors, plorant à chaudes larmes, Il s'avise de ses armes.

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Prenez, dit-il, mon carquois, Et mon arc; une autre fois, J'ayme mieux emmy la plaine Coucher, qu'estre en ceste peine.

Elle les prend, & soudain D'une diligente main, Elle deserre & delie Amour, qui les autres lie.

Depuis, ses traits redoutez Ne sont plus par luy portez: C'est Marie qui les garde, C'est Marie qui les darde.

Amour jouant aux eschecs.

Compare Cupid & Ganymede p. 67.

Ontre Ganymede, un jour Le petit enfant Amour, Au jeu d'Eschecs, par gageure Avoit perdu d'avanture, Son arc & ses traits aussi: Quand sa Mere scent cecy, Plus legere qu'une nue, Vers son fils elle est venuë: Comment! petit Compagnon, Petit sot , petit mignon , Es-tu si hardy (dit-elle) De faire une perte telle; Et d'hazarder en un jeu Les armes dont tu es Dieu! De quoi feras-tu la guerre Aux hommes parmy la terre? Et dequoy dedans les Cieux Surmonteras tu les Dieux? Qui plus de toy fera conte? Va, va, te cacher de honte,

Tu as perdu ton credit. Lors Amour luy respondit: Je connois trop quelle perte Ce jour helas! j'ay soufferte; J'ay tout perdu en effet. Mais, ma Mere, c'en est fait, Il n'y a plus de remede, Ce faux pipeur Ganymede, Au jeu, plus que moy, rusé, M'a meschamment abusé : Toutesfois n'en ayes cure; Repren cœur, car je t'assure D'estre tousjours desormais Aussi puissant que jamais. N'ayes peur qu'on ne m'honore : Charlotte a deux yeux encore: Tant que ces yeux dureront Les Dieux me redouteront.

CHANSON.

Compare Cupid Mistaken p. 70.

TEnus le long d'un rivage V S'alloit ébatant un jour, Quand le petit fils Amour De loin sa Mere envisage.

Soudain l'Enfant, par mégarde Prend son Arc, le va bandant, Et joyeux la regardant, Un trait dans le cœur luy darde.

Alors Venus offensée, Las! (dit-elle) qu'as-tu fait? Pourquoi, mechant, de ce trait As-tu ta Mere blessee ?

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Amour étonné s'écrie, Helas! (dit-il) est-ce toy? Ma Mere pardonne moy, Je pensois blesser Marie.



The following piece, which I have received from another hand, will, I hope, not be difagreeable in this place.

TO

MATTHEW PRIOR Efq.

On his excellent Poem, Carmen Seculare; by A. T. Schollar of St. Johns College Cambridge.

When Prior's Muse prepares to sing Some God, or Godlike Hero's praise, She soars aloft, & on her airy wing, High as their high Deserts their Fame does raise.

Thus William's Glory scales the Sky,
Thro' rowling Ages to remain;
Which neither brass nor marble can obtain,
Rais'd thus above the reach of vulgar destiny.

Whither would the Muse aspire?
Unable thou to foar his Muses slight.—
Better on Earth sit humble & admire,
Tho' high she keeps within the ken of sight.

How justly due to William's name Is all the glory of the Roman pride! Greater than theirs how great his Fame, When his no fullen spots can hide!

For-

ASO ADDITION.

Forgetfull now of humbler themes she flyes
Above the Roman Eagle's tow'ring height;
Pursuing William's Glory thro' the skies;
And nought escapes her sharper sight.

She sees what Godlike Pow'rs combine To make her Hero's birth divine; Sees one unhappy of the Steward Race, Laments his faults & covers his disgrace.

And when on Englands grief she casts her eye The pious Muse mourns inwardly: Then William sees in all his turns & cares, Happy in Peace & brave in Wars:

Good to his own, to other Nations just, Whom all Religions Court, all Factions trust: Sees him 'twixt different Nations hold the scales, And as he wills the juster side prevails.——

What e'er she sees in losty strains does sing, And leaves the Hero perfect in the King.

Much we commend the Poets skill,
That so exalted sings a Theme sublime;
But more his art to cover fatalill--Such shades make Williams glory brighter shine.

O! long as breath inspires this sleeting Frame, Be my example *Prior*'s gratefull name: Though not a *Dorset* shed his rays on me, Happy am I, if but inspir'd by thee.



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